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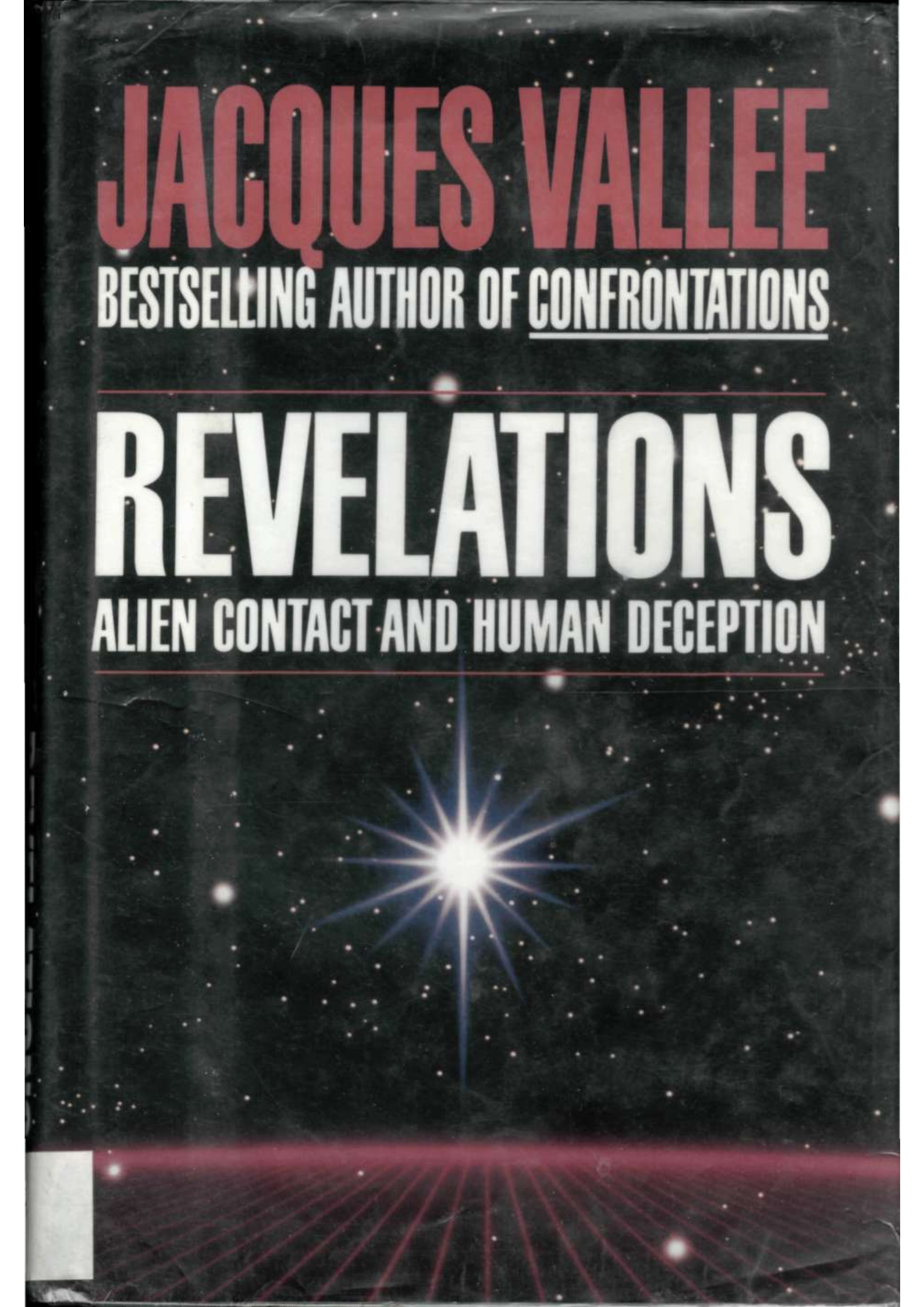
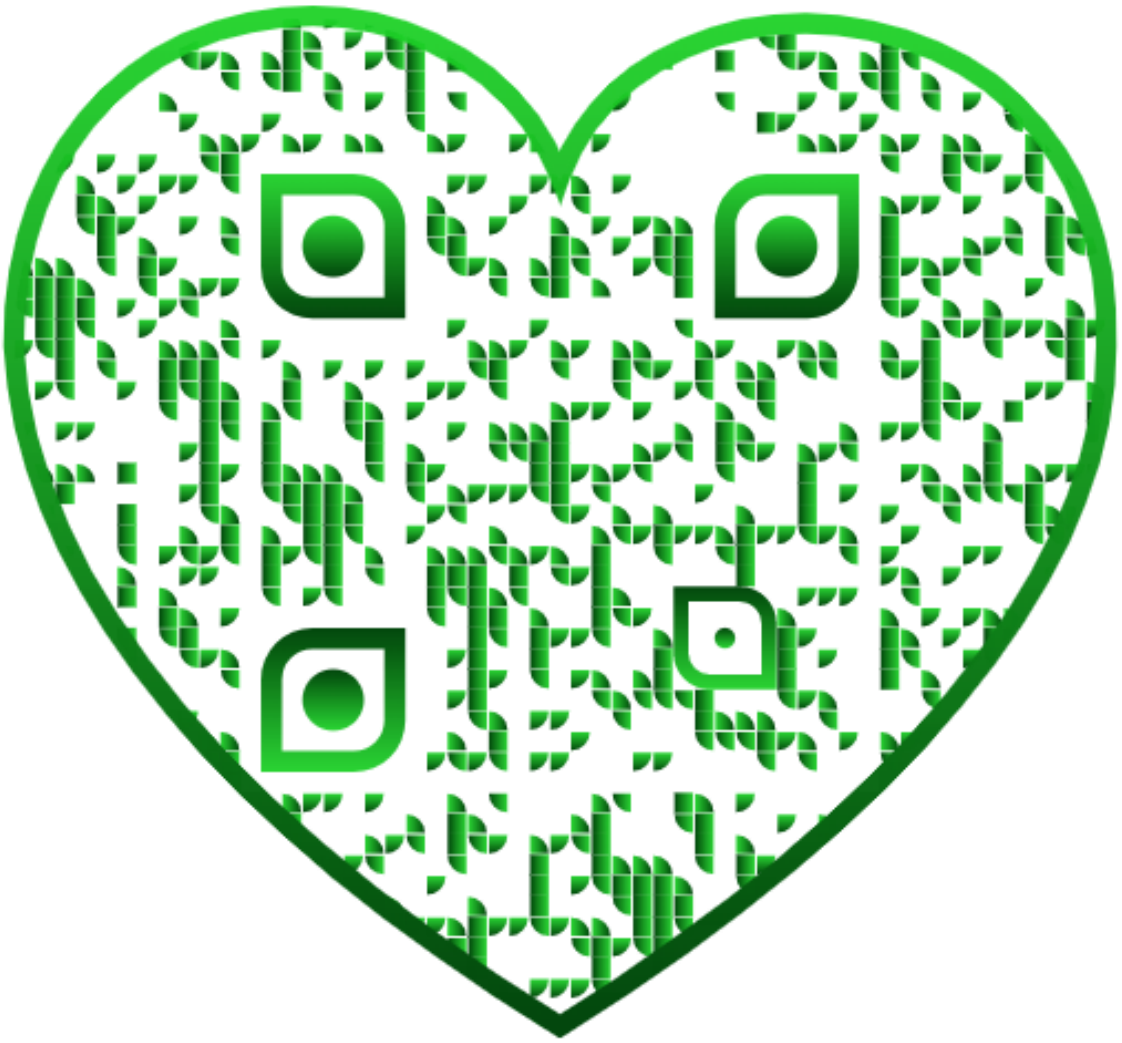
REVELATIONS

ALIEN CONTACT AND HUMAN DECEPTION





Revelations

ALIEN CONTACT AND HUMAN DECEPTION

Jacques Vallee

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Contents

Acknowledgments	ix
Prologue	3
Introduction	6
PART ONE: ALIEN RETRIEVALS	13
1. Hangar 18	20
2. Majestic 12	37
3. Area 51	50
PART TWO: THE HALL OF MIRRORS	**87**
4. Strip Tease	**90**
5. Purple Justice	122
6. Special Effects	153

CONTENTS

PART THREE: THE COBWEB CORRELATION **177**

7. Death of an Astronomer 180

8. The Mystery Lingers 190

9. Giants in the Park 214

Conclusion 225

Appendix 239

Index 259

Prologue

The men were dressed in fatigues. They signaled for us to stop the car. Bob turned off the engine. The wind carried a small cloud of dust past the windows of the Oldsmobile we had rented in Las Vegas.

In the glare of the headlights we could see that two of them were wearing sidearms. The third one remained on the edge of the trail, closer to the guard post. He was carrying a machine gun. We lowered the windows, avoiding any suspicious or sudden moves.

"Didn't you see the sign?" said one of the guards.

"What sign?" we asked.

He didn't bother answering. We had seen a rectangular warning sign that indicated a federal facility and restricted access, but it was stored in the office of a television reporter back in Las Vegas, and Las Vegas was a long way away. Somebody had obviously taken the sign as a souvenir. On this deserted road, however, all we had seen was the full moon rising over the bare mountains of Nevada—mountains that

isolate the real world from Nellis Air Force Base and the specific location we sought: Area 51. Dreamland.

The rumor within the UFO research community stated that if you could get close enough to Nellis, you would see strange luminous objects maneuvering in remarkably erratic ways that seemed to defy physics. Some people argued that these objects were flying saucers captured by the United States government for testing purposes. Others thought they were a kind of prototype weapon, probably a remotely piloted vehicle (RPV), a fact that would explain their ability to change directions suddenly. They could even be RPVs made to resemble flying saucers in support of some weird psychological warfare project. Which is exactly what we wanted to understand, since we were working together on a screenplay for a UFO movie.

Bob Weiss, our producer, was at the wheel. Writer Tracy Torme was watching the landscape, making mental notes of the hills, the brush, the fences.

"With the full moon, and our headlights, we must have stuck out like a sore thumb," I said to my companions while the guards went around the vehicle, noting the make, year, and license plate.

"They've got infrared cameras and motion detectors," said Bob, pointing to a tall tower near the gate.

Nobody had forewarned us about that down in Vegas. The guard facility was new. Other people who had taken this road had not been stopped.

"Who does the car belong to?" one of the guards asked.

"Hertz," Bob answered.

"Where are you going?"

"We were on the way to Rachel."

That seemed to satisfy them. Rachel is a small cluster of shacks and trailers in the middle of the desert on the way to Tonopah, which has become something of a high point for UFO investigators and stealth technology buffs.

The guards took our drivers' licenses and went back to their shelter. Through the lighted windows we could see someone making a phone call.

"They want to find out if we've had any previous warning," Bob remarked.

"What kind of outfit is this, anyway?" asked Tracy. "They're not wearing Air Force uniforms."

"They're not really military." Bob answered. "They're the Air Force version of Rent-A-Cop. Guard services, contractors. I've hired guys like that to watch over movie sets in Hollywood. Here they come."

A guard walked toward us, carrying a clipboard. Pieces of paper with carbon underneath were flapping in the desert wind. We read the citation by the glare of the map light. It contained a warning not to set foot inside the perimeter of Nellis Air Force Base again. I took one look at the guy's machine gun and signed my copy. My friends did the same. We turned around. Two of the guards climbed into a Blazer and followed us all the way to the main road, staying some distance back of the cloud of dust we were raising on the long, straight, unsurfaced road.

They made sure we turned left toward Rachel. Any attempt to sneak into the network of smaller trails that led into the hills would have been futile. Besides, our Oldsmobile, although brand new, would never have made it. As it was, it had trouble dragging us uphill on the main highway.

"Why do they make engines with two and a half cylinders?" Bob joked, eager to put some distance between us and the Blazer.

There were no strange lights in the sky that night. And when we stopped at a place that overlooked part of the northern section of the base, all we heard were the muffled sounds of the desert, and all we saw were the familiar constellations being obscured by drifting clouds. If there were flying saucers in the process of being tested at Dreamland, the secret was being kept very well.

Introduction

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It had to happen.

For over forty years the phenomenon of unidentified flying objects has mystified hundreds of thousands of sincere witnesses, yet the scientific establishment has refused to study it and stubbornly continues to deny the very existence of the mystery. The governments of the major nations have assembled countless dossiers about the subject. In the course of military and intelligence data gathering, many remarkable facts have been accumulated, as we know from the few tidbits the U.S. government has been forced to release under the Freedom of Information Act. Yet officials have never seen fit to declassify most of the files. So a market has been created for the hoaxers, the charlatans, those who are in the business of selling dreams and delusions.

Never mind that the few dedicated investigators who have patiently analyzed the sightings recognize that we are still far from a solution to the mystery; eager believers have fabricated fanciful explanations out of whole cloth to provide belief and dogma where knowledge was lacking.

As I have shown in *Dimensions* and *Confrontations*, there is indeed a genuine UFO phenomenon and it constitutes one of the many mysteries that nature offers us. In my view it represents an opportunity to practice some good science and to become aware of levels of consciousness we had not previously recognized. But the current proliferation of spurious materia] that confuses the real issues bothers me. It should be analyzed and exposed for what it is: at best, a dangerous delusion, the germ of new cults that would extinguish the light of reason and free inquiry; at worst, an attempt to draw attention away from the real nature of the UFO phenomenon, a deliberate effort to drive serious research into the quicksands of speculation.

Not only have individual visionaries come forward with the definitive revelation that UFOs came from Venus, Clarion, Hoova, Zeta Reticuli, or hundreds of other places, but an entire cottage industry has grown around groups dedicated to the "study" of fantasies channeled by our kind space brothers from such unlikely places as UMMO or the Pleiades. Organizations with mysterious sources of money are now springing up with dozens of local chapters all over the United States and Canada, and indeed, all over the world. They hypnotize witnesses. They hold seminars and conferences; they edit expensive books and videotapes; some even run their own presses. Their activity blurs the real nature of the phenomenon and complicates its study. It adds another factor of confusion to the bewilderment of sincere witnesses who wonder what they have seen and who are looking for a helping hand.

Things would not be so bad if the only hoaxers came from the lunatic fringe. Every field of endeavor has such borderline fanatics—even well-established and dignified disciplines like physics, with its entourage of perpetual motion inventors, astronomy with its retinue of hollow-earthers, and medicine with its proliferation of quacks.

But there is more.

Those who spend time in the field—analyzing traces left by the UFO phenomenon, interviewing witnesses, and assembling a study of the underlying patters—have now stumbled on evidence of a quite different sort: *some of the most remarkable sightings are actually complex hoaxes*

that have been carefully engineered for our benefit. The witnesses are merely the victims and the instruments rather than the authors of the hoax.

Who is perpetrating such deliberate fabrications and what is their goal? There is no single answer to this question because there is no single source to human fantasy, no single reason for the deviousness of those military or civilian agencies that are spending our money to conduct secret psychological experiments—as the mind control projects of the Sixties and Seventies have abundantly demonstrated.

So, as I kept digging into a mass of information that had been generally avoided, it is not surprising that my research should have taken me toward some unexpected quarters. Some cases, it turns out, involved private groups with fantastic delusions and an insane compulsion to spread them to a larger segment of the public. Others were found to have been engineered by government agencies engaged in psychological warfare exercises on which they declined comment, conveniently burying them behind the curtain of classified intelligence. This bears emphasizing: *some UFO sightings are covert experiments in the manipulation of the belief systems of the public.* And some cases simply *did not happen.* The stories about them, numerous rumors of crashed saucers and burned aliens, were not so much the result of delusions as the product of *deception:* rumors deliberately planted in the eager minds of gullible believers to hide more real facts about which it was felt that the public and the scientific community had no "need to know."

In previous works I have argued that ufology was, among other things, "folklore in the making," and that it ought to be studied as such. I was referring to the accumulation of stories about contact with aliens, a new form of mythology that formed a striking parallel to the intercourse with angels, demons, and elves in earlier ages. But the stories that are spreading now go way beyond anything in ordinary folklore. We are told that aliens have crashed on earth in their flying machines, that bodies have been recovered and autopsies performed.

The first part of this book, entitled "Alien Retrievals," describes the array of such stories that have proliferated in the last ten years. Ac-

counts no longer come from drunken prospectors in the desert or from con men trying to make a fast buck. I have listened to a general who headed up an agency of the U.S. Air Force and who told me about his own contact. I have had dinner with an ex-CIA pilot who assured me the aliens were actually here, alive and in large numbers, working secretly with our scientists. And another man, a former Naval Intelligence officer, assured me he had once been assigned the mission to brief three admirals on the nature of the secret treaty that linked the U.S. government to these aliens, who lived inside our most secret military bases. He could locate the bases, and claimed he could identify people who had seen these so-called aliens—but he never came through with their names. In Las Vegas I met with Robert Lazar, who assured me that he had actually worked on a Navy Intelligence project to reverse-engineer the propulsion system of nine flying saucers held in secret hangars. But Robert Lazar also told me of his strange memory lapses, of the peculiar liquid he was made to drink. . . .

In Part Two, entitled "The Hall of Mirrors," I will take you a step further into the tangled jungle of urology's dark side. We will review the results of some investigations into cases that were front page material when they first became public, yet where the actual truth has never been brought to light.

Revelations is an attempt to clear the underbrush of an interesting scientific field that is cluttered with the weeds and the vines of human fantasy and with the poisonous flowers of unbalanced minds. But it is also an experiment in truth-seeking; like *Confrontations*, it is something of a scientific detective story, an intellectual exercise in counterintelligence. Some of my readers may object that the delusions in question are of limited scope and only cause harm to a small community of zealots who are ready and willing to believe anything that seems to coincide with their own fantasies. Why not leave them to their crazy rate? My answer is that we have to eliminate these spurious rumors if we hope to identify the real UFO phenomenon and perhaps to meet genuine aliens some day. And the harm they cause is very real, very tragic indeed: it is because of such rumors that astronomer Morris Jessup committed suicide and that countless other researchers have

wasted valuable time and jeopardized their careers in the pursuit of mirages.

In Part Three, entitled "The Cobweb Correlation," I have tried to show that the fast-growing belief in alien contact may well contain the germ of more dangerous developments. The fact that the genuine UFO cases have been ignored by professional scientists, and that even the great mythologists of our time like Joseph Campbell have remained utterly blind to them, makes the phenomenon, with all its wonderful physical and psychic complexity, a convenient medium that can be sculpted with complete impunity by the manufacturers of alternative theologies and the professional manipulators of the human mind.

All that can be said today about the genuine UFO phenomenon is that it involves human consciousness as well as physical effects in its manifestations. The study of such enigmas is what science is all about. But the line between belief in the reality of that phenomenon and the fascination with those who claim to control it, or to be in intimate contact with it, is very fine indeed. This book demonstrates how this fine line has repeatedly been crossed and what the consequences of the resulting delusions could be. More importantly, the UFO mystery holds a mirror to our own fantasies, it expresses our secret longings for a wisdom that might come down from the stars in new, improved, easy-to-use packaging, to reveal the secrets of life and tell us, at long last, who we are. In return, of course, for a modest fee, an easily affordable spiritual, social, and political investment.

Why is it that in this process we are always told that we have to relinquish the right to interrogate the higher entities we worship? Why are we afraid to ask them who they are, and to demand what makes them so interested in teaching us, in frightening us, or in enlisting our help in the great cosmic saga of their allegedly higher endeavors? In the process of such interrogation we might well discover the ultimate horror, as in the poem by Borges quoted at the beginning of this book: there may be no higher entities lurking in the maze after all, and no little grayish aliens with bug eyes in the morgues of the Pentagon. In the final analysis the labyrinth of our expectations may be empty, and it may require a completely different approach to solve the problem of detect-

ing and communicating with the other forms of consciousness that probably fill the universe, and with the UFO phenomenon itself. How could we shed the dreams and start on the real journey at last? How could we ever recognize Them if we keep being snared by humanity's folly, if we keep falling into the trap of our own delusions, and if, in the pursuit of our own preconceived theories, we rush to believe in every false revelation that comes along?

Oscar Wilde once observed that an aesthetic truth was such that its opposite was equally true. Perhaps the truths about alien contact, like those of the metaphysical kind, are the truths of masks.

Strange is the night where black stars rise,
And strange moons circle through the skies,
But stranger still is
Lost Carcosa

CASSILDA'S SONG IN
THE KING IN YELLOW
ACT 1, SCENE 2

Part One

ALIEN RETRIEVALS

IT HAS BEGUN

In May 1974 Dr. J. Allen Hynek asked me to accompany him on a visit to Los Angeles, where independent film producers Alan Sandler and Robert Emenegger were shooting a new documentary. The show was part of a series sponsored by the Defense Department and designed to improve its image. The idea was to capitalize on the public's fascination with UFOs to show that the Air Force was open and excited about the possibility of meeting space aliens, although it reserved judgment on their existence. Other documentaries in the series, which were supposed to focus on Air Force medical research and on space science breakthroughs, were planned but never made. Sandler Institutional Films had done similar public relations turnarounds for Bank of America and Armand Hammer, and that background led to the selection of

Sandler and Emenegger. It was Colonel Coleman, an Air Force spokesman, who handled the process, but they had other contacts in Washington as well.

Several curious things happened during the filming of the documentary. When the question of unidentified space objects was raised with NASA, for instance, the agency flatly informed Alan Sandler that it had no relevant footage at all. But his Washington contact quickly supplied a list of flights, dates, and *frame numbers* of the astronauts' films. Armed with that information, Sandler was able to force NASA into compliance—although the unidentified objects on the films are indeed questionable.

Even more interesting was the matter of a certain Holloman Air Force Base "contact with alien beings," which was first raised by the military at a production meeting in Washington. Sandler and Emenegger were told in a very curious and equivocal manner that it would be nice to include footage about "an actual contact that might occur in the future, *or perhaps had already occurred,"* between aliens and the U.S. military. Where? Well, at a large, isolated base somewhere in the desert—like Holloman Air Force Base in New Mexico.

A man named Paul Shartle, who was security manager and chief of procurements for the audio-visual program at Norton Air Force Base, told Emenegger that he had actually seen the film of the contact, which had been shot about 1970.

Here is how Robert Emenegger describes the arrival of the objects in his book *UFOs: Past, Present and Future* (New York: Ballantine 1974):

> The day is clear. It's about 5:30 A.M. Traffic is light; one recon plane is on the field ready for takeoff when the tower phone rings and Sergeant Mann is given a report of an approaching unidentified craft.
>
> We shift to the radar hut. On the scope several blips appear as the radar scans the sky. The radarman leans into his phone: "I'll repeat it again—unidentified approaching objects—on coordinate

forty-niner—thirty-four degrees southwest following an erratic approach course. . . ."

The controller, sipping his coffee, responds: "Probably a stray—civilian maybe? Keep me informed." He turns to his associate. "Check with Edwards."

When the unknown objects fail to respond to requests for identification, the base commander is contacted and an alert is declared.

By chance, cameramen, a technical sergeant, and a staff sergeant, of the base photographic team, are aboard a base helicopter on a routine photographic mission at the time, and they run off several feet of film of three objects in the sky over Holloman. One of the objects breaks away and begins a descent. A second high-speed camera crew, set up to photograph a test launch, turn their camera toward the object and run off approximately six hundred feet of 16mm color film.

The cameras continue to roll as the extraordinary vehicle comes into view. It hovers, almost silently, about ten feet off the ground for nearly a minute, and yaws like a ship at anchor. Then it sets down on three extension arms.

The commander and two officers, along with two base Air Force scientists, arrive and wait apprehensively. A panel slides open on the side of the craft.

Stepping forward, there are one, then a second, and a third—what appear to be men dressed in tight-fitting jumpsuits. Perhaps short by our standards, with an odd blue-gray complexion, eyes set far apart. A large, pronounced nose. They wear headpieces that resemble rows of a ropelike design.

The commander and the two scientists step forward to greet the visitors. Arrangements are made by some inaudible sort of communication and the group quickly retires to an inner office in the King I area. There they are met and guided to the end of Mars Street to the west area building number 930. Left behind stand

a stunned group of military personnel. Who the visitors are, where they're from, and what they want, is unknown.

Sandler and Emenegger were actually told that the footage existed and might be made available, but Colonel Coleman never answered the obvious question: if that footage exists, is it a training film, a simulation designed for psychological evaluation, or actual photography of the arrival of a genuine flying saucer from space?

I was only peripherally involved in the show, where the historical section drew heavily on *Anatomy of a Phenomenon* and *Passport to Magonia,* but I had no input into the production. Those who did, including Dr. Hynek, were very surprised at the way in which Sandler and his crew were admitted at Holloman. Their first request to film there was met with utter disbelief: "You want to come here? With a camera? We're a classified facility. Do you realize how long it will take to get clearances for everyone?"

Sandler called his Washington contact to report the difficulty and the expected change in schedule. "We'll soon fix that!" was the response. The next day Holloman was calling back: "When would you like to bring your crew, Mr. Sandler? The clearances will be taken care of."

Until the last minute, Sandler and Emenegger expected to be supplied with the actual footage, but it never materialized and the documentary showed standard animation instead, sandwiched between scenes of the actual Holloman location, and elaborate drawings of the so-called aliens.

As late as 1988 Paul Shartle stated that he had been shown the actual film, and that it featured three disk-shaped craft, one of which seemed to experience difficulty and landed, while the other two flew off. Three aliens came out. In obvious contrast with most of the UFO literature, which describes beings with little or no proboscis, the gray beings in the film had a pronounced nose and held up an instrument described as a *translator.* His superiors told Shartle that the film was nothing but theatrical footage purchased by the Air Force, but he had no record of it in his files at Norton. Furthermore, he said, the film appeared "too real to be a training film." And it had been shot by Air Force personnel,

who were preparing to film a real movie of an acceleration test that same day.

Sandler, Emenegger, and Hynek left tantalized, confused, and a little angry after this exercise in which sensational information had first been dangled then withdrawn at the last minute by the Air Force, in a classic pattern of manipulation. After all, what good did it do to suggest that such a scene might happen in the future, or might already have happened, if real footage actually existed?

This was not a case of one group wanting to release the film and another one holding on to it. In recent conversations I have learned that the footage exists and is not even classified. It would seem that anyone could leak it out without severe penalties, especially if it is credibly deniable as simple theatrical footage. Clearly, this is a case of the Air Force playing games.

The John MacArthur Foundation put up the funds for the Sandler documentary. Curiously, according to Bob Emenegger, the Foundation requested at the last moment not to be listed in the credits, and it gave no explanation for this action.

COVER-UP CLAIMS

In the last few years several sensational television programs, including a 1989 documentary distributed by Seligman Productions and entitled *Cover-Up,* have presented alleged evidence of the infiltration of extraterrestrial aliens on earth. The government, claimed the producers of these shows, is holding secret crashed saucers and the bodies of their alien pilots.

What was once the province of a few isolated zealots or the catechism of weird occult groups, has now become an influential subculture with its own magazines, congresses, and pilgrimages. This subculture exploits the genuine experiences of thousands of persons who have been baffled by UFO sightings, providing answers out of its own fantasies. It is able to channel its imagery to the media and to influence the general public in powerful ways. What began as a series of delusions

created by the unresolved problem of unidentified flying objects is evidently fulfilling a deeper social and spiritual need for millions of people. We may be witnessing here the birth of a powerful new myth, perhaps even the emergence of a new religion.

Faced with this avalanche of conflicting rumors, Part One of this book is a skeptical survey of the alleged history of flying saucer "crashes" and the retrieval of aliens—dead or alive!—by the U.S. government.

If we believe some retired and some active members of U.S. Intelligence, not only have we recovered crashed saucers, but the government of the United States is in league with hundreds of space aliens who are here on earth, working alongside our best scientists in underground cities and occasionally going out in their sophisticated spacecraft to abduct human beings. Such researchers as New York artist Budd Hopkins and Temple University historian David Jacobs, who specialize in hypnotizing witnesses after UFO sightings, even believe that the purpose of the abductions is to procure ovulating earth females for the loathsome genetic experiments of the alien invaders, an idea that dates back to the 1958 sci-fi flick, / *Married a Monster From Outer Space.*

According to some government scientists, like Dr. Bruce Maccabee, the higher echelons of the administration in Washington are so concerned about the potential menace posed by the aliens that they have designed a complex technological response—the so-called Star Wars system—not to aim its lasers and its particle beams at targets on earth, as the public has been told, but to zap possible invaders from above! If we believe many vocal researchers in the mainstream of today's UFO research, the American taxpayer is actually subsidizing the development of a network of weapons destined to protect the earth itself against the UFOs, under cover of SDI and with the full cooperation of the Soviet Union.

This is a fantastic and complex belief, a piece of twentieth century mythology elaborated in successive layers to the point of extreme aberration. Yet it claims the fascination and the loyalty of thousands of believers, some of whom, as you will now read, do occupy responsible positions.

Like any emerging movement, this one has its shrines. Examples

include Kirtland Air Force Base, with its crypts of mystery, and Dulce, New Mexico, with its great temples to which spiritual energy can be directed by the faithful. Because this is a technocratic movement, its capitals are not called Saint Peter's, Mecca, Jerusalem, or Salt Lake City. Their designations are code names, words of power: Hangar 18, Majestic 12, and Area 51. It is to a pilgrimage through this sacred landscape that I now invite you.

1

Hangar 18

The year was 1978. Once again the UFO community was abuzz with rumors that the U.S. government was about to reveal what many people claimed was the ultimate truth about UFOs. Not only had the military observed and photographed these elusive objects since World War II, not only had fragments been recovered and analyzed, but they believed entire saucers had been captured following crashes to the earth, and little alien bodies had been preserved. They were kept secret in Pentagon freezers, and government scientists were busy studying them.

CRASHED SAUCERS AND LITTLE ALIENS

Like everyone else, I had heard these stories before—all the way back to 1954 to be exact. The theme of crashed saucers is one of the standard items in supermarket tabloids, and it occasionally surfaces in the more respectable newspapers. However, I had found it easy to ignore stories

that appeared to be gross exaggerations or simple fabrications. Under the deluge of the new claims, I felt perhaps I had been closing my mind unwisely to the possibility of such crashes. So 1 went through my files to do an assessment of the cases that I had allowed to accumulate without analysis or investigation on my part. The results of this survey surprised me.

Consider the following catalogue which, I repeat, is composed of raw data that I had not verified myself.

1. **Aurora, Texas. April 17,1897.** A mysterious airship is said to have crashed in this town, exploding into many small fragments. Reportedly, the occupant was a Martian and the craft contained papers covered with hieroglyphics. The pilot's body is supposed to be buried in the local cemetery. Although the case was widely regarded as a hoax, new investigation brought to light a peculiar alloy that was eventually analyzed by the McDonnell Aircraft Company.

2. **Ubatuba, Brazil. 1933 or 1934.** Witnesses on a beach are said to have seen a disk dive and explode, showering the area with silvery fragments of highly pure magnesium.

3. **Spitzbergen, Norway. May 1947.** A report by journalist Dorothy Kilgallen stated that British scientists and airmen were examining the wreckage of a mysterious flying ship. They were convinced, she added, that it originated on another planet and that the saucers were staffed by small men, probably under four feet tall.

4. **Roswell, New Mexico. July 2, 1947.** A bright disk was seen to fly over Roswell in a northwesterly course, and an object, possibly the same one, crashed on a ranch seventy-five miles northwest of the city. Its wreckage was discovered by ranch manager "Mac" Brazel and two of his children. Brazel did not report the event until several days later when he was able to go into town. On July 7 Major Jesse Marcel, intelligence officer for the Army Air Force at the local base, recovered Part of the wreckage with another officer named "Cav" Cavitt. A statement was issued to the press by a public relations officer, Lieutenant Walter Haut, announcing the recovery of a crashed flying disk. Marcel was ordered to load the debris on a B-29 and it was flown to

Wright Field in Ohio. The plane made a stop at Fort Worth, where General Roger M. Ramey took charge of the operation, ordered the men not to talk to reporters, and released a statement ascribing the whole affair to a weather balloon. Researchers William Moore and Stanton Friedman later interviewed ninety-two persons about the case, including thirty firsthand witnesses. Jesse Marcel told them the material consisted of small beams made of something like balsa wood, hard and flexible, with "some sort of hieroglyphics." There was also an unusual parchmentlike brown substance, and a quantity of light and extremely durable tinfoil-like metal, as well as "a black metal box a few inches square" *(The Roswell Incident,* Berkley paperback edition, p. 72). In other versions of the Roswell story, investigators are said to have found a crashed egg-shaped vehicle and three or four humanoid bodies several miles away from the primary site.

5. Aztec, New Mexico. February 13, 1948. Three radar units are said to have picked up an object on a falling trajectory. When it did not answer attempted radio contact, military personnel in the area were alerted and a message was allegedly sent to General George C. Marshall, Secretary of State, who in turn requested that a search party be sent from Camp Hale in Colorado. According to William S. Steinman, the helicopter team located the crash site on a rocky plateau twelve miles northeast of Aztec. After breaking in one of the "portholes," the scientists managed to open a door. They found the remains of two charred humanoids. One of the team members, Dr. Detley W. Bronk, is said to have examined the bodies. This story was first reported by Robert S. Carr, lecturer in mass communication at the University of South Florida, who used to work for Walt Disney on "classified projects involving nonverbal communication." Carr placed the site twelve miles west (as opposed to northeast) of Aztec. He stated the disk was thirty feet in diameter and contained twelve (not two) humanoids who were taken to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base near Dayton, where they remain in cryonic suspension. The four-foot-tall bodies were wearing "dark blue uniforms made of metallic, flexible cloth." The disk was stored in Hangar 18.

6. Mexico, south of Laredo, Texas. August 1948. Four officers are

alleged to have witnessed the crash of an object and the recovery of bodies in an area located thirty-eight miles south of Laredo, in Mexico. The information comes from a man named Todd Zechel, who turned it over to the NBC affiliate in Chicago. The original story by Steve Tom appeared in *Midnight Globe,* a tabloid of dubious reliability. It is based on a rumor circulated by someone who was "in the Army Security Agency or in NSA in the Sixties."

7. **Death Valley, California. August 19, 1949.** Two prospectors named Mace Garney and Buck Fitzgerald are said to have observed an object crashing in the desert. It was a disk twenty-four feet in diameter. Their story appeared on page thirteen of the local Bakersfield newspaper the next day.

8. **Mexico. Before 1950.** Mr. Roy L. Dimmick, a sales manager for the Apache Powder Company of Los Angeles, reported talking to a man from Mexico and to a man from Ecuador who had seen a saucer crash near Mexico City. The story is told by Frank Scully, notorious author of the colorful book *Behind the Flying Saucers.* Scully did not hesitate to reprint the wildest rumors of his time.

9. **Argentina. April 1950.** In a remote region of Argentina, Mr. E. C. Bossa found a strange disk and four small dead pilots. He returned to the site the next day with a friend and found only a pile of warm ashes. A cigar-shaped object was seen briefly as it flew over at high altitude.

10. **Brady, Montana. 1953.** Mr. C. M. Tenney, who was returning from Great Falls to Conrad, saw an oval object that followed his car while balls of fire fell all over the road. Later that day his phone rang and a colonel from Malmstrom Air Force Base told him to come to the base at 10:00 A.M. the next day. He was escorted to a windowless building surrounded by a wire fence. He was asked to give and sign his story. While he was doing this, he saw two men carrying large laundry bags containing humanoid bodies. The source is the tabloid *National Tattler,* January 5, 1975.

11. Kingman, Arizona. May 21, 1953. During a special assignment with the USAF a man assisted in the investigation of a crashed disk resembling aluminum, which had impacted twenty inches into the

sand. It was oval, thirty feet in diameter. Inside were two swivel chairs, an oval cabin, and numerous instruments. A tent was set up nearby, sheltering the remains of the only occupant. It was four feet tall, had a dark brown complexion, and was clothed in a silvery metal suit. It wore no helmet. The source is a witnessed affidavit published by respected UFO researcher Ray Fowler in *Official UFO Magazine,* April 1976.

12. **Birmingham, Alabama. Mid-Fifties.** A saucer allegedly crashed near Birmingham. The area was cordoned off and humanoid bodies were transported by helicopter to Maxwell. (A friend gave me this story. He knows the daughter of a military man who played a part in transferring the unknown bodies from a helicopter to a waiting aircraft.)

13. **Mattydale, New York. Spring 1954. In** this suburb of Syracuse, at 3:00 A.M. on a Sunday, an information specialist and his wife saw an object about twenty feet in diameter being examined on the ground by several men who took pictures. The next day an officer told them the event was a military secret. Later the police simply denied the entire incident.

14. **Frdynia, Poland. 1959.** An object is said to have fallen into the harbor. Divers recovered a piece of shiny metal. It was examined by the Polytechnic Institute and the Polish navy. Some of the material was reportedly lost. Several days later a small humanoid was found on a beach nearby and the remains were sent to the Soviet Union.

15. **New Paltz, New York. March 1960.** According to Carr, local law enforcement authorities managed to catch a humanoid outside his craft while his two copilots ran back to the saucer and took off. The alien was turned over to the CIA. It died after twenty-eight days in captivity.

16. **Southwest Missouri. January 1967.** A Mr. Loftin found a forty-inch disk and gave it to the U.S. Testing Company for analysis. (The source is *Identified Flying Saucers,* by David McKay Co., 1968.)

17. Carbondale, New Jersey. November 9, 1974. A glowing object fell into a small lake near this town. Three teenagers saw it fall into the pond at 7:30 on a Saturday night. They observed a yellow-white glow in the center of the pond. It shifted to a point about twenty-five feet offshore. The boys were kept in a police car for three hours while a number of vehicles equipped with floodlights and cranes removed an

object that was deposited into a van that drove away. The following Monday a scuba diver removed a railroad lantern with a battery from the lake and the whole incident was then explained as a hoax.

18. **Chili, New Mexico. May 17, 1974.** An Air Force team is supposed to have removed a metallic circular object sixty feet in diameter from an impact area. The object was allegedly moved to Kirtland Air Force Base.

19. **Padcaya, Bolivia: on the Argentina border. May 6, 1978.** A large luminous object is supposed to have crashed on a 13,000-foot mountain near this village. An expedition of soldiers and scientists *was* dispatched to the site, but it was delayed by bad weather and found nothing.

These were some of the stories that surfaced when I reviewed the files. All of them were questionable. The sources were of very uneven reliability. There were another dozen reports that were so poorly described that they could at best be considered hearsay, and the same can be said about several new cases that have surfaced since 1978. However, there is no denying that a few of the above accounts are well-documented. In particular, the Roswell, New Mexico, event has been investigated in depth by men familiar with the field, who have located and interviewed the major witnesses. But there is much argument about what really happened at Roswell. In their book about the event *(The Roswell Incident,* N.Y.: Berkley Books, 1988) Charles Berlitz and Bill Moore quote the late Meade Layne, director of a UFO organization called Borderland Sciences Research Foundation (Vista, California) *regarding* the alleged alien bodies found *at* Roswell. Mr. Layne *stated* that he knew a scientist named Dr. Weisberg, *"a* physics professor from a California university," who examined six occupants. That part of the wreckage was allegedly placed on a truck that drove from New Mexico through Flagstaff, Arizona, to Needles and Cadiz in California and finally to Murdoc, where Edwards Air Force Base is located.

Another unconfirmed rumor states that on or about April 15, 1954, four men—Gerald Light, Franklin Allen of the Hearst papers, Edwin Nourse of the Brookings Institute, and Bishop Mclntyre of Los An-

geles—examined five spacecraft that were under scientific investigation at Edwards. In a letter to Meade Layne, Gerald Light added that President Eisenhower himself had gone secretly to Edwards to view the disks and the alien bodies in person, and an official statement to the country was being prepared for the middle of May 1954. Checks into this story led nowhere. Light was a frequent "astral traveler," and he may have thought that he witnessed the happening during one of his remote viewing sessions. Yet this rumor is very interesting because it represented the first of many imminent releases of the *truth* about crashed flying saucers to be attributed again and again to the U.S. government.

In their book, Berlitz and Moore added that fragments of the Roswell wreckage were later gathered with the other material from Roswell inside a structure known as Building 18-A, Area B at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base near Dayton. That building became the legendary Hangar 18—to which many UFO books refer as the shelter of the ultimate secret, the place where our government is hiding crashed saucers and their little occupants.

A movie by that title was eventually made in 1980 by director James Conway, with Darren McGavin and Robert Vaughn in leading roles. Although *Hangar 18* is meant to be serious and appropriately terrifying, bad casting and a very uneven script combine to make it one of the funniest flicks of the genre. I especially relish the scene in which government assassination experts are sent to kill the two astronauts who have discovered the proverbial Truth about flying saucers. The assassins enter a refinery where the astronauts steal a tanker truck and drive madly toward the exit. One of the men in black is heard ordering the other marksman, as they carefully aim their powerful rifles at the fleeing target, to blow out their tires. Surely there are better ways to stop a fully-loaded gasoline truck in the middle of a refinery than trying to hit the wheels. In the face of such careless incompetence on the part of the government agents, the truck naturally escapes!

In May 1989, while attending a meeting of European UFO investigators in Lyon, France, I heard freelance journalist Bill Moore de-

scribe the latest details of his investigations at Roswell. He brought to light some new facts and some new questions. Most notably, Bill confirmed to me that the retrieval of the debris at Roswell had taken place on July 9, 1947, while the crash had taken place on July 2. If there were bodies, I pointed out to Moore, then they must have been exposed to the summer heat of New Mexico, not to mention numerous predators, for a *full week.* The idea that one of the alleged pilots would have been alive, or even that an *autopsy* of the cadavers would have yielded detailed biological data about soft organs, appears improbable. And why did none of the witnesses report the overpowering stench that is the most obvious feature of any crash site?

In numerous lectures and media appearances around the United States, UFO researchers like Bill Moore and lecturer Stanton Friedman have used the Roswell case as a basis for suggesting that the U.S. government knew about UFOs and had captured hardware as well as dead and even live aliens. Stanton Friedman, in particular, has made his position very clear: flying saucers, he says, are "somebody else's spacecraft." Those who believe that such knowledge resides in Washington also insist that the release of the information is "imminent." Such release, as we saw earlier, has been "imminent" since the fifties. But how would the Pentagon make it available to an ignorant public? The answer given by the UFO believers is that there would be a carefully planned program of leaks through documentaries, Hollywood movies, and tabloids that can be easily influenced. Usually mentioned as examples of this process are the two versions of the Alan Sandler television documentary: *UFOs: Past, Present and Future,* first released in 1974—accompanied by a book of the same title written by Robert Emenegger—and released again with new footage, in 1979, under the title *UFOs: It Has Begun.*

Also mentioned as an attempt to prepare the public for the ultimate revelation of a visit from outer space are Steven Spielberg's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and *Cover-Up,* the 1989 TV documentary. I was only peripherally involved in *Close Encounters* and never saw or heard anything about it that might indicate any knowledge of the

field beyond what a well-financed production company could acquire, especially when it was harnessed to the vision of someone as gifted as Steven Spielberg.

But the Sandler documentaries were another story, one in which I did become involved, as I have mentioned above. I was asked to be the narrator for the film's second release, and I helped the investigation team in gathering new material. The experience failed to convince me that the Air Force had a hangar full of scout ships, but it led me to conclude that something bizarre was happening behind the scenes.

DANGLING CARROTS

Early in 1985 Robert Emenegger called me about a new project. He had been approached again by Colonel Coleman, who was now retired and living in Florida. Coleman indicated the time might be right to produce a new film on UFOs; the government might release some evidence, he said, and Allen Hynek might be willing to participate again.

At the time, Allen Hynek had retired from Northwestern University and was moving his private research center to Phoenix, Arizona, where he had been given hope of new funding. (This hope, unfortunately, never materialized.) He spoke to Emenegger, was intrigued by what he heard, and again sought my cooperation.

Robert Emenegger had now reached a firm conclusion: the Department of Defense would, in fact, release sensational information, he told me, but only if it could be made part of a documentary that was professional enough and interesting enough to reopen the whole subject before the American public. If Emenegger could convince credible people like Hynek and myself to participate, then, and only then, would the "final" evidence be made available.

The prospect of some kind of proof was being dangled in front of us again. My reaction to these feelers was negative and frankly skeptical, and I immediately cautioned Hynek. If the United States government had custody of a flying saucer, with or without little pilots, or even a piece of such a craft, that information in itself would be worth an entire

documentary; and no matter how credible Hynek or I could be in terms of our backgrounds in the subject, the government had the capability to release that information at any time through much more powerful channels. The National Academy of Sciences, for instance, could hold a formal press conference in Washington to announce this discovery to the world.

Robert Emenegger answered my concern with what I thought was a rather shaky argument. His unnamed contacts felt that their "evidence" should be leaked carefully, *as part of something else.* He was about to meet with two executives from the Defense Audiovisual Agency (DAVA) to discuss the plan further.

I took extensive notes during this period, because a chronology appeared to be important. These notes show that on Sunday, March 10, 1985, I spoke with Emenegger again following a meeting at his house, which was attended by Dr. Hynek and his Arizona team and by DAVA's deputy director, General Glenn E. Miller. One of the questions Miller asked Hynek was: "How would you photograph a UFO?" Although he said nothing specific, he left the impression that the Pentagon did have solid physical evidence.

Bob Emenegger told me that, fascinated as he was with these accounts, he would not pursue them if he was alone. He would "need someone to prod him" if he were to do another UFO documentary. If Hynek and I had a "new angle" and were willing to go out on a limb with a firm statement about our own work on the physical reality of UFOs, and if the statement was convincing enough for the Air Force, then the Pentagon might put the crowning touch on the production and release the final proof.

Naturally, after a hasty phone conference, Hynek and I decided we would do nothing of the kind. As far as I was concerned, either the Pentagon believed it had genuine physical evidence, in which case it should be brought out for everyone to see, or someone was playing games, in which case I was not going to be used as a pawn, like those who had been eager to propagate every rumor, no matter how uncorroborated or absurd. Hynek agreed. "We should not be a party to deliberate misleading of the public," he said to me, "and we will not

take the bait, but if there is any chance of uncovering genuine evidence, let's pursue it behind the scenes."

He laughed as I added, "We could call this investigation 'The Case of the Dangling Carrots.' "

Dr. Hynek and his assistants did go to Norton Air Force Base for a private meeting with Miller and with his boss, General Scott, who was the director of DAVA. These two men assured an amazed Dr. Hynek that given the proper circumstances, they "would release the evidence on their own authority." But something else became obvious at that meeting: both Miller and Scott strongly believed in UFOs and were outright "contactees."

Hynek was given a tour of the huge DAVA facility and he was invited to Edwards Air Force Base, where, he was told, there was "something of interest you should see."

"Indeed, there were carrots dangled all over the place, as you had predicted," Dr. Hynek's research assistant told me. It was even suggested that Senator Barry Goldwater would help, and possibly former president Jimmy Carter as well.

Unfortunately, in his private meeting with Miller and Scott, Hynek found the two officers very naive in their approach to the subject and superficial in their knowledge of science. For example, they firmly believed in the story of Billy Meier, the Swiss contactee who has taken numerous photographs of what he calls "Pleiadian UFOs." When he confronted them with the direct question: "What footage do you actually have on UFOs?" they answered flatly, "We don't know."

"Go there and try to find out more," Dr. Hynek told me. "Perhaps General Miller will tell you things he didn't tell me."

So I drove out to Norton Air Force Base myself on Wednesday, March 27, 1985.

THE NORTON MEETING

Norton is located north of the little town of Redlands, near San Bernardino. The huge DAVA building is clearly visible from outside the base,

and it is reached through Gate 5. I gave my name to the guard and was immediately escorted into Dr. Miller's office, a windowless, paneled room with a portrait of General Patton and various impressive testimonials on the walls.

Dr. Miller wore a black suit, a shiny white shirt, a bright red tie, a bright red handkerchief, and bright red socks. He closed the door to his office, sat in an armchair in front of me and smiled. "How can I help you?" he asked.

This astonished me since he knew perfectly well that our meeting had been arranged as a follow-up to his discussion with Hynek. All right, I thought, so we are here to play games. I told him that I was an associate of Dr. Hynek, that I had a longstanding interest in UFOs going back to the 1954 wave of sightings in France, and that I understood he had had a personal experience with unidentified objects.

He told me he was perfectly familiar with my books and with my background. He himself held two doctoral degrees, one in political science from Heidelberg University in Germany, the other, interestingly enough, in theology. He had indeed experienced several sightings over the years. The first one took place at White Sands in 1956. While filming a rocket launch he was suddenly aware of something above him and to the left. He looked up and saw a very large circular object hovering over the base. A jeep arrived at high speed. An officer came out, confiscated all the film, and told all personnel present that what they had seen must not be discussed.

"They [the UFOs] must have been observing our technology," Dr. Miller said to me.

The second sighting took place about 1980, in the desert eighty miles away from Mojave. He had driven there alone to hunt and to take some pictures when he suddenly heard a whirring sound and saw an object which, however, was not located in the same place as the sound.

"It was as if it was able to project the sound to a different place," he said in answer to my questions.

The craft was curved and it landed on four pods, about six feet in length and six inches wide. After a while a ramp was lowered. A man approached the opening. He wore a small mask over his nose and a

pointed helmet. Miller could not tell if he had any hair. He was a normal human being, with smooth skin and intensely blue eyes that had the oval shape of an Oriental's eyes.

"Would you like to come inside?" the man asked.

Miller accepted the invitation and was escorted into the craft. He was struck by the stark simplicity of everything he saw there. The atmosphere was very pure and gave him a sense of elation. There were three other beings aboard, all of whom breathed normally. General Miller's escort also removed his mask.

The controls consisted of touch panels and voice-activated devices—exactly the kind of technology that was beginning to appear in laboratories across the U.S. at that time. The seats were molded to fit the men, who appeared to be about forty or forty-five years of age, except for one who seemed younger, in his twenties.

"I spent about fifteen minutes inside," Miller told me.

"Did you notice anything unusual when you left?"

"That's a strange thing. It was dark when I came out."

"Did you feel your sense of time was altered?"

"Something happened to time."

"Were there any traces?" I asked, looking for some physical confirmation.

"No, there was nothing in the desert. The craft flew away, with the lights at the periphery glowing with the colors of the rainbow."

"Any sounds?"

"No sound at all."

Miller added that he had trouble sleeping for six weeks after the event. He felt that he had had further communication with the entity from the craft, but he did not elaborate.

His last sighting took place near Vandenberg AFB in 1984. He was with a group of people who stopped at dusk to observe a large oval object in the sky. He showed me a snapshot. To me it looked plainly like an ordinary lenticular cloud.

If I had not been speaking to a former member of Patton's personal staff, and if the picture of the general himself had not been staring at me from the back wall, I probably would have gotten up and left at that

point. The story I had just heard was a contactee tale of the type made notorious by George Adamski in the early Fifties. (Adamski was a self-styled friend of the Venusians; he published two books with obviously faked photographs in support of his claims.)

Miller even stated he thought the beings were from Mars or Venus. I had to remind myself I was not hearing this from some pseudomystic in the back room of a New Age bookstore, but from the deputy director of a Pentagon agency who had fought in Normandy and had contributed to liberating my country. I have always had a huge amount of respect for anyone who fought under Patton, and especially for his immediate staff. So I swallowed hard and waited for Miller's next move. He called one of his assistants, a Mr. Atkins, into the office and instructed him to give me a tour of the facility, which included the audio-visual archives on film, tape, and slides for all four services, representing 400 million feet of film, or eight years of continuous viewing. Naturally, some of the footage at DAVA is classified.

After the tour we came back to Miller's office and I turned the discussion to the specific topic of the now notorious UFO footage and its possible release. He felt very strongly that such data existed, he said, and that it should be freely discussed with the public and with the scientific community. But he did not indicate that he knew what that alleged evidence was, or where it was located.

Next Dr. Miller introduced me to his boss, Robert Scott, and I asked him about DAVA and its relationship to other agencies. I learned that the Defense Audio-Visual Agency had been established by Department of Defense Directive 5040.1 dated June 12, 1979—a text which states that it is "under the direction, authority, and control of the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs." It is the organization that employs Colonel Coleman.

Scott also told me that he had seen a UFO in 1959 while visiting some land seventy miles north of Phoenix in the company of a psychologist and a photographer. They saw the object for about one minute. Unfortunately, the photographer did not have his camera with him.

Echoing the speculation of many ufologists, Scott believed we were visited by several classes of beings. "There aren't only good guys in the

cosmos," he said. He told me flatly that several human civilizations, notably Atlantis and Lemuria, had destroyed themselves in the past, and that the UFO beings were trying to warn us not to repeat such mistakes. Government secrecy, unfortunately, was preventing the message from being heard.

"It should be fairly simple for the UFOs to circumvent such petty human secrecy," I pointed out. "All they have to do is show themselves."

Scott replied without a moment of hesitation. "They are probably bound by ethical principles not to interfere with our free will. They are waiting to be invited by us."

This argument made no sense, of course. The mere fact of causing thousands of UFO sightings to happen—if such beings are in fact responsible for it—already creates a major interference in our culture. Witness the hundreds of books, films, magazines, and television shows that have been inspired by this intrusion.

Scott said he believed strongly in the survival of the soul, thus the destruction of an entire continent might not be regarded as an irreparable disaster by a higher race. Such an argument is very dangerous since it can easily be twisted to justify genocide: if we follow this slippery concept, perhaps Hitler's millions of innocent victims have already been happily reincarnated, and thank the Fuhrer every day in their prayers.

I came away from Norton Air Force Base unimpressed with what I had seen and heard. There was no high technology at DAVA. On the contrary, the building appeared as a backwater government service facility filled with old film machines that had been phased out of Hollywood editing rooms many years before. Scott and Miller were two friendly contactees who were trying to validate their own beliefs, I later told Hynek. But there was no indication that they actually knew of any unreleased evidence, or that they would have the clout to get it released if it did exist. Both men were political appointees. (Miller said he had once served as the first Hollywood agent of a promising actor named Ronald Reagan.) Their careers at DAVA were soon terminated when a new Secretary of Defense, Caspar Weinberger, replaced them the following year.

What happened at DAVA in 1985? Was there any genuine attempt to leak secret UFO data out of government archives? Or was someone simply playing games? Bob Emenegger and I still talk about it occasionally. In my opinion, neither hypothesis is valid. In order to be effective, any leak must include specific information about the nature or the location of data. When we looked into the mystery, there was nothing specific to acquire. The whole affair grew out of cross talk among UFO enthusiasts, some of whom were on the government payroll, hoping to validate their own beliefs. Yet Paul Shartle assured us he has seen a movie that was more than a training film; who made it, and why, remains a mystery.

General Miller died of natural causes in 1988. And the following year Norton Air Force Base was closed down by the Bush administration in a cost-cutting measure.

SCENARIOS

Over the last ten years the UFO enigma has become an important theme in the development of new belief systems. In the following chapters I will show that it is a suitable framework for those who want to build new cults, or simply to observe the social dynamics of marginal groups.

What could be the goals of such manipulation? Is it simply the case of a single author's fantasy being adopted and eagerly amplified by the media? Or is there a more sinister explanation? Contingency planning, the control of belief systems, or the setting up of cover organizations created for purposes of routine espionage, are among the relevant hypotheses. Such exercises in mind control could certainly explain the leaks, the false stories planted in tabloids, the creation of new sects with absurd dogmas.

The manipulation of belief that is evident in the mythology built around the aliens, and that continues with the sophisticated simulation of close encounters and of abductions we will review in Part Two, goes tar deeper into our culture that the casual reader of supermarket tab-

loids or even the serious student of UFO lore would suspect.

There is a network of such stories, and it feeds on itself to create a disturbing tapestry—not the bright tapestry of the artist, but the kind of pattern an army of spiders could weave, if left alone in an underground cave.

My purpose here is to go deeper into this cave and to project some light on the creatures that thrive in the damp and dark recesses below. The next level, the next subterranean crypt in this exploration of the absurd, is called "Majestic 12."

2

Majestic 12

After a while she began again: "Let us speak of falconry. "
"Begin, " I replied; "we have caught the falcon. "
Then Jeanne d'Ys took my hand in both of hers and told me how with infinite patience the young falcon was taught to perch upon the wrist.

The Demoiselle d'Ys
by Robert W. Chambers, 1895

In December 1984 an anonymously mailed package reached Los Angeles television producer Jaime Shandera. In it was a roll of undeveloped film that turned out to contain eight pages of information, evidently from a November 1952 classified document. It included a cover letter addressed to President Eisenhower and mentioned top secret data about the crash of an unidentified flying object at Roswell, New Mexico.

Revelation of the existence of these documents by Jaime Shandera, Bill Moore, and Stanton Friedman elicited various reactions among

UFO enthusiasts. Most of them said, "We told you so! The proof of the cover-up is at hand at last."

Others, suspecting that the three researchers might be the targets of a manipulation or a hoax, wisely withheld comment. Skeptics like Phillip Klass went so far as to suggest that Bill Moore had manufactured the documents and mailed them to his friend. Accusations flew back and forth, becoming increasingly technical. Did the font of the typewriter match the machines used at the time? Did the style of the dates correspond to the correct military format, to the personal habits of the alleged official authors, or more prosaically, to one of the suspected perpetrators of a hoax? One of the early believers, ufologist Stanton Friedman, obtained a $16,000 grant from Dr. Bruce Maccabee's Fund for UFO Research to study the matter in depth. Predictably, his conclusion, released in mid-1990, was that the documents were genuine, but he brought no new evidence to prove it. The controversy may never be completely resolved, but it did produce some very interesting facts and some even more fascinating questions.

According to Stanton Friedman, there are three primary "MJ-12" texts. The roll of film received by Shandera contained a document entitled "Briefing for President-Elect Eisenhower," dated November 18, 1952, consisting of eight pages. The last page was a memo under President Truman's signature to Secretary of Defense James Forrestal, dated September 24, 1947. These two items were the extent of the initial "leak."

Sensational confirmation of their validity seemed to come to light when a third unsigned document was found in the National Archives. Dated July 14, 1954, it was a memo from Robert Cutler, Eisenhower's Special Assistant for National Security, to General Nathan Twining, Air Force Chief of Staff. It read: "The President has decided that the MJ-12 SSP briefing should take place during the already scheduled White House meeting of July 16, rather than following it as previously intended." Cutler did not sign the document, but his name and title are typed at the bottom of the page. The expression "MJ-12" referred to the *Majestic Twelve,* a group of experts secretly studying UFO evidence.

According to Friedman, this document could not have been planted in the National Archives because "it was in a classified box in a classified vault." This statement only makes sense if we assume that the individual responsible for the planting did not have access to the classified box in question. If MJ-12 is an inside job, designed and executed by a rogue group within the intelligence community—which is the most likely explanation today—then Friedman's argument is obviously flawed. There are other reasons to believe that MJ-12 is a fake. Queried about this particular document, the Archives issued a memorandum, dated July 22, 1987, and signed by Jo Ann Williamson, Chief of the Military Reference Branch, pointing out that "this particular document poses problems" for many different reasons. It does not bear a top secret register number, an official government letterhead or a watermark; it is the only document referring to MJ-12 in the folder in question; a search for other relevant documents has located nothing; and the marking TOP SECRET RESTRICTED INFORMATION was not used during the Eisenhower administration (it only came into use at the National Security Council under Nixon). Furthermore, there are no records of an NSC meeting on July 16, 1954. Robert Cutler was visiting military installations in Europe and North Africa on the day he was supposed to have issued the memorandum.

In other words, the National Archives does not believe the memorandum is genuine. This does not mean, of course, that some project called MJ-12 does not, or did not, exist. Nor does it resolve the larger issue of the possible existence of aliens, dead or alive. It only deepens the mystery and it raises new questions.

Among the new questions is the identity and motivation of the sender.

If we are dealing with a genuine Deep Throat, why does he (or she) choose people like Shandera, Moore, and Friedman, who are obscure as tar as the national media are concerned? Why not select a well-known journalist, a reputable science writer, or an established, credible scientist? If he has decided to work exclusively with people in the UFO field, he still has a wide choice of targets, including some who have the ability to check up and convince themselves of the genuineness of such docu-

ments. Yet our mystery source selected a group that was likely to accept the information uncritically, people who had already staked a definitive position on the alleged cover-up and would find it very conveniently confirmed by the documents. Predictably, he missed his objective of convincing the nation that MJ-12 was genuine: only a handful of hard-core believers have accepted Friedman's conclusions. This is not the way the Deep Throat of Watergate proceeded. He sought out the most influential of Washington media, selected two aggressive investigative journalists, and encouraged them to ask their own questions (his recommendation to "follow the money!" was a major key). *The MJ-12 source operates as the manipulator of a contrived disinformation leak* rather than as a real whistleblower with something at stake, or as the deeply concerned person who has decided to expose a genuine scandal once and for all.

KIRTLAND AIR FORCE BASE, 1983

Early in 1983, Linda Howe, an independent television producer, was working on a script for a UFO documentary to be released by Home Box Office (HBO). A New York City attorney named Peter Gersten, who is a leader of a group called Citizens Against UFO Secrecy (CAUS), arranged for Ms. Howe to interview Richard Doty, an agent with the Air Force Office of Special Investigations at Kirtland AFB near Albuquerque. She was told that agent Doty had information about a UFO landing at Ellsworth AFB in South Dakota in 1978. A man named Jerry Miller, who knew Doty, was very involved in the investigation.

The interview took place in New Mexico on April 9, 1983. Agent Doty, who was not in uniform, took Linda Howe into an office in an area of Kirtland Air Force Base that was secured by doors with digital locks, for which he knew the combinations. He sat on the edge of his desk and gave her a briefing paper, "at the suggestion of his superiors." He added that she could ask questions but could not make notes.

The documents described four incidents of crashed disks that have

been mentioned in the previous chapter: Aztec, Roswell, Kingman, and a crash in Mexico. They made it clear that the bodies of extraterrestrials had been recovered from the craft and taken away for study. These bodies were three- to four-and-a-half feet tall, with gray skin, small holes where ears and nose should be—in obvious contradiction, let us note, with the alleged Holloman aliens of the Sandier/Emenegger documentary—and a small, straight-slit mouth. The hands had only four long, thin, webbed fingers and dark, clawlike nails.

The documents referred to these aliens as the Grays or the EBEs, the latter said to be a government acronym for Extraterrestrial Biological Entity. They stated that a live Gray was taken from the Roswell crash in 1949 and kept at the Los Alamos laboratories until 1952, when it died of unknown causes. But he had time to communicate telepathically with American officers, informing them that his race had long manipulated the biological, sociological, and religious evolution of mankind.

According to Linda Howe:

> Agent Doty said I was being shown the briefing paper because the government intended to release to me several thousand feet of color and black and white film taken between 1947 and 1964 showing crashed UFO disks and extraterrestrial bodies as historic footage to be included in the HBO documentary, supported with official government confirmation. *{UFO Universe,* July 1988, p. 21)

Was it the same evidence dangled in front of Emenegger in 1974? Was it the film that would be offered to Hynek and me two years later? The plans mentioned to Linda Howe had changed by the end of May 1983:

> Agent Doty informed me that the historic UFO footage would not be released until a later date because of some political delays. He also informed me that he was officially out of the film project, but that others would continue to contact me.

That sudden withdrawal of the dangling carrot had an extraordinary effect on HBO. Without the EBE section, said the executives in New York, there could be no documentary, and never mind that the initial script never mentioned the release of any such footage by the government.

Linda Howe's feeling was that she had been the victim of a neat "bait-and-switch" trick engineered by the Air Force to make sure that the same filmmaker who had created an excellent documentary on cattle mutilations *(A Strange Harvest)* did not focus the sharp eye of her camera on the UFO phenomenon for a national television audience.

COVER-UP: LIVE!

It was in 1988, at the peak of all the excitement about MJ-12, that Richard Doty, other shadowy figures, and the Hollywood crowd got into the act again. Seligman Productions bought from Bill Moore an interview with two alleged "members of the intelligence community" who used various bird names such as Falcon and Condor as code words. Other television production companies, including all three networks, had reportedly turned the film down because, as any film producer will tell you, anybody can go out, hire a bunch of actors, put them behind a screen, disguise their voices and make them say incredible things about aliens from outer space.

Since neither Falcon nor Condor nor other feathery members of what Bill Moore called his "Aviary" were willing to speak on the record, their testimony had no value as evidence in journalistic terms, not to mention scientific standards.

They could not speak on the record, Moore explained, because their government employers would surely retaliate. They would be fired or even assassinated, he insisted, using a tired argument that still finds favor among the zealots who fail to understand that the best way for a whistleblower *not* to suffer retaliation would be to speak on the record in the most reputable medium available.

- The community of UFO amateurs and believers watched the show

with eager expectations. Today they are still talking about the "revelations" it contained.

These revelations consisted of computer reconstructions of alien anatomy and internal organs, complete with initials like FTD and mysterious-looking numbers. Such pictorial information was combined with the behind-the-screen statements by Condor and Falcon. Flying saucers have crashed on earth; they have been retrieved by the military; alien pilots have been captured and studied by our doctors. The dead ones, they claim, have been autopsied and the live ones (who are especially fond of strawberry ice cream, as it turns out) have been used to establish contact with one or more extraterrestrial civilizations. The whole thing is supposedly controlled by MJ-12 and is kept away from the U.S. public.

The production, to which New York writer John Keel now refers as the "revoltingly amateurish Strawberry Ice Cream Show," was so badly scripted and directed that some of the professionals associated with it balked at the finished product. One of my technical friends, for instance, who was responsible for making up the computer simulations of alien anatomy and the mysterious numbers, demanded that his name be deleted from the credits. The production was of poor quality, and everyone was made to read copy from TelePrompTers, giving the participants a particularly wooden look. A piano piece was superimposed on the entire video. Even the truly interesting moments (like the testimony of the Cash-Landrum case victims explaining how they had developed cancer as a result of being exposed to the light of a strange flying object in Texas) were ruined by poor camera work and the happy allegretto of a ludicrous sound track. Several friends and associates actually called me after the broadcast to congratulate me for turning down repeated offers to participate.

Two minutes of hard thinking can establish the nature of the hoax, or at least the full extent of the unanswered questions. There is no such thing as a government agent having an extensive contact by phone and in person with a community of amateur researchers and journalists and then testifying behind a screen *"to protect his identity."*

It should be fairly obvious that the people presumably charged with

the security of the projects on which Falcon, Condor, and the other members of the Aviary claimed to work, would immediately find out who they were; they would not be assassinated, but they would more prosaically be pulled in for interrogation. Their clearances would be revoked. This would be all the easier since the projects in question are supposed to be highly classified, hence would only be known to a very small group where leaks could be traced instantly.

Subsequent events showed that Condor and Falcon were not, in fact, members of the intelligence community. They had occupied low level, marginal posts in connection with security-related projects, but neither one of them was an intelligence officer of significant rank. Today one of the two men, Richard Doty, reportedly works as a highway patrol officer in Grants, New Mexico, while the other, Robert Collins, is a consulting engineer.

The anatomy of the aliens, which was so mysteriously "revealed" after a motorcycle courier had brought a videotape segment at the last moment before the show went on the air, refusing all comment on where it came from, was a straightforward Hollywood fabrication. It was based on drawings already published by Leonard Stringfield and others, and amplified by the creative talent of the show's technical staff, with whom I have had the opportunity to discuss the whole matter.

Anybody can type FTD on a computer screen and shoot a film of it. And anybody can insert a piece of blank paper into a typewriter, mark it SECRET and pretend it is a memorandum for the President about space aliens. Anybody can take a microfilm of the result and mail it anonymously to his friends and relatives. None of this represents an illegal act.

Is that what happened in the case of MJ-12? Was the invention of Condor, Falcon, and the rest of the Aviary just an effort on the part of a few people to exploit the credulity of most ufologists and to feather their own nest? The evidence is strongly in that direction.

But why would Richard Doty, when he was on active duty as an Air Force agent, leak out such faked documents to Linda Howe? Was he just trying to use other people to give an appearance of credibility to a disinformation operation he had initiated? Subsequent events leave few doubts that he was—as he himself has allegedly stated—a member

of a disinformation unit, reporting, according to Moore, to a man named Hennessey who had an office in the Pentagon and who is well-known to him. Was it the Air Force itself that wanted to use Howe, Moore, Emenegger, Friedman, and others as conduits for fabricated data about a mysterious group called MJ-12? Or was it simply a rogue operation on the part of a few hoaxers with their own private motives, utilizing their access to security information and procedures to create a false trail, knowing that they were, oddly enough, committing no felony and breaking no law—since no secret data was, in fact, released at any point—and that the majority of ufologists would be more than happy to rush along behind them into that blind alley?

If the objective of that particular piece of disinformation art was to destabilize the few groups that are still seriously doing UFO research, to place the few competent investigators in a ridiculous light, and to disseminate spurious data, then they have succeeded beyond their wildest dreams, as the disintegration of American UFO research over the last few years demonstrates. Their only failure occurred in March 1985, when Hynek and I refused to fall into the trap when the same data was dangled in front of us.

SHOOTING DOWN THE FALCON

Writing in the June 1989 issue of the *MUFON Journal*, a widely read UFO newsletter, a concerned citizen named Robert Hastings, who lives in New Mexico and who has done extensive research in the area, stated that Falcon was indeed Richard Doty, who had retired from the Air Force in October 1988, and that Condor was Robert Collins, an Air Force captain who happened to be stationed at the same base, namely Kirtland. And he offered some very interesting background about the protagonists of the drama.

According to Hastings, Doty had first received attention when he filled out an official report form in 1980 regarding a UFO sighting near the base. Among the witnesses in this sighting were a Mr. Craig Weitzel and an anonymous airman who reported the case in an anonymous

letter sent to a legitimate UFO research organization, stating that the observation had been submitted to Doty at the Air Force Office of Special Investigations (OSI).

A researcher named Benton Majison located Weitzel in 1985. The witness confirmed he had had a sighting and had reported it to Doty, but the incident in which he was involved had nothing to do with the close encounter experience that was described in the anonymous letter. Nor was Weitzel subsequently contacted by a strange man making the demand that he turn over to him any photographs, as claimed in the documents. These sinister features of the case, very simply, had never happened.

So who wrote the anonymous letter, taking an actual occurrence and turning it into an episode of such great mystery?

According to Robert Hastings, "careful analysis of the anonymous letter reveals that it was almost certainly typed on the same typewriter used by Doty to complete the 1980 OSI complaint form."

In yet another incident, known as the Ellsworth case, Richard Doty is said to have confessed to Bill Moore that he had forged the documents describing the events. Hastings's source for this claim is none other than Dr. Bruce Maccabee of the Fund for UFO Research, one of the few "hard scientists" still actively interested in the subject. Reportedly, Doty typed the document himself and released it to various researchers as an authentic report. (An expose by Bob Pratt, published in the *MUFON Journal,* describes his own investigation of this hoax.) It will be recalled that it is by dangling the Ellsworth case details in front of Linda Howe that Doty got her attention in 1983.

Not only do the Weitzel fabrication and the Ellsworth hoax throw additional doubt on the authenticity of the MJ-12 documents, but they suggest that they could have been generated by Doty himself, with or without the complicity of Bill Moore. The latter, as we will see below, had started working as a knowing and willing contributor to the whole deception operation, although he still claims today that he did not know who was behind it or even why it was being perpetrated.

It was at the July 1989 MUFON Conference, held in Las Vegas, that the whole issue of the alleged cover-up came to a head. Several

hundred ufologists had assembled to discuss the progress in the field. I attended as one of the invited speakers (my presentation centered on cases of human injuries in Brazil). So did such researchers as Linda Howe and Jenny Zeidman, a former associate of Dr. Hynek. Also on the program was Bill Moore, whose speech was anxiously awaited by people who expected him to put to rest a number of very nasty rumors about the MJ-12 matter.

Among these rumors was the accusation made by researcher Lee Graham, who stated that Bill Moore had approached him "in an intelligence capacity" and had indicated that he worked for the government for the purpose of releasing sensitive UFO information to the public.

Graham also claimed that Moore had shown him a DIS (Defense Investigation Service) badge. Describing these events, Robert Hastings wondered why Moore had not immediately disassociated himself from Richard Doty if it had become obvious that the latter was forging government documents.

In a confused and embarrassing presentation before the MUFON Conference, Bill Moore indeed confessed that he had willingly allowed himself to be used by various people claiming to act on behalf of Air Force Intelligence and that he had knowingly disseminated disinformation, although he had never been "on the payroll." This is a mere play on words, of course. Not being on the payroll does not mean that he was not paid in cash or through other means. The community of UFO researchers has not become wise to this subtle detail. Writing to the editor of the excellent magazine *Caveat Emptor* (P.O. Box 4533, Metuchen, NJ 08840) in the summer of 1990, researcher Robert Hastings was still calling Moore "an *unpaid* government informant." (My emphasis.)

Moore gave a weak excuse for his actions, claiming that he had acted in a heroic private effort to infiltrate and ultimately expose the operation. At the end of this rambling speech, Moore refused to take any questions and left the auditorium through a side door, making a quick getaway.

When I discussed the matter with a scientist friend who was helping me check into the information about MJ-12, we reviewed the allega-

tions about Condor, Falcon, and their fantastic claims. We had to agree about the bottom line: *no hard fact of a concrete nature supported any of the allegations.* Even the information about alleged dead aliens reported many years ago by Leonard Stringfield has always remained of the nature of unsubstantiated, secondhand data. My friend turned away in disgust from the masses of material we had accumulated. "It's time to get tough with those turkeys," he commented wryly.

WHO CAN HOLD THE COCONUT?

Whether they came from such lofty birds as Condor and Falcon, or from more ordinary, down-to-earth turkeys, tantalizing clues have continued to appear regularly since 1988. We followed up on them whenever we could. We would hear through the grapevine—from Bill Moore, or from Doty, or from some other well-informed source—that a certain person could provide sensational information, and we would start making phone calls to verify their statements.

When I returned to the United States in 1989, after a UFO meeting in Lyon, a meeting that had also been attended by Bill Moore, a curious rumor started spreading among some of my friends. They had heard that during my stay in France I had secretly met with a certain doctor who had performed autopsies on aliens. Naturally, they demanded to know the details.

After laughing at the silliness of the rumor, I expected it to go away, as so many such stories do. Instead it became more precise: the name of my alleged contact was Dr. Leon Visse, I was told, and he lived in a town near Montlucon.

Now I was really intrigued, especially when I discovered that such a person did exist. So I telephoned Dr. Visse from California and I had an interesting conversation with him. Yes, he had once worked with American doctors. No, it was not in the United States. No, it had nothing to do with UFOs. Yes, he thought he knew the name Bill Moore. But he had never even heard of me. Yet somebody had purposely launched us on the track of this obscure French physician. Why?

When I told the story of these repeated teasers to one of my scientific colleagues, physicist Edwin May, he sighed and said he understood my frustration. "It's like my experiences researching parapsychology in India," he said with a shrug. "People would tell me that if I went to a monastery two hours outside Benares, I would find an amazing wise man who could materialize an object inside a coconut as I was holding it. They did not expect me to actually do it. So I would buy a coconut at the local market and like a stubborn American scientist I would hire a driver and I would go two hours away from Benares, and sure enough, there was a monastery full of wise monks and they would direct me to an especially holy man who was meditating in his hot little dusty cell. Yes, he said, he could materialize a physical object inside my coconut by the sheer force of his spirit, but what made me think that I could hold the coconut?"

In the business of MJ-12, Condor, Falcon, and the Aviary, there is no information, no document, no evidence that does not come from a source that is either a suspected forger or someone closely associated with governmental disinformation. In every case the hoaxers are firmly in control of the coconut. And we are left holding the bag.

3

Area 51

It was at a San Francisco weekend conference that I first heard about Area 51. To tell the truth, I had neglected to follow closely the various rumors that continued to circle about the aliens because the Majestic 12 experience had left me fairly disgusted with the gullibility of UFO believers in general. A new magazine called *UFO Universe* had just appeared on the newsstand. The front cover gave a taste of what was inside: Can ETs Cure Cancer and AIDS? It had a special section on John Lennon's alleged close encounter and an article by Brad Steiger entitled "UFO Abduction on the Rise—Will You Be Taken Aboard Next?" It was so blatantly ridiculous that I was tempted to give up UFO research forever.

My interest was revived when I found myself with a few hours of freedom at a sober conference on "Angels, Aliens and Archetypes" that included speakers like Whitley Strieber and Dr. Kenneth Ring. Other participants included Linda Howe and Bill Moore. It was a fine Sunday morning and I had nothing to do except to listen to the stories being debated informally in the lobby where refreshments were served. We

all sat around a table and I found myself drawn into a discussion of what Bill Moore described as his continuing contacts with the two alleged "members of the intelligence community" whom he called Falcon and Condor. Linda Howe, on the other hand, spoke about her own contacts with a flying ace and investigator extraordinaire named John Lear. It was in that context that I heard for the first time that even in the extremely rarified atmosphere of the MJ-12 conspiracy theory, there were many people, including John Lear, who thought that Bill Moore and his associates were far too timid and that they were simply used by the government to disseminate irrelevant information (or rather, disinformation) while the real, infinitely more dangerous and frightening truth remained completely secret. That ultimate truth had not yet been revealed: it had to do with the aliens, of course. Not the dead aliens that various doctors were said to have autopsied, but *live* aliens who were working even now alongside the best American scientists in hidden bases throughout the west.

Naturally, if these allegations were true, then Majestic 12 was only a fairly irrelevant incident in a much wider and more fascinating drama that could engulf the whole planet at any time. Majestic 12 might indeed be a pure diversion, a piece of disinformation art, a bone that was purposely thrown to the gullible ufologists to lead them off the track. If there were live aliens working under the desert at Area 51—some estimates put the total number of such aliens at over 600—then Stanton Friedman, Bill Moore, and all their friends were wasting their time looking for remains of crashed saucers. They might even be doing irreparable damage, unwittingly promoting a government hoax while the real truth—the actual invasion of our planet by diminutive gray humanoids—was going on irreversibly under the nose of the President of the United States in our own secret military bases like Area 51.

To this argument I heard people reply that Majestic 12 was, in fact, the only really important secret and that the subsequent tales of live aliens had only been manufactured by the government to discredit Bill Moore's research and Friedman's findings. In other words, researchers such as John Lear and Linda Howe, who spoke openly about Area 51, were really the ones acting as *agents provocateurs* and should be disre-

garded, or censored, while the central question of UFO research must remain the government cover-up of Majestic 12! Accusations and counteraccusations flew from all quarters, increasingly sharp and vicious.

At this point the reader probably wonders why I didn't just get up and go back to my car, which was parked nearby under the trees of the Palace of Fine Arts. I did wonder: what am I doing here? I was tempted to leave this small cluster of ufologists in the midst of their mutual bitter accusations of being CIA, OSI, or NRO agents and minions of the worst government conspiracy to come along since the Kennedy assassination. Hadn't someone even suggested that the President had been gunned down in Dallas by his own chauffeur in full view of the crowd precisely because he was about to reveal the truth about the Gray aliens to the American public?

There were two reasons for me to remain seated at the table where this heady discussion was going on. The first one had to do, very simply, with my own inertia. It was, as I have said, a peaceful and sunny morning. I had nothing else to do, having postponed an out-of-town business trip to attend the conference. I confess I felt perfectly comfortable drinking coffee and eating chocolate brownies while listening to some of the best horror stories I had heard since my childhood days when my mother read me *Grimm's Fairy-Tales.*

The other reason was the same natural curiosity that I suspect has seduced many ufologists into a fascination with such stories. I wanted to force myself to keep an open mind and find out what *it* was that had led so many of my friends to believe such things. After all, they were not just New Age zealots who got their information from visions, channelings, or peculiar mushrooms. They were hard-working reporters who claimed to have solid, firsthand human sources. And some of their sources were said to be government agents and other officials who existed in the flesh. If these people were systematically manipulated to foster a belief in the imminent takeover of the earth by the Gray aliens, then that was a fascinating mythological fact in itself, almost as compelling as a genuine UFO invasion. And it was that last thought that kept me seated with them, listening intently to an introductory lecture about Area 51 and a man named John Lear.

AN UNDERGROUND BASE

John Lear, I was told, was a captain for a charter airline company. He held seventeen world speed records in the Lear Jet invented by his father, legendary aeronautical engineer William P. Lear. During 1988 John Lear had become fascinated with stories of crashed saucers and he had issued his own revelations, allegedly gained through his contacts in the intelligence community, regarding a joint research facility maintained by hundreds of live aliens and the U.S. government at Area 51.

"Where is this Area 51 anyway?" I asked, feeling like an ignorant kid among an assembly of scholars.

"In Nevada," said Bill Moore. "Nellis Air Force Base."

"At Groom Lake," added Linda Howe.

They told me that, according to John Lear and others, it is the headquarters for projects called Redlight and Snowbird. But the major installation is supposed to be in New Mexico.

"Why doesn't anybody know about it?" I asked.

"It's underground, hidden in the desert. You can't see it."

"How large is it?"

"The size of Manhattan."

"Who takes out the garbage?"

The group looked at me in shock. There is a certain unwritten etiquette one is supposed to follow when crashed saucers and government secrecy are discussed; you must not ask where the information comes from, because informants' lives would be in danger, presumably from hired assassins paid by the Pentagon, the kind who try to hit the tires of fully-loaded gasoline trucks speeding through refineries. And you are *not* supposed *to point out contradictions in the stories. Questions* must always be directed at the higher topics, such as the philosophy of the aliens, or their purpose in the universe—not the practical details of their existence. In other words, *it is not done* to ask any question that has a plain, verifiable answer.

"Well, it's a fair question, isn't it? Who takes out the garbage?" 1 repeated. "You just told me there was a city the size of Manhattan

underneath New Mexico. They will need water. They will generate solid waste. There would be massive changes in the environment. Where is the evidence for it?"

"There are ways to hide large underground installations," I was told somberly. "Just look at NORAD, Cheyenne Mountain."

"What about the infrared signature? Everybody can see NORAD on the satellite pictures. There are roads heading to the mountain. And the base would be a major source of heat. It would stick out like a sore thumb on infrared satellite imagery."

The group looked at me suspiciously.

"Nobody has access to those satellites," said Bill. "They are highly classified."

"Nonsense. The French SPOT satellite, which is commercially available to industrial and news organizations, has a ten-meter definition. By smart computer processing, the definition can be improved at least by a factor of two. There is no such thing as a hidden underground base of that magnitude anymore."

"The government can keep the lid on that information," someone said.

"Even if you could keep this knowledge from American citizens, you would be unable to keep it from the British, the Russians, the French, and the Israelis. In fact, without invoking the features of the SPOT satellite, even such an ancient instrument as LANDSAT, lumbering in orbit above us every day with its thirty-meter resolution, would be entirely sufficient to detect an alien base. And LANDSAT imagery, obsolete as it is, is still used by hundreds of civilian geographers, planners, students, and geologists throughout the U.S. and the world."

"Well, the information John Lear has obtained says there is such a base," said Linda.

"How do you know any of this is real?" I asked.

"I've spoken to a military officer who knew about the aliens," she replied. "He said being close to them was the most extraordinary experience in one's life."

"How do you know he was telling the truth?"

"He was in his office at the Pentagon. The emotion in his voice, on his face, was unmistakable."

"How do you know he wasn't crazy?"

"A military officer, in the Pentagon?" my friends asked in surprise.

"Thousands of people work inside the Pentagon. Just because they have a desk there doesn't mean they're not crazy. The world is full of strange people telling weird stories. Every profession has its share of unbalanced minds, and some of them are in uniform."

We never resolved the issue that day, and I decided to reserve judgment on the whole question until some new facts emerged.

THE HORRIBLE TRUTH

I never did find out who took care of the trash for our alien guests. But the stories about the Grays and Area 51 kept intensifying, drawing more and more rational people into a net of mystery, half-documented revelations, and hushed-up suggestions that became increasingly ominous.

On December 29,1987, John Lear issued a statement that reminded the reader: "Germany may have recovered a flying saucer as early as 1939. General James M. Doolittle went to Sweden in 1946 to inspect a flying saucer that had crashed in Spitzbergen." And he went on:

> The horrible truth was known by only a very few persons; they were indeed ugly little creatures, shaped like praying mantises, and who were more advanced than us by perhaps a billion years. Of the original group that were the first to learn the "horrible truth," several committed suicide, the most prominent of which was General James V. Forrestal, who jumped to his death from a sixteenth-story hospital window. . . . President Truman quickly put a lid on the secret and turned the screws so tight that the general public still thinks that flying saucers are a joke.

Lear pointed out that the first communication between these aliens and our government took place on April 30, 1964, at Holloman Air Force Base in New Mexico, and he stated his main point:

> During the period of 1969-1971 . . . the U.S. Government made a deal with these creatures, called EBEs (Extraterrestrial Biological Entities) by Dr. Detley Bronk, the sixth president of Johns Hopkins University. The "deal" was that, in exchange for technology they would provide us, we agreed to ignore the abductions that were going on and suppress information on cattle mutilations. The EBEs assured Majestic 12 that the abductions were merely the ongoing monitoring of developing civilizations.

This first part of John Lear's statement was replete with contradictions, of course. If the early crashes go back to World War II, contact with the aliens could have been established long before 1964. There is no evidence in our own technology that we have had access to any dramatic inventions which a civilization "a billion years ahead of us" could surely have provided to us. And the aliens would have about as much need to request Washington's permission to do anything they please as a squadron of F-16s needs clearance from the tribal chiefs of New Zealand when they fly over.

Ignoring all these contradictions, John Lear echoes New York artist Budd Hopkins's belief that the purpose of the abductions is to conduct genetic engineering experiments, including "impregnation of human females and early termination of pregnancies to secure the crossbred infant."

Until now I have stayed away from the discussion of such crossbreeding because this hypothesis is so scientifically ludicrous that it does not even deserve to be refuted. It reveals a dramatic lack of information about the current state of the art in genetic engineering, not to mention developments that are forecast for the next ten years, developments that are already the subject of massive financial investments. The idea that anyone equipped with the best in molecular biology would need to perform complicated and risky maneuvers above populated areas at

night to abduct ovulating American females is just about the most outlandish suggestion I have heard in some thirty years of UFO research. Why take such ridiculous risks, especially when flying around with a technology that is so unreliable that over fifty crashes are said to have occurred in the United States alone?

And they are supposed to be a billion years ahead of us!

The only hypothesis more ludicrous than the genetic manipulation of human females is Lear's idea that the U.S. government would give the aliens permission to mutilate our cattle:

> In order to sustain themselves they use an enzyme or hormonal secretion obtained from the tissue they extract from humans and animals. Cows and humans are genetically similar. In the event of a national disaster, cow blood can be used by humans.

Any civilization billions of years in advance of ours should be able to synthesize such a straightforward thing as an enzyme essential to its survival. More simply, they should be able to cure the alleged genetic disorder that has atrophied their digestive system. But even if we set aside such obvious considerations, the aliens could be provided with access to all the cattle they could ever wish to mutilate while staying on government-controlled land. And the slaughterhouses of Chicago would be delighted to make a cash deal with any organization willing to buy from them thousands of animal organs.

In my opinion there is a genuine, unexplained cattle mutilation mystery, as investigative reporter Linda Howe continues to demonstrate with her field research. But the puzzling fact in that mystery is precisely that it is not a covert operation; on the contrary, *the perpetrators always look for publicity*, avoiding the easy prey of animals grazing in the wild, deliberately killing cows and horses owned by civilian farmers near urban areas and on small ranches where they are certain to arouse public confusion and anger. The mutilations are calculated to create terror.

Over lunch with a friend who is a leading researcher in hematology (the study of blood), I cautiously brought up Lear's claim that cow blood could be used in an emergency human transfusion.

He looked at me with a quizzical smile. He did not say to my face that it was ridiculous; instead he put it more gently.

"Jacques, if that's true, then I must go back to medical school."

I pressed him. "What would happen if you did such a transfusion?"

"Instant immunological shock," he answered without hesitation.

"The patient would die?"

"In minutes."

So much for John Lear's statements in a field where the facts were available to anyone who would take the trouble to check them. A simple phone call to the nearest blood bank would have established the truth. What does that imply for the reliability of such so-called research in more complex matters?

There is a firm called Biopure that extracts hemoglobin from cow blood, but it does not propose to inject pure cattle blood into human veins. The hemoglobin would be treated and used separately as a mere supplement in human transfusions. One of the major problems in the use of such animal products has to do with the contamination of cattle by a disease called BSE (Bovine Spongiform Encephalopathy). Somebody should definitely tell the aliens about BSE before they catch it.

Furthermore, biological research on earth is close to putting on the market various human blood substitutes. Japan, the largest importer of blood in the world, has led this research out of concern with the contamination of the blood supply with the HIV virus in recent years. Two Japanese companies, Ajinomoto and Fujirebio, have created a joint venture to market a blood substitute based on human hemoglobin. Shouldn't we assume that any aliens smart enough to fly over here from some faraway planet would know as much as we do in this respect?

John Lear is not bothered by such considerations. He has been told that, following the abductions and the mutilations:

> The various parts of the body are taken to underground laboratories, one of which is known to be near the small New Mexico town of Dulce. This jointly-occupied [CIA-alien] facility has been described as enormous, with huge tiled walls that "go on forever."

Witnesses have reported huge vats filled with amber liquid with parts of human bodies being stirred inside.

When John Lear came to my home one evening in 1989, he reiterated these statements forcefully.

It is hard not to like John Lear and not to be impressed by him. He is a man with the credentials of a master pilot, who has flown all over the world, breaking records and going in and out of little-known airstrips in hair-raising situations. One of the three times when the Golden Gate Bridge was closed to traffic, it was to allow John Lear, with a disabled two-engine aircraft, to fly back to San Francisco Airport in thick fog under the bridge ten feet over the ocean waves. He says that many of his missions to strange places the world over were flown on behalf of secret agencies of the U.S. government, notably the CIA. John Lear may be mistaken or misinformed, I told myself as I heard him speak of New Mexico bases and little gray aliens, but he is not lying and he is certainly not an armchair traveler. His exploits are real. Presumably, his contacts are real, too.

"Have you ever seen an alien?" I asked him.

"No, not personally."

"Then how do you know they are here on earth?"

"One of my sources works at Area 51 near Nellis Air Force Base. He's seen one."

"What's his name?"

He jumped. "I can't reveal this," he said sternly. "We simply call him Dennis."

Lear refused to organize a meeting with Dennis but he urged me to meet his fellow researcher, Bill Cooper, who could tell me more about the aliens. I made arrangements to have dinner with Cooper on my very next trip to Los Angeles.

THE COOPER BRIEFING

Bill Cooper and his girlfriend Annie met me on March 29, 1989, at seven o'clock on the *Queen Mary.* Our first contact was open and frank. Bill is a big fellow with a fleshy face marked by a scar on the right side of his forehead and another scar down the length of his nose, suggesting a life of action and real danger. For dinner we went to the Chelsea, a seafood restaurant aboard the ship. We ordered drinks and we jumped immediately into the subject of the aliens. No tape recording was made of our conversation. Accordingly, the following is only my own recollection of what was discussed, not a word-for-word transcript; it may differ in some details from Cooper's own recollection, and if so, I apologize to him in advance.

"I've read your recent interview [in the *MUFON Journal]* where you say you don't believe in MJ-12, so it made me wonder why you wanted this meeting," he began.

"The interview was done before I met John Lear," I replied, "but I will grant you that my position hasn't changed that much. I believe there is a UFO phenomenon which is physical in the usual sense, but it can manipulate space and time in ways I certainly don't understand; perhaps there are people around who understand it. . . ."

"They do," he stated with sanctimonious confidence, "but go on."

"I further believe, as you do, that the U.S. government must have been studying it for many years. That does not mean that MJ-12 is real. There is a hall of mirrors one enters as soon as the intelligence community is involved, and we're right in the middle of it. Then I talked to Linda Howe and Fred Beckman, both of whom recommended that I listen to John Lear, who is an impressive fellow, and he said I should talk to you, and here I am."

The waitress brought our drinks, Cooper and his companion lit up their cigarettes, and he began telling me his story.

"I became involved in the UFO question as a Naval Intelligence man," he said in a matter-of-fact way that I found frank and convincing. "In the period of 1971-72 I was ordered to brief several high-level

officers about the contents of certain documents that were given to me. Those briefings had to do with the fact that a number of UFOs have been captured by the military and that their occupants have been working along with our scientists. We have entered into a treaty with them—"

I broke into his statement to make sure I got the essential facts. "You're going a little too fast for me," I said. "First of all, what was your position in the Navy?"

"I was under Admiral Clarey, as a member of the Intelligence briefing team."

"Were the documents classified, and at what level?"

"They were classified Top Secret/S.I."

"Was there a code word attached to them?"

"Majic, with a J, was the code word. I am sure they have changed it now."

"How long was the briefing, and where was it given?"

"There were several briefings, all of which took place at the Headquarters for Pacific Operations on the island of Hawaii. The building overlooks Pearl Harbor. The first briefing was a two-and-a-half-hour general overview, then there were periodic updates as new information came to light."

He mentioned Admiral Clarey, Admiral Weisner, and Admiral John McCain as three of the men to whom he had given a full oral report.

"Why were these officers being briefed?"

"Because in their operational capacity, they had an immediate need to know. One, they might be required to recover some crashed disks in the future. Two, the UFOs might be misconstrued as offensive Soviet devices and fired upon, so they had to be aware of their existence."

"Were there instances when the UFOs posed a real threat?" I asked.

"During the Vietnam War a UFO shot down a B-52. There were also cases when our troops were attacked by things they first thought were helicopters. There was some speculation at the time that the Russians must have entered the war on the North Vietnamese side, so it became a pretty serious matter."

"Did the Navy ever pick up a disk after that?"

"There was an incident in which I was an actual witness, involving the recovery of a craft that was later listed as a Soviet sub. I was in the command center when it happened, and I can assure you it was real."

"Have you yourself ever seen an alien?" That is the question I have learned to ask of everyone I meet in such circles.

"No," said Cooper frankly.

"Have you even seen part of a crashed disk?"

"No, but I know two different men who were assigned to guard crashed disks and who have spoken to me."

"Have you ever seen UFOs yourself?"

"Once, in the late summer of 1966, I was on watch on board a submarine, the USS Tiru, SS-416, on the way to Seattle, and three of us saw a disk as large as an aircraft carrier rising out of the sea two and a half miles away on the port side. It rose and was lost in the clouds, then it came back down again."

"Did it disturb the ocean?"

"Not really, the water would glide around it, as if it was drawn by a force field."

"Were there briefings given to high-echelon officers before 1971?"

"There must have been, given the information in the documents. The texts stated that the first secret project was established at Eisenhower's orders in 1953. Ike asked Rockefeller to help him in setting up an organization that could conduct a study without government agencies or Congress being aware of the situation. Rockefeller established it under the Jasons, an elite intellectual group. The task force was composed of twelve men, including Kissinger, Dulles, Brzezinski, George Bush, and eight others, who became known as the MJ-12 under Operation Majority."

"Where did they meet?"

"At a place they called the Country Club. This way they could mention it openly without anyone knowing what they were talking about. It was a piece of land in Maryland which Nelson Rockefeller had set aside for the Jasons. It was only accessible through the air."

"And the information that was kept secret had to do with UFOs specifically?"

"With UFOs and with the aliens. There are four types of aliens—"

The conversation stopped when the waitress come to take our order. I was not very hungry, and I wanted to make sure I did not lose any detail of Bill's statement, even though some of the things he had said seemed very questionable.

"There are four types of aliens," resumed Bill Cooper after the waitress had brought him a second Chivas. "There are two kinds of Grays, including one race, not commonly seen, that has a large nose. Then there are the Nordic types, tall blond Aryans, and finally the Orange ones."

"Where do they come from?"

"I remember seeing several points of origin mentioned: Orion, the Pleiades, Betelgeuse, Barnard's star, and Zeta Reticuli."

"You mentioned we had a treaty with them?"

"Since 1964."

Why would they go to the trouble of entering into a treaty with us, since their technology is far ahead of ours? John Lear mentioned a billion years."

"They needed the government to keep their presence secret. Remember, we had one of the aliens in our custody. Our radar affected their navigation system and threw their craft off-balance."

I didn't tell Bill that I had spent the whole afternoon being briefed on advanced microwave devices by an electronic warfare company. That company, based in Orange County, made a radar simulator among its other military products. The idea that our primitive radars of 1949 would have repeatedly knocked alien spacecraft out of the sky was utterly ludicrous. Our own aircraft carry a device lovingly known in the electronic warfare trade as a DERFUM (for "digital radio frequency modulator"), which is a little bigger than a shoe box and has the capability to learn instantly all the characteristics of the electromagnetic sources that are operating in its vicinity, to respond to them and even to provide false information if necessary in a matter of seconds. It is hard to believe that visiting spacecraft a billion years ahead of us would not have similar, or superior, capabilities.

"How are their ships powered?" I asked.

"With a small nuclear reactor the size of a football. They use a space-time fold. I'm not a physicist, so I don't understand that. Apparently they have the ability to cloak themselves, to go invisible."

"What kind of metal do they use?"

"In the early days it was pure magnesium. We couldn't duplicate it at the time, but now we could duplicate it in space, that's why there is so much interest in growing crystals in orbit. They use alloys that we can create on earth but not with the same pliable structure." He abruptly changed the subject: "Do you know any of the astronauts?"

I gave him the names of several astronauts I have met.

"Ask any of the Apollo astronauts about the moon. What they saw there. There is an alien base on the dark side of the moon."

I didn't want to sidetrack our conversation any further, so I didn't tell him that the far side of the moon wasn't dark.

"What happened to the alien that was captured?" I asked.

"He died in 1952 after being ill for one year. The government tried to save him. They broadcast messages into space, asking that his people come and help. The result of that was the Holloman landing, on April 25,1964, when another alien came to work with our scientists. He gave us lots and lots of information. The aliens were desperate to have their presence on earth kept secret. We agreed to that, in exchange for their technology. The aliens were given permission to conduct abductions. They said they needed to do them on medical grounds. They were supposed to give MJ-12 the list of the humans they abducted. Then we began to realize they lied to us."

"Where are the aliens now?"

"At Area 51. Everybody thinks it is under control of the Air Force, because it's at Nellis Air Force Base in Nevada. But in reality Area 51 is under the Navy. The Navy has operational control of field activities on this project. That also includes Area 2, which was originally built as an underground storage area for the Atomic Energy Commission."

"What about Groom Lake?"

"Groom Lake is at Nellis, same thing. There is an Alien Technical Group at Nellis, and there is another one near Dulce, New Mexico, on an Indian reservation."

"How do we know that's true?"

"That's what the documents stated. It turns out there is a large magnetic anomaly where the base is. Perhaps ground-penetrating radar would show what's inside, allegedly it is all honeycombed with tunnels. The document explains how to get in, where the doors are."

"Is it guarded?"

"No, it's not guarded. That would only attract attention, they would have to explain what it is. But once you go in, you never come out. I can take you there if you want."

Our food had arrived, and Bill attacked his steamed clams with gusto. I went on with my questions. "What were the two documents that you used for the briefings? Can you describe them?"

"The thickest one was a book, about three-quarters of an inch thick, called *Grudge/Blue Book Report Number 13.* People think Blue Book was under the Air Force, but it wasn't. Blue Book was under Grudge, which in turn was assigned to the Air Force to run. It had to do with abductees and implants."

"What was the other document?"

"It was an outline on Operation Majority, which also covered Blue Book."

"Has anyone else seen these documents?"

"There is a man named Bill English who is in hiding near Albuquerque, and who has seen the same things I did. He is afraid for his life. They have already tried to kill him twice. The government blew up a van in which he was riding with two other fellows. They died, and he's lucky to have escaped. The only reason nothing happens to me is that I talk to people, I disseminate all the information I have. You must realize that for a long time I kept it all inside, because I thought it was in the interest of the country, and I had a high sense of duty. I don't have that sense anymore. It's all wrong. Too many people have been killed because of this. It's completely illegal, and we have been betrayed by the aliens. We live under an immense danger now."

"How did this other man, Bill English, get to see the documents?"

"He was a captain in the U.S. Army, Special Forces. He was assigned as an information analyst at a British base. The document came in the

regular pouch. He was not supposed to see it, it was an error in routing. So he was kicked out. Attempts were made on his life. He was ridiculed. Some people even said he was on LSD!"

"What did you think of the *Cover-Up* documentary, released by Seligman?"

Cooper gestured in disgust. "It was part of the damned contingency plan, a deliberate attempt by the government to confuse people. Perhaps I shouldn't say this, but some of the participants are informers for the government."

"What was the purpose of the documentary, then?"

"To lead people away from the truth. All the Majestic 12 documents that Moore has presented were obvious fakes. It was done to discredit the people associated with that research. The whole thing read like a chapter in his book about the Roswell crash, there was nothing new in it. The pictures of aliens were not right. And Majestic 12 was *not* formed by Truman, as they implied."

"Do you think it's that easy to fool people?"

"The truth is so incredible. . . . Look at this magnificent ship. Imagine the *Queen Mary* sailing past an island where the population was still living in the Stone Age. . . . What would they say about it? That's our situation with respect to the alien craft."

"Precisely. The *Queen Mary* doesn't bother to enter into a treaty with the king of every little island. Again, Bill, I don't understand why the aliens would need a formal treaty with us, if they are so advanced. It seems to me they would just ignore us completely."

"They needed to make sure our government would keep their existence from the public."

That seemed to me like an obvious contradiction again. There have been hundreds of thousands of UFO sightings in broad daylight in front of numerous witnesses. There are people like me writing books, trying to extract the best sightings and make the information available. If they don't want the public to know about them, they are going about it in the wrong way!

I shifted the conversation in a different direction, to clarify some-

thing that had bothered me since my meeting with Lear. "I have heard from John, and also from Linda Howe, that the name of Allen Hynek was mentioned in Report 13 . . . ?"

"Mentioned?" Cooper reacted in astonishment. "He was the co-author of the damned thing! Hynek was completely involved in it, in the study of the abductions and the implants. He even made the statement that one person in forty has been abducted and has received an implant. Of course, many more people have simply been abducted. The scary part is, what if the people who are in the government have all been implanted already?"

"All I can tell you is that I knew Hynek very well, and that what you say about him makes no sense to someone who knew the man's character."

"And all I can tell you is what was in that document," he replied dryly. "Hynek's name was on the cover, and inside there were pictures of the Holloman landing, photos of aliens, autopsy tables, and details of Project Redlight, where we actually try to fly their craft, and Project Snowbird, a cover for Redlight using conventional technology, and so on. By the way, their craft don't crash when they are disabled, they settle in the impact crater where the dirt has been pushed aside."

"There is a contradiction here. Blue Book, from what I saw, was mostly a public relations project. There was no follow-up on cases, in fact. Hynek kept complaining about that."

"There was no follow-up because they already knew what those things were. But they still had to explain them to the public. One of the documents said specifically that the cases they can't explain should be referred to Philip Klass, who works in cahoots with the intelligence community. You know, things are never what they seem to be anymore."

"What do you think is the purpose of the implants?" I asked.

"Nobody knows. When an attempt is made to remove them, the person dies."

"Wait a minute. If this has been going on since 1953, many of the implanted people must already have died of perfectly natural causes. It

would be a simple matter to remove the implant during the autopsy and study it. Don't you think a pathologist would notice it and be intrigued enough to take it apart?"

For the first time Bill Cooper didn't seem to have a ready answer. He simply waved my question away, repeating that no one knew what the implants were for.

I leaned back in my chair. "Bill, if what you're telling me can be proven, we will have to reconsider everything we know about this problem. I have no question that you are telling me what you believe, and if you say you have seen this Report 13, I am willing to trust you. But the fact that Hynek's name was associated with it makes me think that it was a complete fabrication."

He answered flatly that he had indeed seen the report and that Hynek's name was indeed on it.

"So what do you think should be done now?" I asked.

"The information should be disseminated to the public, as widely as possible."

"Do you think the President knows?"

"Yes, Bush must know, as a former member of MJ-12. Previous presidents were only told what *they* wanted them to know. The President would have to blurt it out in the middle of a press conference, before they were aware that he was going to say anything. Don't you see? If the information was released, the intelligence community would collapse. Nobody would ever trust those people again. As you know, Reagan classified everything about UFOs. Nobody who does any work with the government can talk about the subject, even if they do unclassified work."

I am afraid I reacted angrily to that preposterous statement. "You can't possibly mean that! For one thing, it would violate the First Amendment. For another, no one would obey such an order. The government hasn't even defined what a UFO is! It would be like your asking me to keep secret what we had for dinner tonight, or what we said to each other. You could never force me to do it. I haven't agreed to it in advance. Furthermore, there are other people who

know what we had for dinner tonight, so I couldn't keep it secret even if I wanted to!"

He shook his head and stood his ground and stubbornly repeated that Reagan had ordered that no one doing any kind of business with the U.S. government must discuss UFOs. That statement seemed obviously absurd, and it made me uncomfortable to hear Bill Cooper insist on it so strongly.

I changed the topic while he ordered a third Chivas. "Let's talk more about the aliens. Why are they coming here in the first place?"

"There is a document about Project Aquarius that deals with the history of the aliens and their interaction with Homo sapiens for the last twenty-five thousand years. This interaction culminated with the Basque culture and the Assyrians. But Project Aquarius was closed."

I had the feeling I was now listening to a third-rate science-fiction plot, except that the man in front of me obviously believed it. I, on the other hand, had seen that movie a hundred times.

"Their planet has turned into a desert following a war they had with another race. They have been devastated, they are in evolutionary decline, their digestive system is atrophied. They come here in search of new genetic material."

"That doesn't make sense," I insisted.

"The government believes it."

"How long do the aliens live?"

"They told us they lived four hundred and fifty years. The live alien who was left on earth after Holloman was named Krll. He gave lots of information, scientific data, some of which was published in the open scientific literature under the name of O. H. Krill, after being sanitized. Very advanced stuff. Krill is still alive."

I told Cooper I had a lot of trouble accepting the fact that aliens from a distant star would just happen to took like us and have the same organs, or very closely the same anatomy, and would match our culture to such an extent. He didn't seem to find that a problem.

"Their biology is well-understood," he said with a shrug. "They are air-breathing creatures like us, although the heart is connected to their

lungs as a single organ. Their digestive system is atrophied. They are chlorophyll-based—plantlike, if you will. They absorb nourishment through the skin, and they excrete through the skin, too."

Well, you can look at any textbook on human physiology and you will find *skin* listed under *excretory organs*. There is nothing new here.

"What about their brains?" I asked.

"They have two brains, separated by a bone partition, but going into the same spinal cord."

"Do you know any doctor who might have attended the aliens or done an autopsy?"

"Look up the name Dr. Guillermo Mendoza," answered Bill, without any hesitation. "He nursed the one alien, who died. He was a biologist, not an M.D. By the way, they did feed that alien ice cream, which he could eat in small quantities through a membrane in his mouth, and he did like strawberry. And he was partial to Tibetan music. That part of the Seligman *Cover-Up* documentary was true."

"How do they communicate?"

"Among themselves, they communicate telepathically. They use a translation device with us. When they first came, they contacted our scientists in binary code."

Until this point our discussion had remained on a fairly factual, if somewhat speculative level. I had refrained from pointing out a multitude of contradictions. Once all the main questions had been answered, and the waitress came back with coffee, Cooper took a more confidential tone.

"You know," he said, "I'm not a religious man. But if you look at the Bible ... The Angels could be the Nordic types and the Grays could well be the demonic ones. After all, the Bible talks about a pact with the Devil in the last days, after Israel is reinstated. Leading to Armageddon."

"What did the aliens have to say about that?"

"The information they gave us wasn't just scientific data. They provided much on the occult side. They claimed they had a lot to do with our religion. They spoke about witchcraft and cults on earth."

"So, what are you going to do about all that?"

"I am going to get the information out. I have resigned from my job. To begin with, I'm organizing a symposium at Anaheim. The profits will be used to build up a reward fund for those who want to come up and reveal what they know. Then I'll take the symposium to all the major cities."

Bill offered to take me to Dulce and let me go inside the cave of the aliens. I told him I wasn't going to do that. He snickered, and said with an angry laugh, "You see, that's the problem with you scientists. People want to know all that, and when you give them the opportunity to really check it out, they won't do it."

"I may be a stupid scientist," I countered, "but if you told me to jump from the top of the Empire State Building without fear because you were going to send a flying saucer to save me at the last moment with an antigravity beam, I wouldn't do that either, Bill. Who knows what's inside that cave in Dulce? For all you know, it's an abandoned federal radioactive storage facility where I'd be cooked alive in five minutes."

The three of us walked over to the elevators. I told Cooper that our conversation was important because I was starting from square one again in my attempt to understand the UFO phenomenon. Yet when he left, he was disappointed and suspicious of me because I hadn't shown the absolute, unconditional enthusiasm he was obviously seeking.

HOW I WAS ACCUSED OF JOINING THE CONSPIRACY

I only heard once from Bill Cooper after our dinner.

One evening, in June 1989,1 received a phone call from him. Someone had told him that I was going to address a meeting on research I had done in Brazil "concerning human mutilations perpetrated by UFOs." I had to laugh when I heard that.

Over the years there have been several spurious rumors that purported to be based on my actions or statements. These rumors are generally more amusing than serious. In a review of *Dimensions,* for

example, a newspaper in England, the *Cambridge News,* got me confused with Whitley Strieber (who had written the foreword for my book) and claimed that I had been abducted and examined by flying-saucer aliens! Obviously, the reporter had merely scanned the dust jacket before writing his review of the book. A newspaper in Mexico assured its readers that I had said there were UFOs flying around the space shuttle Challenger when it exploded in 1986. The depth of stupidity was reached in 1990 when someone spread a rumor within the MUFON group, alleging that I had once been mysteriously teleported in a car driven by psychic researcher Ray Stanford! The list of such silly fabrications would be too long to enumerate. I generally attribute these false reports to lazy journalists who fail to check their sources. Such confusions are attached to every author, especially when the subject of his work is controversial. But here was Bill Cooper, who claimed to be a serious investigator, trying to expose the greatest conspiracy in history, and he was seriously quoting similar garbage.

"I don't know where you heard all that," I said. "It is true I am going to speak about our research in Brazil. We looked into human *injuries,* not mutilations, among UFO witnesses. In two cases the witnesses died, but in our opinion based on conversations with people who witnessed the deaths, they died of heart failure. We also investigated cases in which, according to American tabloids, all the blood had been removed from the bodies. We could find absolutely no evidence for it."

I was wasting my time.

"Are you trying to find the truth," Cooper asked in the accusatory tone of a prosecuting attorney, "or are you trying to hide the truth?"

"I wouldn't be traveling all the way to Brazil with my own money if I wasn't trying to find the truth," I said, getting a little hot under the collar. After all, I went there and Bill didn't. Let him buy a ticket to Manaus and check my work, I thought.

Cooper lashed out at me. "We think you weren't using your own money. We know who you're working for. . . ."

For the first time in my life I hung up on someone. And as the stream of Cooper's accusations went suddenly silent, I realized I had now been promoted from a simple investigator doing his best to understand the

UFO mystery to a participant in the conspiracy, a contributor to the "horrible truth."

Is that how the whole machine of myth and fantasy works? I asked myself as I felt bitterness rise in my throat. Have the legends of MJ-12 and Area 51 been created out of whole cloth by a few people like Cooper, taking every word they heard, every shade of meaning, out of context? Or were they driven to such desperation by real events in their lives? I decided that I had gone as far as I was willing to go to answer this question. I called John Lear, for whom I have gained a real measure of respect, and I told him I never wanted to talk to his friend Cooper again.

Yet Cooper, in a sense, was right: my fateful dinner with him on the *Queen Mary* had indeed brought me back to square one.

THE BENNEWITZ AFFAIR

It was in the early 1980s that the story of Paul Bennewitz started circulating, at first as a very confidential matter, among researchers of the UFO phenomenon. Bennewitz is a respected physicist who manages a small electronics company close to Kirtland Air Force Base, to which he supplies humidity sensing equipment. An avid UFO researcher, he was said to have come into contact with a woman who had had an encounter. Using a highly questionable method, which has unfortunately become one of the standards of UFO research, the witness was hypnotized three times by Dr. Leo Sprinkle in an effort to retrieve "the truth." Bennewitz found that the woman, in the course of her sighting, believed she had been abducted by aliens. She had been taken to an underground base; she had been shown vats of fluid in which pieces of human flesh were floating (presumably awaiting the aliens' dinnertime?). She had been told that the aliens, the Short Grays, were living there, along with American scientists, and that secret experiments were in progress right under the surface of New Mexico. The reader should keep in mind that all this emerged under a trance state induced by a hypnotist who believes that he may have been abducted

himself and that he may have a mission on behalf of extraterrestrials.

In an effort to learn if the witness was somehow affected by outside forces, Bennewitz is then said to have rigged a piece of equipment that did record some strange electronic signals. He became convinced that these signals linked the UFO pilots with secret agents inside Kirtland. He noticed some burn spots and suspicious objects at various sites in New Mexico and he decided they must be places where UFOs had crashed.

Over the years, Bennewitz's beliefs gradually became more extreme. He was visited by a steady stream of UFO researchers that included John Lear, Jim McCampbell, Bill Moore, Linda Howe, and many others. He told them that he had seen with his Own eyes UFOs swooping out of the sky to abduct motorists on the outskirts of Albuquerque. He became increasingly obsessed with the subject.

At the Las Vegas MUFON meeting of July 1989, and in private conversations with me, Bill Moore confirmed the above and made the sensational claim that the matter of Paul Bennewitz had been a deliberate part of a governmental disinformation operation. The physicist, he suggested, had innocently stumbled on a signal used in a secret Air Force experiment that was totally unrelated to UFOs. He was approached by security officers who tried to get him to disconnect his equipment and to stop monitoring their electromagnetic tests. The more they did this, of course, the more Bennewitz was convinced they had something to hide (which was true) and that it had to do with UFOs (which was false). And he refused to comply.

According to Bill Moore's public and private statements, the security people at OSI then decided to go along with Bennewitz's fantasy and simply to drive him out of his mind. They used Bill Moore, who willingly complied, to convince him that some perfectly ordinary helicopters involved in a night rescue exercise on the edge of Albuquerque were actually flying saucers swooping down to abduct innocent people. And they reinforced his belief that every strange incident around the base denoted the intervention of the aliens, thus discrediting him as the source of a possible serious leak about their experiments.

Some of these revelations by Moore were greeted in Las Vegas by

angry calls from the audience. "What about the Constitution?" yelled one man sitting near me. "What gives you the right to drive someone crazy?" A woman simply got up and left in utter disgust.

It is not for me to judge the actions of the people who claim to be genuine researchers of the paranormal and who willingly engage in such games, as Bill Moore did. If the Air Force, or any other government organization, has in fact encouraged its agents to act in such ways, then the result is a scandal on the scale of the disinformation and mind-control operations of the Sixties and the Seventies that culminated in the FBI's Cointelpro and the CIA's MK-Ultra, a very dark chapter in American history. With these programs, citizens of the U.S. and other countries, notably Canada, were systematically exposed to disinformation, to anonymous letters that used every possible racist and sexual insinuation to discredit them, or to dangerous drugs that turned them into vegetables and sometimes led to their death. MK-Ultra has been documented in the courts and in several books. But the scandal of the manipulation of the belief in UFOs has not been documented at all.

This is a very grave situation indeed, for Paul Bennewitz is not the only reputable scientist who is being affected by these rumors. Over the last few years, I have witnessed radical changes of attitude among those of my scientific colleagues who, at one time, had seriously devoted their energies to UFO research. Many of them, discouraged between the absurd practices of the Abductionists hypnotizing witnesses without any safeguard, and the fabricated claims of crashed aliens, have simply abandoned their investigations. I cannot say that I blame them. But before I retire from the field, I want to place a few more facts on record to help those who may follow, and I want to ask a few blunt questions.

Something does not make sense here.

Why would someone in Washington mount a disinformation effort if the only result is to confuse the members of the UFO research community, which is a very small group without much influence over the public at large? Is something more sinister involved? Are John Lear and Bill Cooper right when they claim the truth is more horrible than anything we can imagine, even if they are utterly, tragically wrong about the facts and the motives?

The story given by Lear comes straight out of the Bennewitz affair, which we now know to have been based on Sprinkle's questionable hypnosis of a single subject and amplified out of all proportion by Moore's disinformation efforts. Bill Cooper has failed to produce Dr. Mendoza, and he continues to claim seriously in his public speeches that the moon has a dark side.

My associates have analyzed a dozen major data bases covering everything published in the last twenty years in fields ranging from chemistry and engineering to biology and theoretical physics. There is no scientific publication in any reputable reference journal under the name of either Crill or Krill. Once again, what could be checked has been checked and it leads nowhere.

Far from hiding away in Albuquerque for fear of assassination, Bill English himself showed up in front of hundreds of people at the Las Vegas conference. He appeared very relaxed and spoke genially with archskeptic Philip Klass. He gave his story of having served in a low-level intelligence position in which he was asked to evaluate the probability that certain classified reports were true. It is in that context that he claims to have seen the very same Report 13 that Bill Cooper was asked to analyze.

I spoke with Bill English at the Las Vegas conference and I tend to believe him. He may well have seen such a report, just as Cooper may have seen it. If so, it may simply have been a test of their judgment or of their abilities as intelligence analysts. The ludicrous aspect of the alleged Report 13 is that Hynek's name was associated with photographs and reports of alien autopsies, and that it mentioned *close encounters* in connection with UFO landings. The co-author of the report was Colonel Friend.

As a former close associate of Dr. Hynek, I can assure the reader that he was highly skeptical of the existence of crashed saucers, and even more of the supposed aliens. He repeatedly met with a man named Leonard Stringfield, who claimed to have many sources of such reports but always declined to identify them or to let them talk to Hynek privately. He came back from such visits utterly frustrated. And my

friend Fred Beckman, who knew Hynek equally well, reminds me that it isn't until the Seventies that Hynek coined the term *close encounter.* As for "Colonel" Friend, he was barely a major when he headed Project Blue Book.

Report 13 is a despicable fabrication. A single basic question remains. Given that all the stories about aliens, MJ-12, and crashed disks are delusionary, are we dealing simply with a spontaneous epidemic of strange beliefs among overly imaginative amateurs frustrated by the lack of progress in their research? Or is there a more sinister force at work, using them to purposely disseminate such spurious data to serve its own purposes?

A JOURNEY TO DREAMLAND

If you cannot force a train to slow down, there is another way of stopping it: you can speed up the locomotive until it goes crazy and jumps the track. Was that sort of action deliberately taken against UFO researchers when it became obvious that censorship and cover-up were no longer effective? Was that the reason for the leaking of false revelations, the deliberate fomenting of absurd beliefs in crashed saucers, alien autopsies, and Short Grays?

Intelligence agencies and those they employ to monitor the UFO problem have an unfair advantage over the rest of us: they can disregard many laws in the name of national security, they enjoy access to sophisticated sensors and to large data bases, and they have little concern for individual privacy. They can use networks of informants to pick up rumors and they can use provocateurs to plant false ones. They can send independent researchers on a wild goose chase for weeks or months.

In spite of this unfair advantage, however, the intelligence agencies also suffer from certain biases and weaknesses that make them vulnerable to the cynical outsider: they are often blinded by their own professional arrogance and by the pride of knowing certain things that they wrongly assume no one else knows—or guesses. They tend to forget that

much of the information they censor so jealously had to come from the real world in the first place. It generally remains available to any researcher who takes the trouble to dredge it up through independent, objective channels.

The mysterious objects seen and filmed at Groom Lake are a case in point. A financial analysis of the Lockheed corporation published on May 16, 1990, by the brokerage firm of Bateman, Eichler, Hill, Richards had this to say about the "Skunk Works" activity:

> Sales have remained relatively robust despite the removal of the SR-71 [spy plane] from Air Force service and the pending completion of the production portion of the F-117A Stealth Fighter program . . . We speculate that much of the decline has been absorbed by *Aurora.*

The funding in question had risen from $25 million in 1987 to $150 million in 1988, $325 million in 1989, and *half a billion dollars in 1990,* indicating a major technological effort.

So what is Aurora? An element of an answer may be found in the February 1990 issue of *Interavia,* where expert Bill Sweetman reported that *a radically new aircraft, possibly unmanned, was being tested at Groom Lake.* He speculated that it cruised at Mach 6 and used ramjet propulsion.

Were the rumors of flying saucers at Area 51 deliberately planted by the military in an effort to thoroughly discredit the reports made by anyone who would observe the strange maneuvers of this advanced aircraft, a development which they knew could not be effectively hidden from civilians in the vicinity? The people who came forward with claims that they were "exposing the cover-up"—like Moore, Condor and Falcon, Lear and "Dennis"—may well have been dupes. They may have become part and parcel of the real cover-up. The motive would be very plain: protecting a half-billion-a-year investment in a radically new intelligence platform. The whole operation may have absolutely nothing to do with the UFO problem, or with the government's larger interest in it.

SEVEN PITFALLS

The intelligence agencies often forget that before they can classify or censor a piece of data, it has to exist as a conscious thought in somebody's head. This is especially true of UFO data. It can be tracked down, investigated, and verified by anyone capable of independent thinking. But the pivotal keyword here is *independent:* truly unbiased investigation implies the careful recognition and deliberate avoidance of a few deadly pitfalls in reasoning. Therefore I will close this section by identifying the seven most dangerous pitfalls that tend to derail our thinking process.

Pitfall One: the Transitivity of Strangeness

We are all prone to this fallacy, which works as follows: someone makes an extremely strange statement we will call (A). For instance, (A) could be the assertion "I am in contact with an extraterrestrial civilization." When challenged to prove this assertion, the subject will make a second very strange statement we will call (B). For instance he or she might say, "They have given me the power to bend your spoon just by thinking about it."

Naturally you will challenge this second assertion by saying something like "Oh yeah? Well, prove it, wise guy."

In the next few minutes the subject proceeds to turn your spoon from a treasured heirloom to a pitiful, useless, unrecognizable shred of twisted metal, leaving you amazed and breathless. From then on you will probably tell all your friends that the individual in question is indeed in contact with extraterrestrials.

A truly independent thinker, on the contrary, would have realized the fallacy. The subject has only demonstrated assertion (B), namely the fact that he could bend your spoon. We could debate whether this ability derives from paranormal powers which could be latent in all of us or whether trickery was involved. But in no way does it prove statement (A), namely the contact with space civilizations.

The human mind, which loves to jump to conclusions, has established a *transition* (B is true, and it was stated in the context of A, therefore A must be true) which is completely unwarranted.

Pitfall Two: the Ratchet Effect

This particular fallacy was discovered by a skeptic who noticed that most amateurs of the paranormal never went back to a baseline of normal belief once they had become convinced of a certain weird fact, even if it was later proven to be false.

A perfect example of this fallacy is given by the current legends about live humanoids in the custody of the Air Force. Several independent researchers have become convinced that there were such humanoids in an underground base under Area 51. It took me months to find the man who was the source of the rumor. When he was interviewed, it turned out he had never seen any such humanoids. Yet the people who had believed in his story did not simply erase the statement from their mental blackboard. Instead, they started looking for any confirmation, any other hint, from any source, that little humanoids might be held in some underground base. Their belief had become too dear to them to be questioned, even when they knew its underpinnings to be wrong. Their assumptions about the world had been "ratcheted" one notch and could not come down again, no matter what the evidence was.

This fallacy is not limited to ufologists. If you can get people to buy lottery tickets just *once* on the expectation that they might win a million dollars, they will probably go on buying lottery tickets even if they keep losing: it would now be too painful for them to let go of the pleasant realization that they might win a million dollars next week, especially as their losses (now viewed as investments) keep mounting.

Pitfall Three: Spurious Data Sequencing

This fallacy is an emotional one, and as such, it is even more devastating than the first two. It ensures that most researchers of the phenomenon, once fooled by a certain belief, will continue to be fascinated by succes-

sive "revelations" even when they absolutely know them to be false. It works like this:

A stranger calls you on the phone and breathlessly reveals to you some extraordinary *confidential* fact. For instance, he might assure you that a flying saucer will land next week at a certain spot in New Mexico. If you are a dedicated researcher, you fly to New Mexico in time for the big event.

The flying saucer never comes.

Now you have a perfect opportunity to tell the stranger that he is a self-deluded fool and that he must never call you again. According to Pitfall Three, however, you are unlikely to do this, because he has now become a source of adventure and privileged information for you and *you are afraid to be cut off from his data stream* if you offend him. Many ufologists derive a curious form of self-gratification and a sense of power from such sources, even though their revelations are consistently spurious. It does not matter how often the Mysterious Stranger is wrong, as long as he or she keeps producing a sequence of good stories that play into your expectations.

Pitfall Four: the Lure of the Physical

As I compiled the data for this book I observed a novel fact that I found as amazing as the UFO phenomenon itself. Again and again I witnessed experienced researchers, people who had patiently studied the paranormal and related effects for many years, actually flipping in a matter of a few hours when exposed to taped interviews of people like Falcon or Condor. Once, in San Francisco, an entire lecture hall filled with the creme de la creme of California parapsychological research heard respected scientist and philosopher Arthur Young, inventor of the rotor for the Bell helicopter, introducing taped revelations about the alleged aliens in secret bases. Many came away convinced that proof was at hand. As one of these researchers told me, "At long last we have something tangible!"

He had nothing of the kind, of course. All he had was a videotape of pleasant-looking strangers making wild claims. How could scientists

who had spent much of their life designing and critiquing delicate experiments in parapsychology suddenly buy the story of hard material proof, of captured saucers in Air Force hangars, without demanding an opportunity to probe into the obvious discrepancies of these claims?

The answer probably lies in our continuing frustration with a phenomenon that remains maddeningly beyond our reach. These revelations came at an ideal time to relieve the pain caused by this frustration. It promised physical evidence, a proof we might all see and touch, *if only we had the clearances to get inside Dreamland. . . .*

The irony of watching a roomful of psychic luminaries falling for a story of captured saucers because "at last we have something tangible, something physical," was quite remarkable.

Pitfall Five: the Coconut Fallacy

This common trap has been explained earlier in the section entitled "Who Can Hold the Coconut?" As long as you are restricted to the position of watching it, rather than holding it, there is no way for you to ascertain what is actually happening to the coconut.

If the President of the United States announced tomorrow that aliens had landed and were being held in a secret base in New Mexico, how would the scientific community find out if the statement was true or not? What are the limits of what can be faked? If something is recognizable as a mystery, doesn't that automatically imply that it is within the scope of our scientists' detecting instruments, and therefore could have been faked by other scientists, possibly equipped with slightly more advanced instruments?

Pitfall Six: Mystery Merging

When two curious events (A) and (B) happen in close time and space proximity, it is natural for the human mind to merge them into a single mystery. Yet this often turns out to be a mistake. The fact that solid citizens have seen strange objects fly over Groom Lake (event A) does not substantiate Lear's claims that there are hangars with disks in them

(event B) at Nellis Air Force Base. And even if such disks existed, where is the evidence that they have anything to do with the UFO mystery?

It is a similar flaw in the published statements about Roswell that makes me hesitate to regard it as a genuine UFO crash, in spite of the excellent field research that has been done. What we have is evidence that something did crash on a ranch (event A) and was covered up by the Air Force, which used a ridiculous explanation to deny the facts. Yet the debris showed no evidence of being disk-shaped, and there were no bodies present. Another site with a disk and bodies was said to have been discovered miles away nearly a week later (event B) by different witnesses. So where is the logical link between these two events, and why do ufologists automatically merge these two radically different episodes together as "the Roswell incident"?

The material recovered in the crash itself, while it remains fascinating, was not necessarily beyond human technology in the late Forties. Aluminized Saran, also known as Silvered Saran, came from technology already available for laboratory-scale work in 1948. It was paper-thin, was not dented by a hammer blow, and was restored to a smooth finish after crushing.

Pitfall Seven: the Magnification of Secrecy

Believers in the extraterrestrial theory are often seen on television and in lectures brandishing heavily-censored government documents as evidence that they are right. The public loves an expose, so these men derive a great measure of prestige and additional leverage by claiming that formidable government agencies are trying to hide the facts.

In reality such censorship could come from a great variety of trivial reasons, which go from the obvious requirement to protect new technological capabilities to mere bureaucratic stupidity. When such censorship is lifted, the hidden text often turns out to be purely technical in nature. The believers have simply magnified the nature and the meaning of the secrecy.

The very fact that the U.S. military has been doing its own secret research, interrogating certain witnesses and conducting discreet labo-

ratory analyses, *demonstrates how little, not how much, they know.* This is the kind of obvious contradiction many believers have been ignoring, blindly assuming that the government knew everything. Would there be a need to conduct covert experiments, to monitor civilian research groups, even to finance through devious channels the investigative efforts of certain ufologists, if the Air Force did have flying saucers sitting helpless in its hangars and little aliens under the scalpel of its surgeons?

The facts point to a different conclusion: the expectation of advanced visitors from the sky is being fostered and exploited by various groups for their own purposes.

Taken together, these seven fallacies lead to an important observation: anyone smart enough or devious enough to emulate the appearance of UFOs as physical objects can drive the conclusions of the research community into any direction he wants. He can capture the fascination of the public, and possibly the secret beliefs of the government experts themselves.

If a test of the control-system hypothesis is ever designed, if a real signal is ever sent to the form of consciousness that may be governing the UFO phenomenon, the formula will be found at this level. The intelligence community does not control this capability. Once these flaws in human reasoning are understood, challenging the UFO control system is a game anyone can play.

THE QUESTION OF MOTIVES

We can now come back to the larger problem of the motives for the disinformation games we have observed.

My guess is that someone deep within the U.S. government structure is using the stories of crashed saucers to hide something else. The Pentagon is clearly in possession of the world's most extensive collection of UFO photographs and films, electromagnetic recordings, and radar

reports. *But data is not information.* At some point the public relations arm of the Air Force was tasked with the deliberate spreading of confusion and disinformation about UFOs. It used its own officers and its public relations agencies, like DAVA at Norton AFB, to spread the rumors, making a deliberate effort to enlist the UFO amateur groups in support of various forgeries. When Allen Hynek and I refused to take the bait, demanding hard scientific evidence, they assembled people who were not so concerned with proof. They used their assets in Hollywood and in the publishing world to initiate the rumor that the United States had recovered crashed saucers. My ufologist friends should awaken to the fact that in one way or the other all the stories they are happily spreading about MJ-12 and the aliens originate with the Pentagon itself, a clear indication that they may have been planted in the first place.

We can only speculate about the motives. Perhaps there is a serious ongoing UFO study at a high level of secrecy, and it is felt that by sending civilian researchers on a wild goose chase for aliens under New Mexico, the secrecy of the real research will be protected. Perhaps the goal is to push the amateur groups into a quagmire of theories so patently absurd that their work will be discredited—again leaving the field wide open for a specialized government study, without any fear of interference from well-meaning academics or bumbling amateurs. Or there could be a deeply buried renegade group of believers with extreme political and religious beliefs within the American intelligence community itself, piggybacking on classified channels to spread disinformation in support of their own peculiar goals. This hypothesis is not as far-fetched as it might appear. In the last two decades federal investigators nave uncovered and prosecuted several infiltration groups linked to various cults such as Reverend Moon's sect, Scientology, or the shadowy LaRouche organization. In any case, we must realize that those who claim to *expose* a cover-up may be the very tools of that cover-up, and we must look for the truth in a different direction. Bill Moore's confession, in which he had the courage to reveal he had spread disinformation within the UFO groups that eagerly listened to him, and that he had deliberately befriended various leading ufologists to provide the Air

Force with detailed psychological profiles, shows how successful the confusion effort has been in destabilizing civilian UFO research. When I tried to blow the whistle on the infiltration of research groups in *Messengers of Deception,* the UFO community angrily refused to pursue the matter. Yet the warning I published over ten years ago has now been amply vindicated. Are there other indications that a global exercise of disinformation is using the UFO motif for its own purposes? Do they involve other nations beyond the borders of the United States?

It is that larger question that we must explore now.

Songs that the Pleiades shall sing,
Where flap the tatters of the King,
Must die unheard in
Dim Carcosa

CASSILDA'S SONG IN
THE KING IN YELLOW
ACT 1, SCENE 2

Part Two

THE HALL OF MIRRORS

Credibility, in fact, lies at the heart of the problem of developing a political substitute for war. This is where the space race proposals, in many ways so well-suited as economic substitutes for war, fall short. The most ambitious and unrealistic space project cannot of itself generate a believable external menace. It has been hotly argued that such a menace would offer the "last, best hope of peace" by uniting mankind against the danger of destruction by "creatures" from other planets or from outer space. Experiments have been proposed to test the credibility of an out-of-our-world invasion threat: it is possible that a few of the more difficult-to-

explain "flying saucer" incidents of recent years were in fact early experiments of this kind. . . .

Report from Iron Mountain on the
Possibility and Desirability of Peace
New York: Dial Press, 1967

For most American readers the UFO phenomenon is predominantly a localized concern. Although they are vaguely aware of foreign events that match the same general patterns, most UFO researchers in America have shown little interest in sightings that take place in Brazil or in France unless they happen to provide a useful footnote, or a convincing extension, to their own pet theories.

The truth, of course, is that the phenomenon has always been global in nature. It did not begin in America. Some of the best-informed and most influential researchers are not in the U.S., and foreign governments have done more concerted research into UFOs than the U.S. has. The United States, as large as it is, only represents a minor percentage of the earth's surface and six percent of its population. Based on land area statistics, *more than ninety-five percent of the UFO phenomena should be observed outside the U.S., and little of it would come to the knowledge of American specialists.*

The investigation of some foreign UFO sightings and the sociological events that surround them can thus provide an important backdrop for an understanding of the American scene, which we have just reviewed in Part One. In this section we penetrate an international Hall of Mirrors that will give us new insights into a process that could be called mythological engineering—the deliberate creation of social movements to serve either as opportunities for experiment, as outlets for personal fantasy, or as a vehicle for more down-to-earth political purposes.

History teaches us that such exercises go on all the time, for a wide variety of purposes. Therefore, I have taken special pains to move step-by-step through a mass of evidence that, in my opinion, points to the

deliberate exploitation of the belief in extraterrestrials by human groups.

In Chapter Four we will delve into the mystery of UMMO, a complex series of revelations by a team of alleged extraterrestrials in Spain. Building on the work of several Spanish and French researchers, I have traced their influence all the way to Argentina.

Chapter Five covers one of the most puzzling episodes in the entire history of UFOs, the abduction of a young man named Franck Fontaine by strange luminous spheres in Pontoise. Every policeman in France looked for Fontaine for a week. When he reappeared, he was interrogated by law enforcement officials, studied by an official scientific group, and hypnotized by civilian experts who sought to reveal insights into the designs of the visitors. The case was closed when his associates confessed to a hoax. Yet the hoax itself explains none of the facts in the file___

Finally, Chapter Six describes the 1980 case of the landing at Rendlesham Forest near Bentwaters Air Force Base in England, an episode that is supported by American and British Air Force documents. The Bentwaters case points to the possibility that military groups engaged in psychological warfare have actually mastered the art of simulating close encounters and have designed exercises involving confrontations with nonlethal weapon platforms disguised as unidentified flying objects.

4

Strip Tease

The ideal scenario for contact with an extraterrestrial race would begin with a series of absolutely undeniable sightings of their craft coming from numerous independent and credible witnesses. To be convincing to the scientific community and to the educated public, these sightings should be accompanied by detailed photographs and, ideally, by actual physical evidence in the form of ground traces and material residue.

Once contact has been established, we would expect the aliens to learn enough about earth language to tell us who they are, why they come here, and to provide details of their scientific achievements for us to analyze.

If we believe the best-informed Spanish UFO investigators, all these conditions have now been met by aliens from UMMO with whom they have been in regular contact for several years. The story is not only timely and interesting, but it can provide insight into the wide tapestry of the paranormal, and into the deeper mechanisms of human belief.

ALUCHE, SPAIN, 1966

It began on February 6, 1966, in Aluche, a suburb of Madrid. Between 8:00 and 9:00 P.M. a large, circular object was seen to land by a group of soldiers at a nearby ammunition dump, a pattern I call the Unsuspecting Sentinel trick. The object was also seen by Vicente Ortuna and by a man named Jose Luis Jordan Pena, who was driving toward Madrid.

Jordan Pena saw "a whitish disk coming close . . . changing in color from yellow to orange." He got out of his car and watched it as it came down in the vicinity of an airfield. In his detailed description of the event, he reported driving close in time to see the disk—which was about thirty feet in diameter and very luminous—rise quickly from the ground with a steady vibration. Under the disk was a symbol that resembled a Cyrillic letter. It looked like a closed parenthesis followed by an open parenthesis, with a vertical bar in the middle:)+(. All of a sudden the object just "went out." Three deep, rectangular marks were later found at the site.

SAN JOSE DE VALDERAS, 1967

The next incident took place more than a year later, on the evening of June 1, 1967, in another suburb of Madrid, San Jose de Valderas. Several dozen witnesses saw a craft rise behind a line of trees to the northeast and follow a curved trajectory toward the power lines. It was lens-shaped, about 120 feet in diameter, with a bright dome on top. Like the Aluche object, it had a clear symbol on the bottom. It swung to the right, stabilized, reached a point to the southeast, veered again—exposing its insignia to the astonished witnesses—and turned north. It hovered for a moment, then flew up at very high speed. Its color had turned from yellow to orange (as in Aluche) and then to red.

Two photographers, who never fully identified themselves, submitted pictures of the disk. One of them called the newspaper *Informa-*

ciones to say his pictures could be picked up at a certain photo shop on Calle General Ricardos. There were five photographs, not in sequence. A couple of months later another man calling himself Antonio Pardo mailed two more photographs.

A few hours after the San Jose de Valderas incident, in another Madrid suburb called Santa Monica, several witnesses—notably Rivero, Mrs. Eugenia Arbol Alonso, and at least seven others—saw an object land. The date was June 1, 1967 and the time was between 8:30 and 9:00 P.M. They observed the object coming to the ground near a restaurant called La Ponderosa. It was round, and it took off again, emitting a fiery light.

The next day one of the witnesses went back to the site to investigate. He found clear traces: three rectangular imprints, about six inches by eleven inches, forming an equilateral triangle with each side measuring eighteen feet. There were burn marks at the center of the triangle, and a metallic powder was recovered.

Even with no more evidence, the case would already rank in status with the most celebrated close encounters in history, such as the Socorro case of 1964, where imprints, burns, and metallic deposits had also been noted. But that was not all.

The strangest revelation came when a group of people entered the restaurant and told the managers that *they had received prior information that a landing would take place at that site.* In following days astonished local residents recovered strange objects in the vicinity: shiny metallic cylinders with a central disk, measuring about six inches in length. When they were opened with pliers or metal saws, these cylinders were found to contain a strip of extremely tough, pliable material embossed with a strange symbol—the same insignia that appeared on the underside of the flying saucer that had so conveniently flown over the astonished guards in Aluche and the group of witnesses in San Jose de Valderas. The solution to the UFO problem was at hand. The perfect case had happened at last.

A PERFECT CASE

There are several groups of dedicated UFO researchers in Spain—their dean is Antonio Ribera, who began his work in the late Fifties—and they wasted no time in investigating this amazing cluster of events. There were dozens of witnesses to interview, seven clear pictures, ground traces, and physical evidence. Never had so many favorable factors been assembled around a single series of sightings. All the elements of a genuine breakthrough were available.

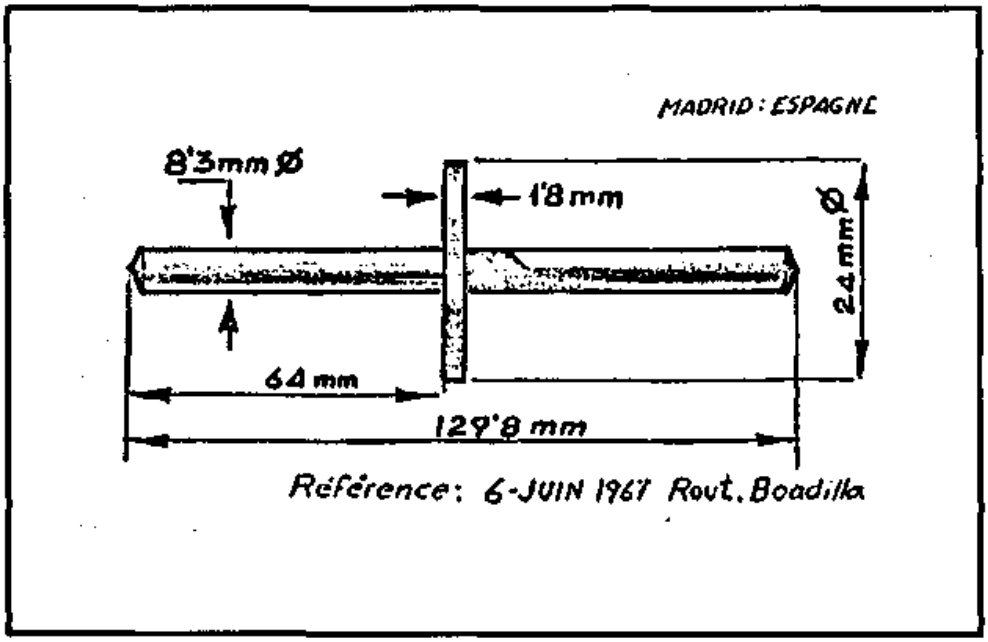
The obvious first step was to analyze the plastic strip discovered inside the capsules. It was found to be made of Tedlar, a polyvinyl fluoride, entry number 5.2g in the standard book *Identification and Classification of Plastics* by Haslam and Willis. The primary consumer of Tedlar, an extremely strong and weather-resistant plastic, was NASA, which used it to cover its rockets when they were on the pad awaiting launch. The material was not commonly available in Spain at the time, although it could have been obtained by the military, a defense contractor, or a subsidiary of an American firm.

In the days following the sighting at Santa Monica, shopowners in the area received a letter signed by one Henri Dagousset. It appealed to local people to look for more capsules, stating that "a steel worker and a young girl . . . have discovered some metallic cylinders with a central disk whose dimensions are provided here for reference purposes . Both capsules are now in our hands and we are enclosing the photograph and drawing for one of them."

The letter went on to offer up to 18,000 pesetas—$300, a significant amount in Spain at the time—"for each one of the cylinders that conform to the enclosed model. . . ."

The letter was accompanied by a note: "All correspondence must be directed before June 28,1967, to Mr. Antoine Nancey, main post office, Madrid."

Rafael Farriols, a Spanish researcher, obtained one of the capsules from a UFO amateur who claimed to have gotten it from the mysterious Antonio Pardo, the man who had already volunteered one of the



The capsules found in Spain at the UMMO landing site.

sets of pictures. Through his uncle, who was president of the Spanish Institute for Space Research, Farriols had the capsules analyzed. They were made primarily of nickel (99 percent) with traces of magnesium, iron, titanium, cobalt, silicium, and aluminum.

Henri Dagousset was never found. Antonio Pardo was never found. There is no Antoine Nancey in Madrid. The capsules were made of commonly-available metals, and the strip of plastic, although a fairly esoteric material, could have been purchased from commercial companies in the United States. Was the perfect case a hoax?

It was certainly a tantalizing and intriguing puzzle, a maze of seemingly tangible paths that led the analyst from one exciting glimpse of potential discovery to disappointment and despair. The final answer was always one step removed, hence my choice of the code words Strip Tease on the bulging folders that contain all the documents I have accumulated about this case.

Intrigued by the flurry of reports that emanated from Spain, several

professional scientists undertook their own investigations, starting from the photographs.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS

At the time when Ribera and Farriols were getting immersed in the perfect case, an important space project was getting under way in Toulouse, France. It had to do with the preparations for the launch of a surveillance device to be known as SPOT (French for Satellite for the Observation of the Earth). This spacecraft, which would eventually be sent into orbit from French Guiana just in time to show the world the details of the damaged nuclear plant at Chernobyl in 1986, was still in the design phase when the San Jose de Valderas pictures were taken, but an aggressive development program was already moving forward for the reduction of the images on a digital computer and for their enhancement by various sophisticated software techniques.

It is to this state-of-the-art research facility that the Spanish UFO pictures were submitted by Dr. Claude Poher, an aerospace expert who was also the founder of the French government's aerial phenomena study group known as GEPAN.

Claude Poher cited four reasons that justified spending time to analyze the photographs sent to him by Ribera: (1) the object and the landscape had been photographed at the same time, judging by the light angles; (2) the light was also consistent with the sun angles for that date and time; (3) the duration of the sighting was consistent with the timing of the pictures: seven photographs were available out of a total of thirteen, numbered twelve to twenty-four; and (4) the altitudes and positions checked out against the descriptions given by the witnesses.

Equipped with microscopes, computers, and densitometers, the French team started taking apart the photographic information from San Jose de Valderas. Surprising results began to emerge.

The first surprise that came from the work of the Toulouse experts had to do with the *two* alleged photographers. It turned out all the pictures were from the same source! There was, in fact, only one author

who used a single camera with a 50mm focal length lens working at f/100 and shooting at one one-hundredth of a second. The camera was held (probably on a tripod) about three and a half feet above the ground and it moved only a few feet from its primary location. The film used was a Valca emulsion made in Spain, with an ASA speed of 400.

The original story was clearly a pack of lies.

Once the geometric and optical data were known, the Toulouse analysts digitized the photographs and made the following observations: (1) the object had to be only about 8.5 inches in diameter and ten feet away from the camera in order for the sharpness of the details to match those of the landscape; (2) the object had to be translucent, including the part bearing the insignia, in order to account for the calculations of reflected light; (3) in terms of surface lighting characteristics, the dome of the object was compatible with the parameters of a small plastic cup or similar polished material. On one of the photographs, digital enhancement clearly showed that the disk was suspended from a string!

In other words, the pictures could have been taken using a small model made of plastic plates, a cup, and a black ink marker for the insignia. They could have been prepared sometime before the date of the actual sighting, in similar conditions of filtered sunlight, at the same hour of the day.

Antonio Ribera disputes these findings. In a letter circulated to various colleagues, he asked: "What do you make of the circumstantial evidence represented by the actual witnesses of the craft which was flying low over San Jose de Valderas, and who describe it exactly as it can be seen in the photographs?"

Poher and I think that somebody simply built a flying model of a saucer and maneuvered it, possibly by radio control, over the unsuspecting witnesses. One look at a map of the southwestern suburbs of Madrid shows that right between Aluche and San Jose de Valderas lie an airport and the Aerotechnical School, both of which would have been convenient places to build, control, and hide a disk-shaped model. The photographs could have been taken several days before at the same location. From a technical point of view it was not a perfect case—only almost-

perfect. But it worked well enough for many investigators in Spain to drop everything to concentrate on UMMO, setting aside their research into genuine UFO cases. The Toulouse analysis should have put an end to the Strip Tease. Indeed, the Alien Emperor had no clothes! But the human mind does not work that way. Ignoring the clear evidence that some individual or group had planned the whole crude scenario, the believers escalated their credulity into an obsession: the sightings at San Jose de Valderas, Aluche, and Santa Monica were proof that we had been visited by extraterrestrials. Perhaps they were still here, among us, willing to teach us their advanced science and their superior philosophy.

The movement started by these believers became a cult that is still thriving and expanding today—a cult with some fascinating characteristics which make it worthy of a continuing investigation.

THE DOCUMENTS

It is a matter of conjecture when the first UMMO documents were received by the believers. According to Ribera, the arrival of the spaceship had been announced prior to the Santa Monica landing to three people in Madrid: Fernando Sesma, Enrique Villagrasa, and Alicia Araujo, the latter an employee at the U.S. Embassy.

Fernando Sesma, it should be noted, was president of the Society of Space Visitors founded in 1954, and had the reputation of being a credulous mystic. Born in 1908, he once invented a cabalistic language, and he became the first Spanish contactee, playing a role similar to George Adamski in the United States.

The documents, which are mailed from places as diverse as Australia or Czechoslovakia, cover a wide range of scientific, social, and political subjects. They purport to come from UMMO, a planet revolving around the star IUMMA, located 14.6 light years away from our sun.

The unique aspect of the Strip Tease case that has kept it alive far beyond the validity of the physical and photographic evidence is the extraordinary nature of the documents that accompany the belief in the sightings, give them transcendent meaning, and promote a feeling of

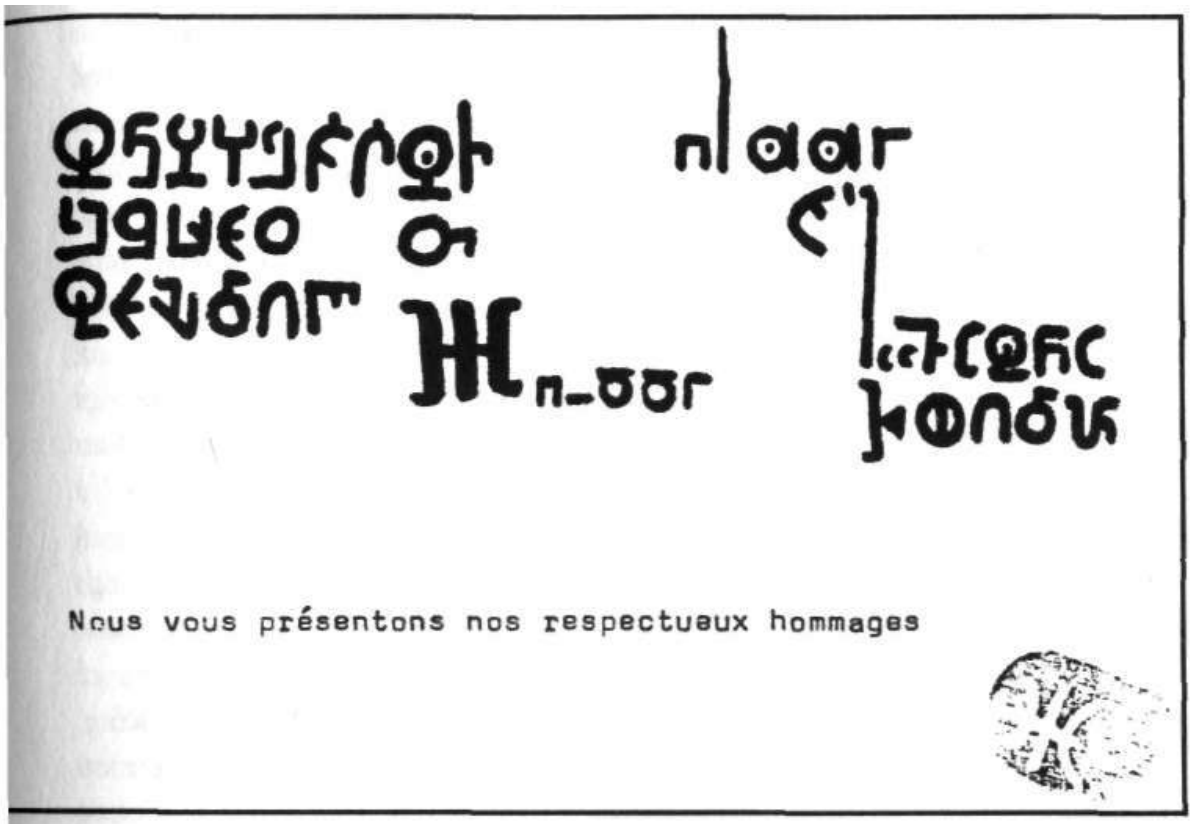
imminent contact with a superior civilization among those who receive them.

Not only do they receive the documents, but they duplicate them, they annotate them, they index them, and they compile lexicons and dictionaries. In 1985 Colonel Wendelle Stevens, a retired U.S. Air Force officer, translated and published many of these documents in book form, while the volume compiled on the subject by Ribera and Farriols went through several hardcover and paperback editions in Spain, an indication of the growing fascination with the topic among UFO researchers.

The letters are generally composed of six to ten typewritten single-spaced pages with diagrams and occasional equations. Each page is marked in a corner with the symbol of the Aluche saucer. At first the addressees were primarily Spanish-speaking UFO believers, but the UMMO mailing list soon expanded to cover French researchers like Aime Michel and those of other countries as well. I received my first UMMO letter in May 1981 in Palo Alto. It was postmarked Flushing, New York, and it bore two dollars worth of stamps, ten times the required amount. It contained a statement that had already been widely circulated in Spanish and in French, beginning with the words: "We are aware of the transcendence of what we are about to tell you . . ."

It must be acknowledged that, in contrast with the utterly boring streams of extraterrestrial platitudes we are used to receiving from the channels, the contactees, and assorted ascended masters, the UMMO revelations are refreshingly specific and consistent. For instance, when a French physicist, Dr. Teyssandier, examined the more "scientific" UMMO documents in November 1969, he reached the conclusion that the mathematics used were internally consistent and *assumed a numerical system of base 12.* The author had to have at least a basic college education in science. The physical data regarding the alleged planet UMMO were also consistent. For instance, the acceleration of gravity on a given planet can be derived in two ways, either from its radius or from its mass, and the results found by both methods are in agreement. The author had not picked some numbers at random.

However, there is a problem with the star IUMMA, which is sup-



Typical UMMO message received by the author.

posed to be located at 12 hours 31 minutes of right ascension and 9 degrees 18 minutes of declination. This would place *it* squarely in a region of great transparency, near the Galactic North Pole, which is free from hydrogen clouds. Therefore, IUMMA should be visible to us as a fifth-magnitude star, easily seen with the naked eye. The documents claim that the star is hidden by absorbing matter, an assertion that does not make much sense.

The UMMO technology is without major surprises, and it matches the kind of clever extrapolations one finds in any good science-fiction novel of the last forty years. The computers of UMMO, for instance, about which I was asked to review many pages of documentation, may have seemed advanced by the standards of the equipment available in Spain in the Sixties, but they are downright primitive by state-of-the-art

Silicon Valley standards. There is an ingenious twist to the construction of the spacecraft used by UMMO, which are self-repairing in case of collision with asteroids, but the very concept of space travel implied in such a technology barely reaches the level of the average *Star Trek* episode.

We are also given an insight into the philosophy of UMMO. It is a version of Kant's view of the world, mixed with a puritanical attitude toward morality and a fascination with gadgetry that seems surprising in an advanced galactic civilization. In summary, the UMMO beings have an outlook strikingly close to the average middle-class American standard.

By 1970 Ribera and Farriols had collected no less than six hundred pages of documents, some of which announced forthcoming landings and requested the recipients not to reveal the contents to government authorities. One letter expressed UMMO's sorrow at the deaths of Bertrand Russell, Gandhi, Pope John XXIII, Martin Luther King, Albert Schweitzer, and Leon Tolstoy, who are said to be great men acting for mankind's true progress—in case we had failed to notice them!

It is tempting to dismiss all these documents as childish fakes, but they are clearly more than that. They have just the appropriate amount of misspellings and awkward style to suggest that they were written by beings who did not have complete command of human languages; the kinds of beings who would be so anxious to communicate with me that they would put ten times the required value in stamps on an envelope, a very flattering attention indeed! The alleged revelations, if they contain no great surprises, are clever and occasionally stimulating. They could have been produced by a person with a graduate degree in physics and a good acquaintance with biology, especially if that person had access to international meetings where extrapolations and avant-garde ideas are often debated ten or fifteen years before they become reality in scientific magazines. A science journalist, a government engineer working on advanced projects, or a frustrated writer could match the psychological profile of the UMMO author. Those Spanish investigators who have not lost all critical abilities in the face of the UMMO

revelations, notably psychiatrist Carles Berche Cruz and researcher Ignacio Cabria Garcia, have noticed some indications pointing to certain individuals as primary suspects: Jose Luis Jordan Pena, one of the witnesses at Aluche and prominent member of the Sesma group; Fernando Sesma himself, who had previously published booklets on space contacts using terminology very similar to that of the UMMO documents; an engineer named Enrique Villagrasa, also an early member of Sesma's inner circle; and Rafael Farriols, the most prolific compiler of UMMO documents. But they did not find any smoking gun.

The perpetrator of such a misdemeanor must have a motive. Is UMMO the private joke of a group of Spanish engineers? Is it a psychological warfare exercise, as some French analysts suspect? Or is the truth more complex, rooted in a social reality where the ideas and symbols of UMMO have acquired a life of their own, their special mythology, and a set of beliefs that feed on themselves?

We can at least be certain of one thing: the UMMO documents do not come from advanced beings trying to demonstrate their existence to us. But try to explain it to their disciples! Very few UFO believers, and even fewer of their New Age counterparts, have any formal training in science. They are easily awed by any document that contains a few equations and a numerical system of base 12. Yet if they had some awareness of modern technology, they would realize how easy it should be for an advanced race to prove its genuine skill to a society like the human race.

After reading the masses of documents purportedly coming from the planet UMMO, I asked myself: if I had the opportunity to communicate with intelligent beings of an earlier time, such as the high priests of Egypt, how would I establish a meaningful dialogue? I certainly would not insult them by sending a letter beginning with "We are aware of the transcendence of what we are about to tell you"—especially if I had an imperfect command of hieroglyphics! Instead, I would concentrate on a few points of valuable, verifiable information. Since the Egyptians already knew how to make electrical batteries and were aware of the magnetic properties of certain minerals, I would send them a simple set of instructions to make a coil and a compass. I could explain

resistance and Ohm's Law, a simple equation that was easily within the grasp of their mathematicians. Or I would tell them about making glass and lenses from sand. If they wanted proof, I would not bother to reveal to them set theory or the fact that E is equal to mc^2. Instead, I would send them a table predicting future eclipses, or a diagram to build an alternator, or Leonardo da Vinci's design for variable-speed cogwheels. That should get the attention of the top scientists in their culture and open up a dialogue. Unfortunately, the extraterrestrials of UMMO and other planets never seem to communicate at this level. Are they afraid of collapsing our society by appearing too advanced with respect to us? This hypothesis does not hold, since they have chosen a very obvious way of showing themselves in our skies.

THE FRENCH ALPS, 1950

In one of its more curious documents the UMMO source claims that the very first landing of one of their craft on earth took place on April 24, 1950, near La Javie in the French Alps. We are told that the crew established a temporary base in a cavern and made a number of forays into the neighboring countryside. They entered a house located 17.4 kilometers from their base to take some things from its inhabitants. According to the document, four explorers went into the isolated house. At 3:00 A.M. they anesthetized the occupants, namely the owners, their three children, and three workers. The intruders stole about $150 in cash, some clothes, identity papers, two ballpoint pens, a hygrometer in the shape of a nun, old newspapers, some books, toilet paper, disinfectant, an alarm clock, two light bulbs, an electrical switch, an electric current meter, as well as keys, stamps, a pack of letters, and paid bills having to do with a tractor.

They also investigated the sleeping humans, said the document. They removed part of their clothes. They "took some perspiration samples from the armpit and the groin area" as well as hair samples and "secretions from the nose and vulva." However, for some reason, they were not able to take samples of saliva. They also took samples on cows

that were in an enclosure nearby and they anesthetized the dogs when they started barking. The document then explains what trouble the aliens had in understanding the precise functions of some of the objects they had stolen and what mistakes they made in the course of their analysis. For example, they had foolishly tried to drill a hole in the glass of the light bulbs.

In an effort to put an end to all the speculation about UMMO, French authorities deployed helicopters and even aircraft flying infrared photo-reconnaissance missions over La Javie. They did not succeed in validating any part of the UMMO story. At the same time, a systematic search was made to find out if anybody had filed a complaint for burglary around that time. After much effort—given the size of the archives that had accumulated—the police found a fragment of paper showing that the theft of an electrical meter had indeed been reported by the inhabitants of a house that corresponded to the description given.

In 1974 I traveled to La Javie with two French investigators, Aime Michel and Fernand Lagarde, armed with a drawing of the part of the mountains where an American expert in remote viewing, the late Pat Price, thought that a cave might be located. I drove to the end of the precipitous road, scaring off a herd of goats along the way, and we spoke with local people at a cluster of houses, barely a village, suspended on the edge of the cliff where the path stopped. Unfortunately, they had never heard of any cave in the vicinity. Besides, the geology of the area did not seem to favor the formation of such a cave.

The La Javie episode is revealing about the UMMO source, in spite of the contradictions in the story, and perhaps because of these contradictions themselves. The author of the document makes use of a little-known fact buried in police archives to blend a measure of reality into its fiction, knowing that investigators who strive to validate the story will eventually discover the actual theft of the electrical meter and will be amazed by it. It is a technique we find in other cases, notably in the notorious Majestic 12 affair; other contemporary hoaxes have used it as well: in that respect the UMMO documents can be likened to the Priory of Sion affair described in the book *Holy Blood, Holy Grail.*

According to this story, the secret of the Grail, so carefully hidden by the medieval Church, was that Mary Magdalen had had children fathered by Jesus Christ and sought refuge in the south of France. Her lineage became the Capetian line of French kings. The secret is said to be preserved by a mysterious order called the Priory of Sion, centered in Rennes-le-Chateau near Toulouse. The so-called proof of the story resides in the exhumation of quasiauthentic documents that were discovered in ancient archives. The question, of course, is whether those documents were planted there in the first place by a mischievious clerk to validate a politically inspired fabrication.

The UMMO source makes skillful use of this exhumation technique. But the La Javie documents reveal other sinister traits of the source's interests and character. There is a sexual and scatological aspect in the painstaking accounts of the various secretion samples collected by the alleged alien beings from the noses, the armpits, and the vulva of the helpless humans. A parallel with animal mutilations is also suggested by the alleged taking of secretion samples from cows.

Are we dealing with an individual or a small group of deviants who spread such stories out of a compulsion to satisfy some sadistic urges, if only in a vicarious manner? Is that why the Ummites are endowed with such a childish fascination for the sadistic taking of absurd samples from helpless humans?

Another set of related incidents—authenticated, this time, by court documents—supports this line of investigation even more clearly.

ALBACETE, SPAIN, 1954

One of the UMMO documents, a letter sent in 1969 to Father Lopez Guerrero, states that the UMMO beings had spent some time doing what they called psychophysiological experiments with numerous animals owned by "a kind lady" living in Albacete.

The following year a Spanish research group received a copy of a letter sent by UMMO to the CIA stating that two aliens who looked like Scandinavian men and presented themselves as doctors from Den-

mark had stayed from 1952 to February 1954 doing experiments in the house of Mrs. Margarita Ruiz de Lihory y Resino. Clearly, anyone can write to the CIA in an attempt to scare impressionable friends. But the descriptions in the letter had *some* reality.

The woman did exist. She was the daughter of a society lady, the Marquise of Villasante, Baroness of Alcatrali, first married to a Mr. Shelly—they had a daughter, Margot, and three sons—and later to the Catalan attorney Don Jose Maria Bassolo Iglesias. Margot Shelly lived in her mother's mansion and worked at the National Planning Institute in Albacete. On the estate were several structures, including some houses where no one was allowed to enter, not even the servants.

Further investigation disclosed that the marquise closed the estate in 1952 and her daughter went to live with a friend at Jose Carbajal 14. It is at that time that the two medical researchers may have moved in. On the estate were many dogs, cats, and chickens with which they are supposed to have experimented.

In February 1971 the UMMO source circulated a copy of another document allegedly addressed by UMMO representatives to the CIA office in Madrid containing "tests for unmasking extraterrestrial beings who live on earth clandestinely," in an apparent effort to help the CIA find the two Danish doctors. An attempt to *make* oneself *seem* important by creating the impression of an association with the CIA, the FBI, and other similar official bodies is a feature of many marginal groups; it is also one of the signs of delusion among UFO investigators, who automatically assume that their work is so important that it is bound to attract the attention of countless government agents. As we saw in the MJ-12 case, these are often the very same people who also believe the government has all the answers, including alien bodies.

Delusion or not, in May 1971 a man calling himself Mr. W. Rumsey, suspected of being a CIA agent and staying in Room 402 of the Emperador Hotel in Madrid, wrote a circular letter to Albacete citizens offering $1000 for information enabling him to locate the two biologists.

The episode of Mr. Rumsey is another ludicrous attempt by the UMMO source to link its own disclosures with the shadowy and pre-

sumably exciting world of intelligence. But is the CIA so badly organized that it needs to write letters appealing to the citizenry and offering bribes to witnesses when it wants to locate eccentric Danish doctors in a friendly country like Spain, where it should have casual access to the immense investigative resources of the police and Church authorities?

It is a fact that in August 1953 Margot Shelly fell seriously ill. The friend with whom she lived called the marquise. One of the two "doctors" pronounced her illness benign; the other one said it was grave, probably fatal. On September 6, 1953, the marquise had her daughter moved to Madrid in the company of both doctors. She was treated by several of the best physicians in Madrid. Margot died on January 19, 1954, at the age of forty-two, in her mother's house. A number of people were at her deathbed, including Dr. Alonsa del Llano. The burial took place on January 21, 1954.

Between the time of death and the funeral, an unknown vandal cut off a hand of the corpse and removed both eyes and the tongue. The triple operation was done in an expert manner using surgical techniques.

On January 30 a son of the marquise filed a complaint against her. Police officers Fernandez Rivas, Alcocer, Gallego, Ruis, Barroso, Ojeda, and Ares were sent to search the house and found the missing organs. The body was exhumed and examined by forensic experts Benigno Velazquez Anezaga and Eduardo Blanco Garcia. A criminal suit was instigated, and the suit is documented in the archives of the third criminal section of the Territorial Audience of Madrid (Plaza de las Salesas). The suit was referred to the Supreme Court.

The marquise had many pet animals on her properties. Many of her dogs died in mysterious ways. Some were found with the stomach open; others were mummified. In the yard of her property on Calle Mayor was a dog and cat cemetery, and a witness observed various animal heads that were kept in silver containers in one of the rooms. It is said that Dona Margarita bought many dogs in Albacete, and that dissections took place in her house. She denied participating, saying only that these operations were conducted by a veterinarian. The only veterinarian known to have treated her pets is Jaime Aguedo Trigueros, who said other people had conducted autopsies of the animals.

It is noteworthy that, at the direction of the court, Dona Margarita and her husband were examined for one month in a psychiatric hospital at Carabanchel Bajo, Madrid, under the supervision of Dr. J. Valesco Escassi, who stated that "they were of perfect mental state and presented no abnormalities of any sort."

Even the butler was interrogated.

Mr. Andres Gomes, butler of Dona Margarita for ten years, told journalists of the newspaper *Levante* (February 7, 1954) that her mansion on Calle Mayor in Albacete was one of the oldest buildings in the city and had an underground area called Cuarto del Moro. It was "a horrible place, where one would go down through a metal trapdoor that could only take two people. She would spend many hours there. I don't know what she did there exactly, but she came up as pale as a corpse." The trapdoor was located in the bathroom of Dona Margarita, and Mr. Gomes assumes that there were other underground passages in the mansion.

UMMO would claim fifteen years later that a connection existed between the strange animal dissections in Albacete and its alleged mission on earth. If the author of the documents was simply writing them as a joke, he may naturally have capitalized on an old scandal to weave some verifiable facts into his fabric of fantasy. The first UMMO document mentioning these episodes appeared in 1969, the year following the death of Dona Margarita, who was perhaps the only person who could have testified to the real state of affairs. The appeals to the CIA, carefully leaked to a Spanish UFO group, seem to have been added simply for theatrical effect. Similarly, the letter from Mr. Rumsey offering money in return for information is likely to be a part of the same hoax, like the letter from Mr. Dagousset offering money for one of the mysterious capsules found in Santa Monica.

CANUELAS, ARGENTINA, 1979

The most curious and ominous part of the UMMO story has never been published before. It concerns, not the activities of the UMMO source

and its affiliates in France and in Spain, but its bizarre ramifications in Argentina.

The man who brought this remarkable development to my attention in 1979 is a dynamic South American researcher who sent me two photographs of a so-called International Medical Research Facility located in Canuelas. The first photograph showed a modern one-story building protected by a six-foot-high wire fence. Next to the building was a large flying saucer apparently made of metal and plastic, some twenty feet in diameter and twenty feet high.

The second photograph was a plaque bearing the UMMO symbol, the inscription HONO INTELLIGENCE SERVICE—1901, and a list of fifteen names.

Investigation into this new twist of the UMMO affair was pursued energetically. It was soon learned that the director of the facility, a man named Carlos Jerez, had disappeared without a trace. Started about 1973, the facility had been involved in various claims of cancer cures. In a letter signed by Jerez, the statement was made that such cures were achieved through "highly sophisticated electronic equipment." The stationery used by Jerez bears the logo of UMMO and its colors—purple and green—and a seal with the coat of arms of the State of Argentina is affixed over Jerez's signature, giving the impression that his work has received official sanction.

My correspondent managed to visit the facility, and reported it was filled with expensive equipment—electronic consoles, oscilloscopes, and computer devices.

Later investigation disclosed that the mysterious cancer cures made use of gamma rays, and that a number of allegedly terminal patients had been improved or even cured at the facility, *whose owners claimed they came from outer space.*

The organization itself was said to have been founded in France by a grandfather of Mr. Jerez, who emigrated to Argentina in 1927, settling in Baradero. The facility received official approval for medical work with terminal patients in 1935, 1948, and 1966, but the medical system used combined impressive-sounding gadgetry with the usual claims of modern quacks: it blends gamma rays with cybernetic energy,

which Jerez describes as "the heat field which surrounds the tissues."

At the time the facility was closed down by the authorities, it was treating about two hundred patients with cancer or neurological diseases.

Dr. Somaiel Haron, president of the Canuelas Medical Society, expressed the general opinion of his colleagues that Jerez was a charlatan. The opinion was also voiced by Dr. Pedro Agustin Elorga, who added, "These people go so far as to claim they are extraterrestrials, they have a flying saucer at the door."

Indeed, speaking before a local student group, Jerez once stated that his staff was from Ganimedes and that they cured by use of radiation techniques brought from other planets. Ganimedes is a satellite of Jupiter which is very popular with South American contactees, somewhat in the same manner as Venus or the Pleiades are popular with contactees in the United States.

In one of his letters Jerez wrote, "In secret I have created in the world an intelligence service," a statement which led some investigators to assume that he might be the mysterious UMMO source. Jerez was last seen on April 15, 1979, at a meeting where he stated he was now living in Baradero, north of Buenos Aires, and was the director of a paper manufacturing company called Glucosa Argentina. There is no company by that name.

In 1980 I traveled throughout Argentina for two weeks and I met with researchers from Buenos Aires who were pursuing the investigation of UMMO and its ramifications in Argentina in an effort to find the source of the hoax. They had succeeded in tracking down Jerez, who assured them that HONO was the "true name" of UMMO and that he had indeed created an "international network of scientists."

I also spoke with Mrs. Bettina Allen who had been called by the police as an expert in the case. She observed five diagnoses performed by Jerez as a demonstration. He had failed in all five, missing a tumor that was known to exist in one of the volunteers who was an agent of the government. He also missed a serious spine condition in another volunteer, to whom he prescribed a spoonful of sulfuric acid every day.

My friends in Argentina came to the conclusion that Jerez did not,

in fact, originate the UMMO hoax, but that he was simply trying to take credit and ride on it. Many of them believe, as do some French researchers, that UMMO was created as a government-sponsored sociological exercise that somehow acquired a life of its own and got out of hand, with diverse individuals or groups getting into the act for their own ego gratification or gain, as the so-called medical facility in Canuelas had done.

I am not sure they are right. A genuine sect, of the type often used as covers by intelligence agencies, could have been created more effectively by conventional means, such as providing financing to an existing group with a suitably charismatic leader. But obviously we do not have the whole story. The remarkable fact in the UMMO hoax is that it has no visible leader. It is simply a framework within which multiple successive authors can in fact operate. A disturbing fact discovered by French investigators seems to link some of the scientists of the UMMO group with the LaRouche extremist movement in Europe. If that link can be verified, the UMMO mystery will take a sinister turn.

UMMO is certainly one of the best examples of the systematic application of confusion techniques in the paranormal field. The novelty in the hoax was to create ostensibly genuine sightings that would result in innocent witnesses coming forward to be interviewed by the media and by well-intentioned UFO investigators who could only conclude they were sincere, while the perpetrators remained in the background, manipulating the photographic and physical evidence.

Another question that bothers me is why the published photographs are so bad. It is a question that arises when one looks at most UFO pictures. Techniques have been perfected to make radio-controlled sphere or disk-shaped devices of significant diameter that can fly and maneuver at will in the sky, at ground level, and around obstacles. Such devices are commonly used by the military to identify ground targets and to collect intelligence. Therefore, one would have expected long ago to find hoaxes based on the use of these modern techniques of remotely-controlled probes. They would lead to perfect cases with absolutely authentic photographic evidence rather than the clumsy models exhibited by UMMO.

With the passage of time the scientific documents mailed around the world by the UMMO source (or sources) appear increasingly ludicrous and childish. Not only did UMMO miss all the important advances that have been made in computer hardware design and in biogenetic engineering in the last ten years, but cancer cures now on the horizon are not expected to involve radiation (not even of cybernetic nature). Most significantly, UMMO is still using spatial propulsion systems that are antiquated with respect to current speculations in physics involving such concepts as traversable wormholes and superstring theory.

The most damning fact of all, of course, is that nothing in the UMMO documents explains the genuine UFO sightings that have accumulated since 1946 and that continue to come to the attention of serious investigators around the world.

But such rational considerations will not deter the UMMO disciples. Once a belief system is established, it keeps going under its own power, gaining strength from its very absurdity.

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA, 1947

Among the great contemporary writers is Jorge Luis Borges of Argentina, who died in 1987, leaving a vast, beautiful, and haunting body of work. He was fascinated by the promise and the ambiguities of contact with alien entities. I have already quoted his disturbing poem "Labyrinth."

There is a little-known short story by Borges in his book entitled *Fictions* to which I return again and again. It is a purposely obscure and convoluted tale written in Spanish about 1947 and entitled *"Tlon Uqbar Orbis Tertius."* This last tale may well have supplied the inspiration for the UMMO hoax.

According to Borges' story, Tlon is a hypothetical planet invented by a group of clever men financed in the United States by an eccentric Southern aristocrat in Memphis. They use their own talents and that of various contractors to produce a monumental work, an encyclopedia of Tlon, complete with the details of the languages, the philosophies,

and the mathematics of Tlon. But they only reveal a little bit of it at a time to the unsuspecting public. The founders, who are members of a secret society called Orbis Tertius, have sworn to remain hidden forever.

On Tlon, as in UMMO, the number system uses the base 12. And there is no concept of time *as* we know it. The past only exists *as a* present memory, and the future as a present expectation. Therefore it should be as easy to alter the past as it is to change the future. There *is also a* theory that all common objects have doubles. Duplicates of those objects that have been lost can be retrieved, provided one believes strongly enough in the lost object. For example, assume that two persons are looking for a pencil. One finds *it* and says nothing. The other person may find another pencil, equally real, although slightly different; the second pencil is called a *hron.* Experiments have been performed on Tlon to systematically generate *hronir* of fictitious objects, notably archaeological artifacts. Thus, four groups of students were instructed to excavate at certain sites. They were told the sites were expected to yield great treasures, when in fact no such evidence existed. Three of the experiments failed. But in the fourth one, the director of the exercise (who knew the truth) died during the excavations. The leaderless team of students, who did not know there were no buried artifacts, found a golden mask, an ancient sword, and beautiful amphoras—all of which were *hronir,* created out of nothing, by their finders' own beliefs!

Following the gradual release of the Memphis collection of the secret forty-volume *Tlon Encyclopedia,* more and more people will start to believe in Tlon, a belief reinforced by the discovery of Tlonian objects made of unusual materials around the world. Borges points out diabolically that as the belief in Tlon grows, our own society, which doesn't know that there is no such thing as Tlon, will start producing its own spurious *hronir,* pseudofacts and quasimemories of Tlon that will slowly replace the old reality. Borges even envisions a future state where the hoax begun by the secret society he calls Orbis Tertius will have totally disintegrated the rational world.

> How could we not submit to Tlon, to the specific and vast evidence of an orderly planet? Arguing that reality is orderly is the wrong answer. Perhaps it is, but it follows divine laws (let us translate: human laws) that we can never fully elucidate. Tlon may be a labyrinth destined to be deciphered by men.

The frightening, even terrifying fact, says Borges, is that the unknown masters of Orbis Tertius are slowly substituting their own reality for ours. Indeed, the earth will soon have become Tlon!

Perhaps UMMO falls short of Borges' awesome vision of the Tlon fantasy encroaching on our own world. It is doubtful that the false landing in Aluche was planned by some wealthy, unbalanced American industrialist. But it is true that for hundreds of UFO believers in Spain, in France, in the U.S., and in South America, UMMO has become reality itself, with its language, science, and cryptic documents. These people have left the real world, and they have even left the tenuous, marginal reality of paranormal research and UFO investigation. In a way, they have been lost to us and have reemerged as *hronir,* doubles of their former selves, their past and their future rearranged to serve a powerful fantasy that is "enchanting in its rigor," as Borges says. But he cautions us that it is "a rigor of chess players, not of angels."

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, 1982

The UMMO story has everything to please—aliens from outer space revealing new physics, new physiology, and even advanced concepts of the soul; mysterious Danish doctors performing sadistic mutilations; castles in Spain with underground chambers filled with all the paraphernalia of a Frankenstein movie; French military helicopters looking for caves in the Alps; and a growing number of devotees forming groups and clubs all over the world to propagate their new cosmic truth.

The story was too good, the product was too much of a marketing dream, not to find a niche on the New Age shelf. Indeed, Colonel

Wendelle Stevens has now brought out a multivolume set called *Contact from Planet UMMO* in which Antonio Ribera had assembled most of the documents disseminated in Spain. Neither one of the authors offers a critical analysis of the material. Colonel Stevens has been busy promoting the book in lectures and interviews. Thus, after discussing UFOs on the *Open Line* show of the Los Angeles ABC affiliate in November 1982, he was asked by show host Bill Jenkins if he had any special words to close the program.

Stevens pulled out a recent statement sent by the UMMO source to Ribera, which read in part:

> You are like children playing with terrible' and dangerous toys which will destroy you, we can do nothing! A cosmic law says that each world must make its own path, to survive or to perish. You have chosen the second. You are destroying your planet . . . As your elder brothers in this cosmos, we urgently desire with all our hearts your salvation. Do not destroy your beautiful blue planet, a rare atmospheric world that floats so majestically in space, so full of life. It is your choice.

Again, the message was an obvious contradiction. If there is a cosmic law for each world to "make its own path," a law preventing the aliens from warning or saving us, as the UMMO documents often state, they have no business telling us what to do over the Los Angeles airwaves! But the human mind ignores such contradictions. It takes seriously a message alleged to be from a dubious planet and brought to us by an unreliable channel, although the same message has been ignored when it was voiced by numerous respected biologists, philosophers, and responsible political leaders of our own human race. Somehow, placing the message in the realm of higher spiritual entities ("our elder brothers") makes it all right to promote a massive behavioral change.

The reaction to the broadcast was immediate. The station was flooded with calls. Hundreds of people requested copies of the message, all over southern California. The station had to read it on the air again

for two weeks to allow people to record it. Some of the callers were crying.

PARIS, FRANCE, JUNE 1990

There are now three generations of UMMO "researchers," observed French investigative journalists Martine Castello and Isabelle Blanc on their return from a research trip to Spain in 1990. The old-timers like Antonio Ribera are as puzzled as ever. The second generation are sociologists and psychologists who look upon the whole thing as modern mythology. Periodically people come forward and claim that they have uncovered the perpetrator of the UMMO hoax, but they never prove anything. As in the case of MJ-12, there is no smoking typewriter!

The third generation is young and naive. It has neither the long-term background in ufology of experienced researchers like Ribera, nor the healthy scientific skepticism of the sociologists. They start from scratch and they believe anything that comes along.

A disquieting possibility, under serious investigation by some French authorities, is that UMMO is linked to an Eastern bloc intelligence agency specialized in scientific espionage.

"The idea is not as farfetched as it may seem at first sight," a French specialist told me. "Setting up such a group could have the effect of channeling a lot of grass-root UFO information, some of it very private, toward the leaders of the group. But more importantly, it could help them acquire valuable, confidential insight into current scientific research ideas in Western laboratories."

Indeed, the UMMO documents contain a large amount of scientific-sounding revelations on high-tech subjects as varied as physiology, computer science, and astrophysics. These papers have attracted the attention, not to say the fascination, of some researchers, notably in Spain and in France, who have become involved in the inner circle of the sect. It is no great secret, for instance, that French physicist Jean-Pierre Petit, author of some theories about magneto-hydrodynamics

(MHD), feels that the UMMO documents contain new insights in cosmology. Petit has published in the *Comptes-Rendus* of the French Academy of Sciences a number of theoretical speculations on cosmology that are directly inspired by the theses developed in the UMMO documents. Two of his recent publications are entitled "Enantiomorphic Universes with Opposite Proper Times" and "Universes Interacting with Their Image in the Mirror of Time."

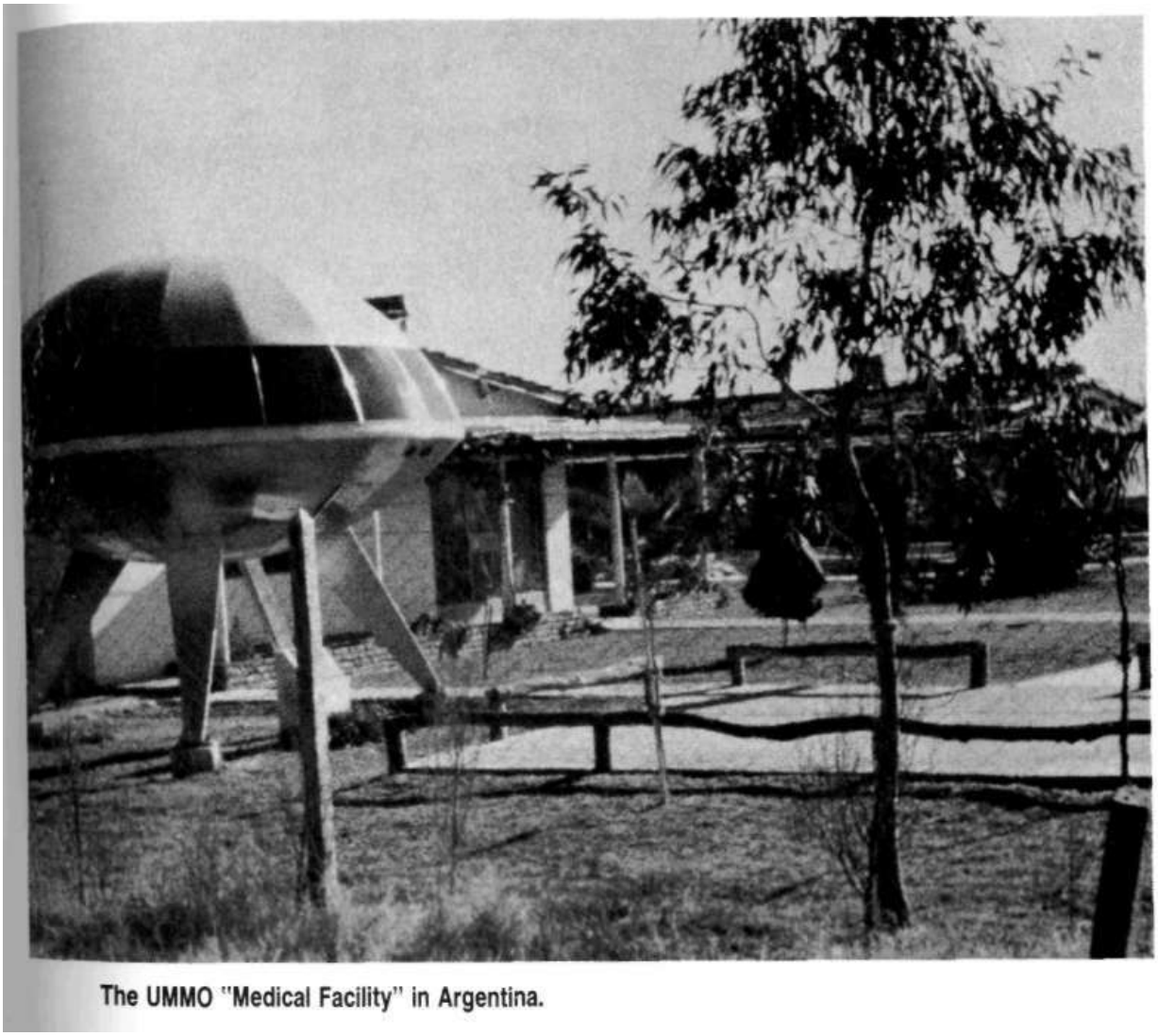
Petit's concept of twin universes that are mirror images of each other, an idea that originated with Andrei Sakharov (see Petit's *Enquete sur les OVNI,* 1990 p. 348), echoes UMMO's concept of a twin universe as described, for instance, in Antonio Ribera's 1979 book *El Misterio de UMMO* (p. 248), where Ribera quotes the alleged extraterrestrial documents, stating "Our twin universe is enantiomorphic," that is, a mirror image of ours, adding that "both universes exert mutual influences."

This obvious link between an alleged extraterrestrial sect and some advanced ideas in modern science is troubling. If the ramifications of the UMMO group into a network designed for the gathering of technical and scientific intelligence, or into the French and German structure of the LaRouche movement, can be confirmed, another nail will be hammered into the coffin of the friendly space brothers theory.

THE CASE OF KIRK ALLEN

If we listen to the adepts of UMMO, like Jean Pierre Petit, a major argument against the idea that a single man, or even a small group, could have manufactured the UMMO material resides in the very weight of the documents. How could one person have manufactured the hundreds of reports, some containing hundreds of pages, which comprise the UMMO corpus? What about the maps, the tables, the mathematical system, the formulas, the codes? Clearly, the believers say, what we have here is the product of an entire civilization.

The people who say this have never studied the psychiatric literature. They have never heard of Kirk Allen.

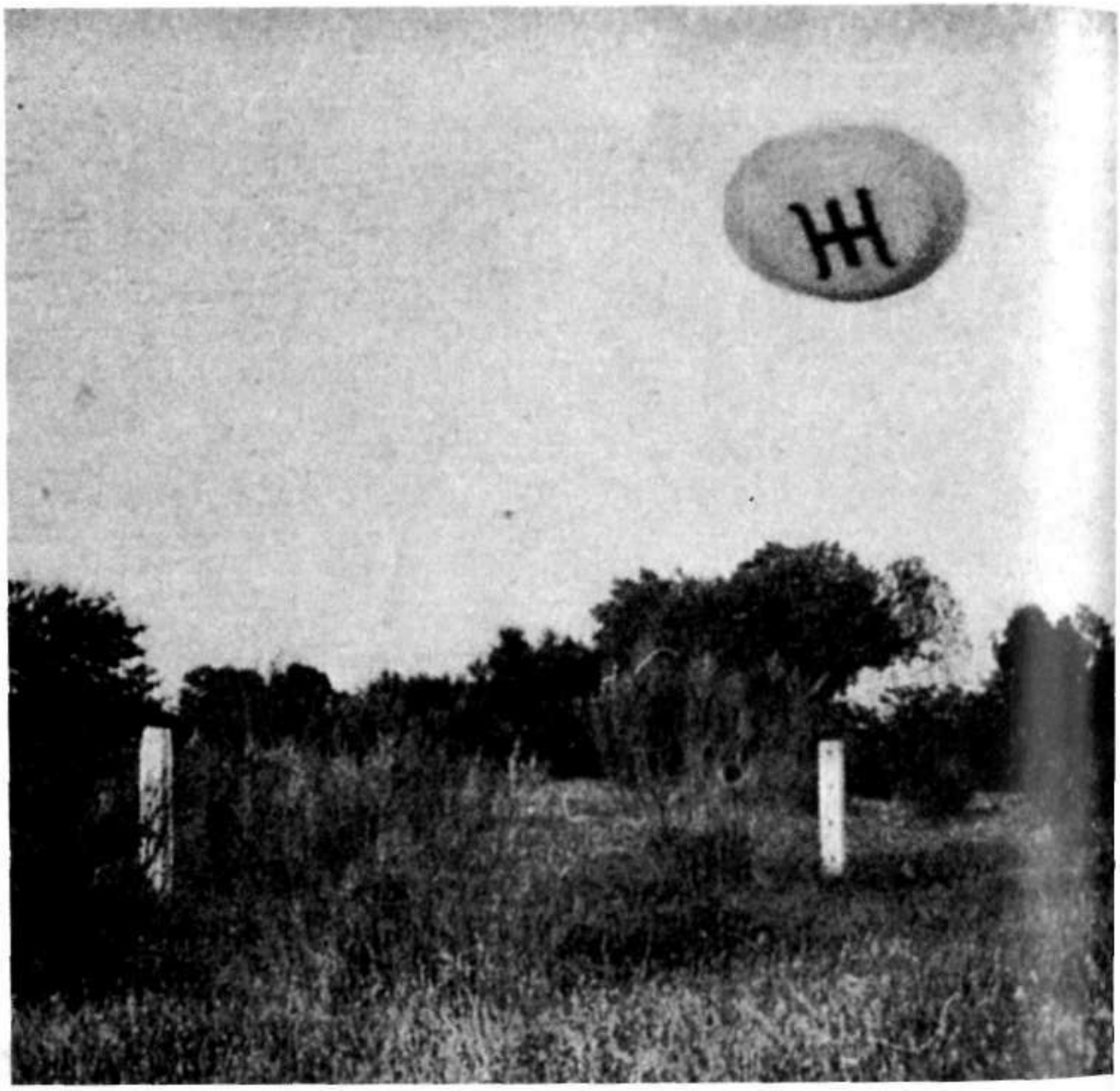


The UMMO "Medical Facility" in Argentina.

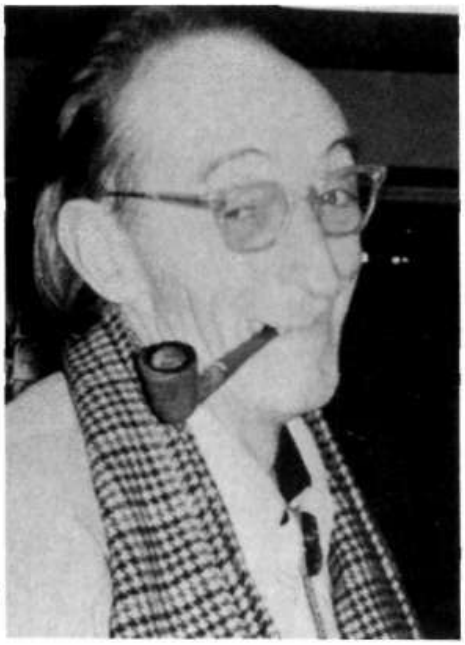
Jean-Pierre Prevost and Salomon N'Diaye.

Franck Fontaine after his first interrogation.

The Holloman Air Force Base "Aliens" from the Sandler documentary: *UFOs Past, Present and Future.*

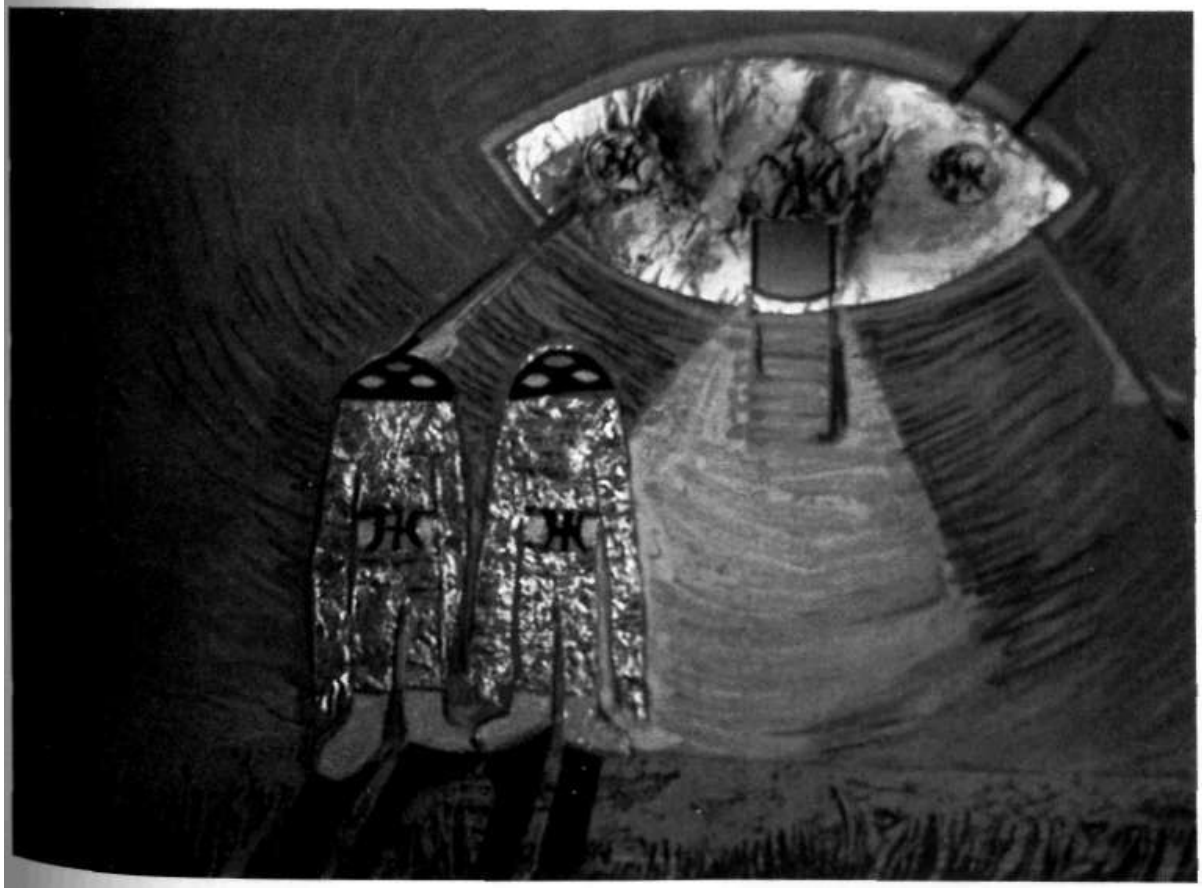


Typical photograph of an alleged UMMO craft.



Carlos Allende photographed in Boulder, Colorado, by Linda Strand, circa 1983. "In two years, you'll be dead as a doornail."

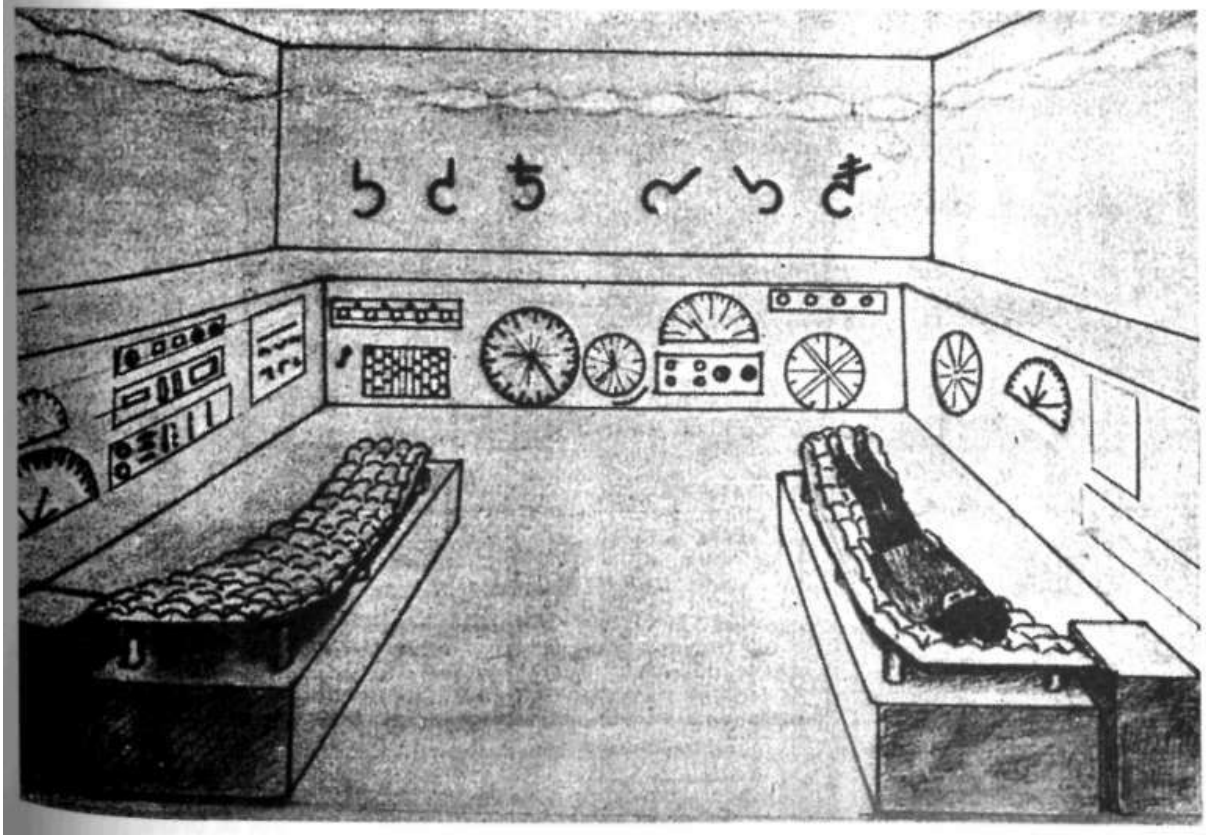
Soviet artist's rendering of the Voronezh landing.



Jacques Vallee and Vladimir Azhazha leading the Moscow symposium on the scientific study of UFOs, January 12, 1989.

Daniel Huguet hypnotizing Prevost.

The "laboratory" recalled under hypnosis by Franck Fontaine.



Flying Saucer News December 1975—15 years ago the rumor was already being circulated that the American Government was "about to reveal the reality of UFO's."

On a sultry June morning in Baltimore a successful psychiatrist named Dr. Robert Lindner received a phone call that would initiate the most remarkable case in his career, a case he would later summarize in his book *The Fifty-Minute Hour: A Collection of True Psychoanalytic Tales.*

The phone call was from a government physician at a classified installation in New Mexico, an installation where research on the H-bomb was in progress (although Dr. Lindner does not mention the fact). The physician wanted to refer a patient to him. He was a brilliant research scientist in his thirties who was "perfectly normal in every way" except that he seemed to have acquired an amazing amount of detailed information about another world—a world with which he seemed to become increasingly preoccupied to the point of neglecting his work.

When he was asked by his superiors about the drop in the efficiency of his department, Kirk Allen apologized profusely and said he would "try to spend more time on this planet." It is at that point that the government decided he needed expert help. They would fly the scientist to Baltimore as often as necessary, all expenses paid.

Kirk Allen arrived in Dr. Lindner's office three days later.

"Any speculations I had had about him as a mad scientist evaporated when I saw him in my office," writes the physician. "A vigorous-looking man of average height, clear-eyed and blond, his seersucker unwrinkled despite the long trip and the humidity . . . he looked like a junior executive . . . He spoke with just enough diffidence to let me know that the situation he now found himself in was slightly embarrassing."

During the first session, Dr. Lindner elicited detailed information about his patient's background and childhood. He learned that Kirk Allen was an avid reader of science-fiction and had somehow become convinced that a series of stories in which the main character had the same name as himself were really parts of his biography! The stories had to do with the faraway world of other planets. It became an obsession with him to complete this biography, to establish the continuity of his life, to resolve the contradictions between various parts of what he called the "record." He succeeded in doing it when he discovered that

he had the ability to travel psychically to the world of the other Kirk Allen.

Dr. Lindner soon realized two things—first, that his patient was utterly mad; second, that his psychosis was life-sustaining and would be very difficult to manage. He requested that Kirk turn over to him the documents on which his research was based.

> It is impossible to convey more than a bare impression of Kirk's records . . . There were, to begin with, about twelve thousand pages of typescript comprising the amended biography of Kirk Allen. This was divided into some 200 chapters and read like fiction. Appended to these pages were approximately 200 more of notes in Kirk's handwriting, containing corrections necessitated by his more recent "researches," and a huge bundle of scraps and jottings on envelopes, receipted bills, laundry slips, sheets from memo pads, etc.; these latter were largely incomprehensible since they were written in Kirk's private shorthand, while some of them were little more than hasty designs or sketches, mathematical equations, or symbolic representations of something or other: each, however, was carefully numbered and lettered with red pencil to indicate where it belonged in the main script.

In addition to this bulky manuscript and its appendages there were:

1. A glossary of names and terms that ran to more than 100 pages.
2. 82 full-color maps carefully drawn to scale, 23 of planetary bodies in four projections, 31 of land masses on these planets, 14 labeled "Kirk Allen's Expedition to —," the remainder of cities on the various planets.
3. 61 architectural sketches and elevations, some colored, some drawn only in ink, but all carefully scaled and annotated.
4. Twelve genealogical tables.
5. An eighteen-page description of the galactic system in which Kirk Allen's home planet was contained, with four astronomical charts, one for each of the seasons, and nine star maps of the skies from observatories on other planets in the system.

6. A 200-page history of the empire Kirk Allen ruled, with a three-page table of dates and names of battles or outstanding historical events.

7. A series of 44 folders containing from two to twenty pages apiece, each dealing with some aspect of the planet . . . typical titles, neatly printed on these folders, were "The Fauna of Srom Olma I," "The Transportation System of Seraneb," "Science of Srom," "Parapsychology of Srom Norbra X," "The Application of Unified Field Theory and the Mechanics of the Star Drive to Space Travel," "The Unique Brain Development of the Crystopeds of Srom Norbra X," "Plant Biology and Genetic Science of Srom Olma *I,"* and so on.

8. Finally, 306 drawings, some in watercolor, some in chalk, some in crayon, of people, animals, plants, insects, weapons, utensils, machines, articles of clothing, vehicles, instruments, and furniture.

It is a catalog that dwarfs anything in the UMMO literature, anything in Urantia or the other fringe areas of the UFO field. As Dr. Lindner writes:

> The reader can imagine for himself my dismay at the sheer bulk of this matter: I do not know if he can appreciate with what misgivings I approached the task of weaning this man from his madness.

The roots of Kirk Allen's fantasies were evident from the story of his childhood and adolescence. The son of a naval officer who was assigned as governor of a remote Pacific island where they were the only white family, his mother abandoned him to a series of governesses, one of whom seduced him when he was eleven years old before running away with the husband of the island's only schoolteacher. From then on the boy, who was gifted with unusual intelligence, spent his time reading every book he could find and fantasizing about remote worlds.

Dr. Lindner considered several strategies to try and cure Kirk Allen. He rejected shock therapy as inhumane and extreme. He also rejected the use of hypnosis, a technique he had used often in other situations, for reasons today's ufologists would do well to consider:

> Kirk's hold on reality was tenuous enough as it was, and I frankly feared to break the thin thread by which his connection with this world was maintained.

Dr. Lindner decided the only alternative was to enter his patient's fantasy and to try to pry him from the psychosis from that position. By then Kirk Allen had moved to Baltimore. The physician steeped himself in his records and became increasingly fascinated as he worked on them, hour after hour, with Kirk Allen as his mentor. Whenever he would detect some gap in the data, he would "send" his patient to get the missing information psychically. At first this was just a convenient technique for Dr. Lindner—but he became caught in the game and often found himself anxiously awaiting the requested answers.

One day the doctor noticed a major discrepancy in the star maps, which used a scale measured in *ecapalim,* an Olmayan unit equivalent to a mile and five-sixteenths. They worked on the discrepancy, and Dr. Lindner insisted that Kirk go back to his interplanetary institute to check the original records.

There were several such incidents, in which the therapist sought to displace Kirk's obsession by sharing it with him. As he did so, however, he found himself increasingly immersed in the fantasy. He actually reversed roles with Kirk, often solving by himself the discrepancies he found in the Olmayan records!

One day when Dr. Lindner was expecting Kirk Allen with special anxiety because he had sent him on a key mission to retrieve more data, he found his patient strangely uninterested in the results. When he queried him eagerly, Kirk shrugged and finally confessed that for the last few weeks he had been lying to the physician.

"I've been making it up," he sputtered, "inventing all that . . . that . . . nonsense!"

"What about the trips?" asked Dr. Lindner with what he describes as a mixture of disappointment and triumph, of concern and relief.

"What trips?" asked Kirk Allen. "Why, it's been weeks since I gave up that foolishness."

The patient in this case had continued to pretend that the trips were

real for the sake of his therapist, who was now so utterly caught up in a fantasy that was fulfilling a need in his own life.

Kirk Allen returned to his research work with the government, leaving Dr. Lindner with the problem of curing himself. That section of his book is perhaps the most remarkable part of the record:

> Until Kirk Allen came into my life I had never doubted my own stability. The aberrations of mind . . . were for others ... It has been years since I saw Kirk Allen, but I think of him often, and of the days when we roamed the galaxies together.

On long summer nights on Long Island when the sky was filled with stars, Dr. Lindner would look up, smile to himself and whisper: "How goes it with the Crystopeds? How are things in Seraneb?"

And I am similarly tempted to ask: "Is there peace in IUMMA? And are the Ummites truly pleased with the transcendental function of OEMII?"

5

Purple Justice

Anyone who has watched the most popular television talk shows in the last few years knows that the question of abductions has become the central issue in American ufology.

According to the abduction specialists, the "missing time" experience of the witnesses who have encountered alien beings and have been taken inside their craft should be investigated through hypnosis, which provides the most complete and accurate picture of the behavior of our extraterrestrial visitors. Most of these specialists, like Budd Hopkins and historian David Jacobs, vehemently reject any suggestion that part of the experience should be read at the symbolic level, like a play, a dream, or a movie. Instead they accept it at the literal level of a scientific extraterrestrial mission.

If they are right, then a case in France in 1979 is the ultimate abduction event, the final proof that we have in fact been visited by aliens from elsewhere. In this instance two witnesses observed balls of light that enveloped a car while the driver, their friend Franck Fontaine, simply disappeared. They reported the event to the police, who

failed to find the missing man and escalated the search to a nationwide alert. Days went by and newspaper headlines became larger and larger, until seven days later Franck reappeared at the very same spot, without any awareness of the time lapse.

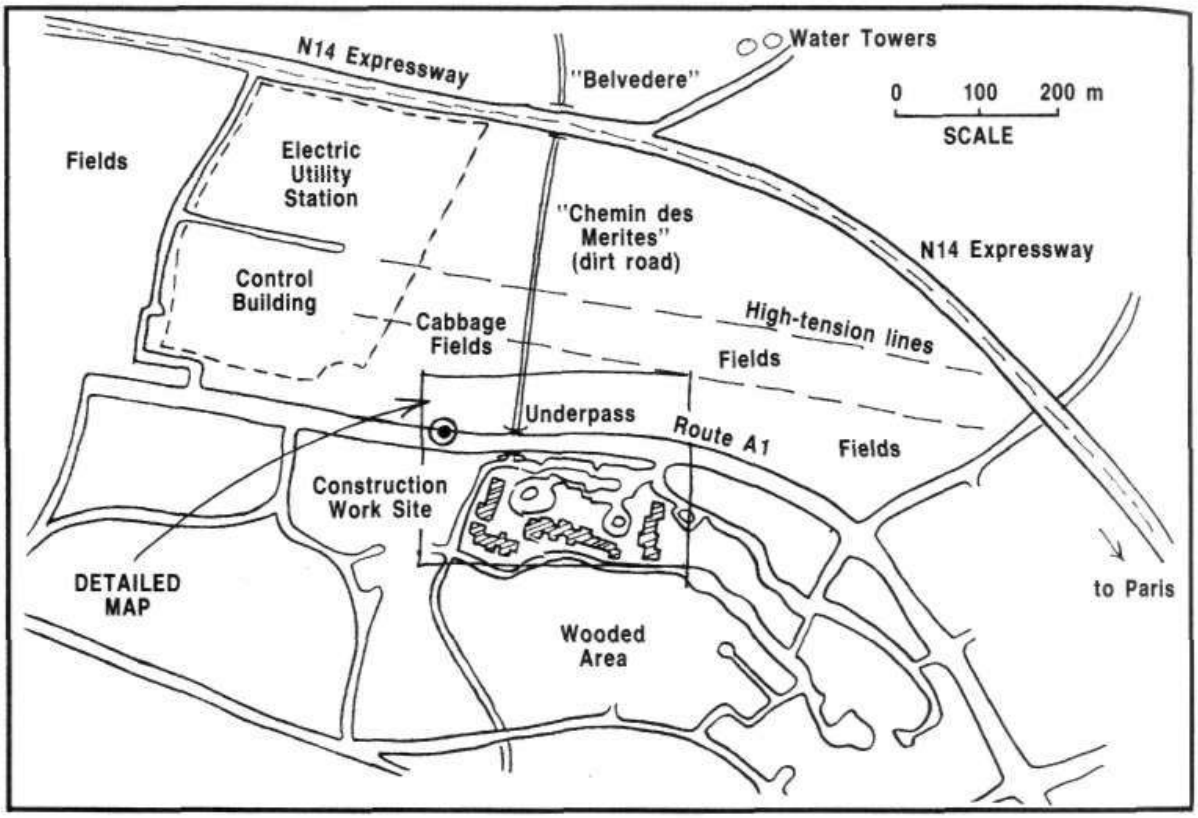
Newspapers and television stations from California to the Soviet Union interviewed the young man, who was grilled by police investigators and by a scientific team from the French Center for Space Studies, the only civilian organization officially instructed to bring the tools of science to the study of UFOs. Franck was hypnotized by UFO believers, and he recalled the details of his abduction into a strange laboratory where he had a dialogue with two light spheres. Independently, under separate hypnosis, his friend Jean-Pierre Prevost recalled that he had had contact with an extraterrestrial with a large head and deep, elongated eyes.

What makes the case of special interest is the fact that the police investigation, supported by a scientific team well-versed in UFO phenomena, had begun *prior* to the release of the principal by the alleged alien beings that had abducted him.

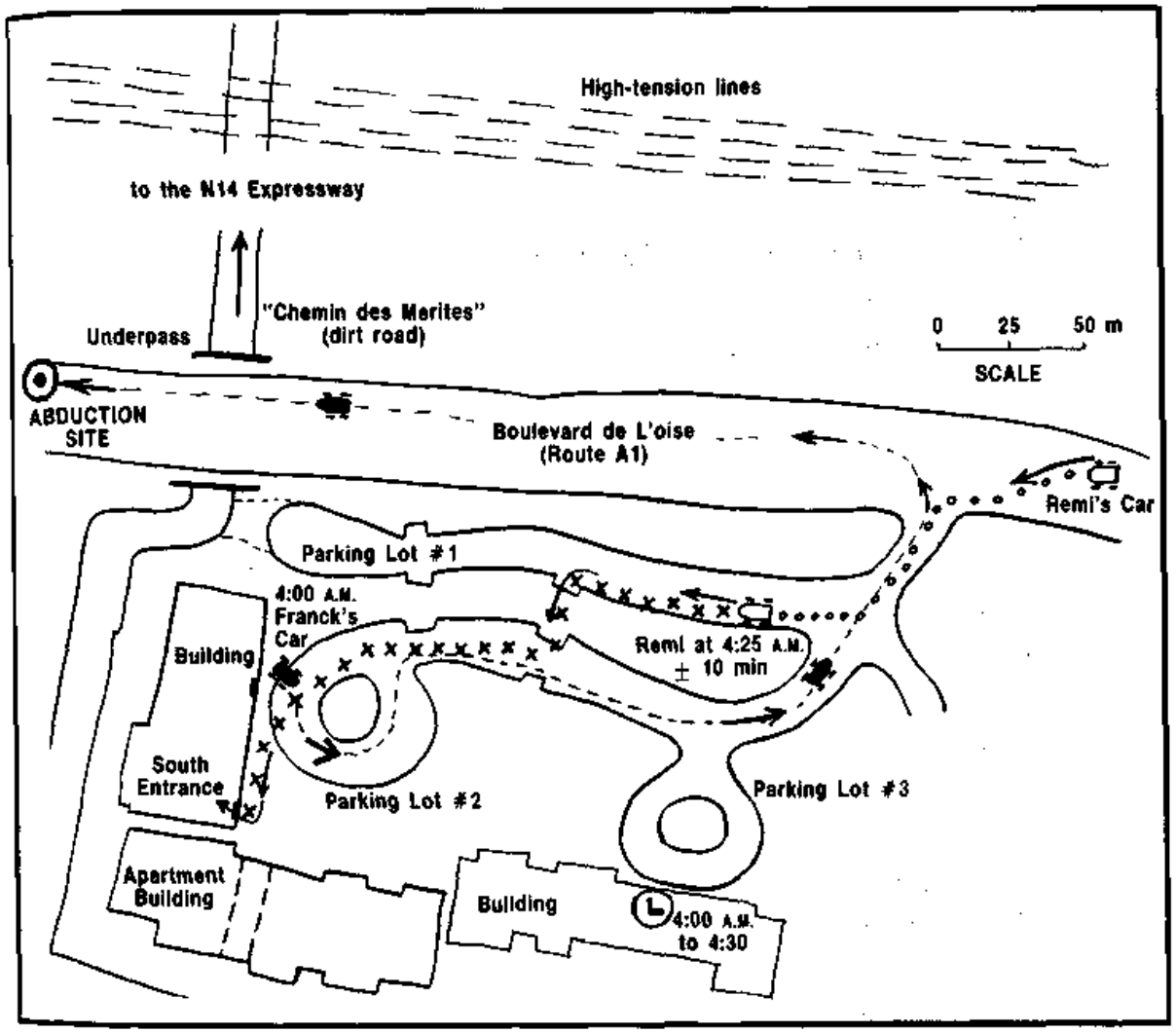
PONTOISE, FRANCE, NOVEMBER 1979

Twenty-five miles northwest of Paris the old medieval city of Pontoise stares down at the Oise River from the top of a cliff once crowned by a formidable castle. The injuries of war and the passage of time have reduced it to the proportions of a country town, and more recently as a mere suburb of the exploding Paris metropolis.

With the increasing population and the influx of black and North African immigrants has come the need for subsidized housing on cheap land. The planners and the technocrats in Paris looked at the map and decreed that the old provincial Pontoise, cradled in the Vallee des Peintres made famous by Van Gogh and the Impressionists, would become a model New Town with the addition of government-financed, multistory apartment buildings. They found the appropriate land on the Cergy plateau which extends beyond the railroad tracks, in a place



⊙ Abduction site. Note how easily Franck could have been taken underneath A1 and driven across fields to the Paris expressway.



xxxx Remi's path on foot, 26 November 1979

oooo Route followed by Remi's car coming in

---- Route followed by Franck's car driving out

⊙ Abduction site

Ⓛ Lisette's room

ties now started working under the assumption that the whole thing was a hoax, perhaps an attempt on Franck's part to evade military service. Led by Adjutant Maniela, the interrogations were resumed the next day, and again on Wednesday. But there was nothing new. Franck had not reappeared, although the case was now on the front page of every newspaper, on the air with every news bulletin. Border patrols and customs had been alerted, and airport security was on the lookout for him.

Salomon and Prevost were under virtual twenty-four-hour surveillance. Searches of their apartment were made to verify that Franck was not hidden away somewhere. During the day a plainclothesman stayed with them, overtly to protect them from the harassment of the media: in fact, he was thus able to listen to their every word, to witness every interview.

The gendarmes now entertained a new idea: perhaps Prevost and Salomon had murdered Franck and hidden his body! They interrogated Franck's mother and his girlfriend Mamina. Both rejected the murder scenario with contempt.

The police and the gendarmerie were now spinning their wheels. They consulted Commandant Cochereau, who was in charge of the compilation of unusual phenomena reports. He stated that the idea that some unidentified flying object could be responsible for Franck's disappearance was "not credible at all" and that the so-called victim might just have wandered off for some simple reason, "on foot or by hitchhiking."

In the meantime the media were besieging the two tired witnesses, and several UFO groups were eagerly trying to use their testimony in support of their various theories. The official French task force for the study of UFOs, known as GEPAN, stayed carefully away from the whole subject.

And then, on Monday December 3, 1979, at 4:20 A.M., the victim came back.

FRANCK RETURNS

When the bell rang in the apartment, Salomon got up in his pajamas, opened the door and confronted the man every cop in France had been hunting for the last seven days. Franck Fontaine was confused and angry. Why did Salomon go back to bed when they should already be on their way to the market? Where was Prevost? And what would they do about the car, which was missing? Obviously it had been stolen with everything it contained!

Salomon started crying, hugged his friend, and told him everything was all right; the station wagon was in the parking lot, and a whole week had elapsed! Confused, Franck had to acknowledge that he had a beard of several days' growth, and he saw that the red Ford was indeed safely parked. He stared wordlessly out of the window while Salomon sprinted down the road to get Prevost, who was in the middle of an all-night interview session with a local journalist, Iris Billion-Duplan, whose house is located close to the Purple Justice.

All three of them rushed to the apartment and greeted Franck with amazement and emotion. They showed him the front-page headlines, which were printed about him in every newspaper in France.

Since the phone service in the apartment had been disconnected because the bill had not been paid, Iris ran to the booth down the street to call Mamina and Franck's mother to tell them the news.

Slowly the abductee pieced together his recollection of the events of the previous Monday. As all the media from Moscow to Brasilia would soon report in detail, he had looked in vain for the aerial phenomenon when he came out of the parking lot. He kept driving and soon noticed a luminous object, about the size of a tennis ball, floating over the cabbage field. He panicked and drifted to the left. As he came to the level of the ball, the engine died, and of course he was unable to restart it. The luminous ball came to rest over the hood of the car and Franck found himself engulfed in fog. He could no longer see the road or the landscape, and he could not open the car doors. His eyes itched, his eyelids became heavy, and he drifted into a deep sleep. He woke up in

the cabbage field, unaware that a whole week had elapsed. The car was no longer there. He rushed to the apartment in panic and got Salomon out of bed.

This time the gendarmes took no chances. They were exasperated by this lingering mystery which put them in the spotlight, yet they were still convinced that the whole affair must be some kind of prank. It certainly could not be murder, since the corpse had suddenly come back! So they took everybody downtown, including Prevost's girlfriend Corinne, although she was under doctor's orders to rest after a serious surgical operation.

THE SECOND POLICE INVESTIGATION

From 8:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. that Monday, the gendarmes interrogated Franck, trying hard to extract from him the confession that the whole thing was a hoax. Adjutant Maniela and Commandant Courcoux kept asking him questions about where he had been and what he had done for seven days. Franck kept repeating that he had no recollection at all of the missing time.

At 11:00 A.M. Franck was driven back to the site amidst a great display of gadgetry. A compass was produced by the constabulary in a ludicrous attempt "to see if his brain was magnetized," and a Geiger counter was used to detect any radioactivity in the cabbage field. There was none. They all trooped back to the gendarmerie office.

Only then did it occur to the investigators that it might be a good idea to take blood and urine samples from Franck. His family physician, Dr. Vivien Hassoun, was called and the samples were collected at 3:00 P.M. A psychiatrist also came and stated that he found Franck normal.

While the abductee was undergoing this long ordeal, Prevost and the other members of the group were subjected to a harsh, intense and degrading series of interrogations designed to extract their confession. Franck's girlfriend, Mamina, who had given birth to a boy two months earlier, was told by the officers that Franck might be insane and that her baby might consequently have been born retarded, or worse: she

must therefore cooperate with the authorities, they suggested, instead of "covering up" his obvious hoax.

At 4:00 P.M. the principals were driven to the Court Building, where they were kept waiting for two hours by the District Attorney, who finally consented to interrogate them. With the District Attorney were four scientists from GEPAN, led by Dr. Alain Esterle, a French space scientist. They offered to accompany the witness for a series of examinations at the Bonneval Clinic, a government-sponsored medical establishment directed by Professor Faure. Franck did not exactly refuse the offer, but he suggested instead that they meet with him the next morning to discuss it, after he had had a chance to rest.

The police and the District Attorney finally told the group that no charges of any kind would be brought against them.

THE GEPAN INVESTIGATION

The simplest way to summarize the work done by GEPAN is to follow step-by-step the official report issued by the group under the title of Technical Note No. 6, dated March 31, 1981. The investigation was conducted by Alain Esterle, assisted by M. Jimenez, Jean-Paul Rospars, and P. Teyssandier. Their report contains an appendix on "tabulation, delirium and ufological themes" by Dominique Andrerie.

"As scheduled, on Tuesday December 4, 1979 we presented ourselves at 10:00 A.M. at Prevost's apartment," begins the GEPAN investigation report. No one responded. Salomon did not answer his door either. Phone calls to various group members were equally futile. It took all day for the scientists to finally meet with the group, and the discussion began on the theme We Are Tired, and We Don't Want To Be Bothered.

When the scientists again offered Franck Fontaine the opportunity to spend a few days at the Bonneval Clinic for testing, he stated that he would only do it if Dr. Vivien Hassoun came with him, which was agreed to, but the proposed trip never happened.

The first part of the meeting, which was attended by the local

reporter Iris, various friends, and two UFO amateurs, was dominated by Prevost's personality. Salomon only spoke to express his profound mistrust for anything of a scientific nature. However, he was very impressed by the hypnosis demonstrations he had seen earlier that day, during various sessions with private UFO groups. He was especially astonished by the posthypnotic suggestions that prevented a subject from getting up or from smoking. When the scientists pointed out that such dependence on the hypnotist cast a serious doubt over the revelations, since such recall could easily be influenced by the hypnotist himself, the logic of the argument was completely lost on Salomon. Prevost identified the GEPAN with the gendarmerie and he proudly stated again that he was an anarchist. He also expressed contempt for the American journalists (from the *National Enquirer)* who had allegedly tried to bribe them by offering $1000 to each of the witnesses.

About 11:00 P.M. Franck arrived, very disturbed. He had just hit a pedestrian, an elderly woman. It turned out there was no insurance on the Ford station wagon.

The discussion continued with Franck taking the lead and expressing the thought that "everything had meaning, nothing was due to chance." He mentioned that he had had some experiences with drugs in the past. He had seen the movie *Close Encounters* but "did not like it." He did not believe in mere UFO observations, he said, only in close encounters and abductions.

Franck refused to discuss the events of the previous week in the absence of guarantees that the information would not be used against him by the police. However, he did mention that he remembered some things "in his head." When he "woke up" in the cabbage field he first "thought he had been dreaming." He had relived some parts of his experience in his sleep the previous night. He mentioned certain beings that he designated as *they*, or *someone*, who communicated nonverbally with him.

Franck had the feeling these beings knew everything and could see through the walls. Where he had gone, "there was no time, and no limits." The experience had nothing to do with being drunk or high, two states in which "you remain yourself." It was like a dream, neither

pleasant nor unpleasant. He was a pure observer in such dreams, without any fear.

It was the next day, Wednesday, December 5, about noon, that Dr. Hassoun collected new blood samples. A skin examination of Franck's body showed nothing abnormal. A urine analysis and an X-ray examination were scheduled for the next day, but Franck did not keep the appointment.

The relationship between GEPAN members and the witnesses, which was not very warm to begin with, got worse with the cancellation of every scheduled appointment. It continued to deteriorate. Salomon, in particular, made aggressive statements about the scientists' close association with the police, and the investigative work of GEPAN was systematically distorted by the witnesses when they spoke to the press. They maintained an arrogant and aggressive attitude.

Following their disappointing meetings with the witnesses, Esterle and his associates gave up direct interviews and ran their investigation along three parallel tracks: search for additional witnesses, search for physical evidence, and analysis of the discourse of the witnesses.

This inquiry yielded two important new witnesses, code-named Remi and Lisette in the official report.

Remi lives in central France, about two hundred miles away from Cergy-Pontoise, where he was temporarily renting an apartment while working on a nearby construction site. He had spent the Sunday before Franck's disappearance at home with his family in Poitiers, and he had left after the late movie, arriving at the Purple Justice about 4:25 A.M., plus or minus ten minutes. He stopped at the entrance to the first parking lot and saw a station wagon in the second (lower) parking lot. He is certain that he saw not one, but *two* people get into the front of the car.

Remi walked toward the building while the station wagon with the two passengers drove away. He went into his own apartment, went to bed and slept peacefully until late that morning, when he learned of Franck's disappearance.

Remi never saw any unusual aerial phenomenon in the area. Given the topology of the site, it would be natural for Franck and his two

friends not to have seen Remi's car as he drove onto the first parking lot. His testimony, however, is incompatible with theirs since he had seen two people in the vehicle.

Lisette, on the other hand, is a fourteen-year-old girl who lives near Purple Justice. Her bedroom window opens on the utility power station and the fields. She is often unable to sleep. On that particular night she went to the bathroom at 4:00 A.M. AS she stepped back into her bedroom she saw some lights in the sky. She went to the window and spent ten to fifteen minutes, she said, watching a luminous display at the level of the pylons and the electrical cables:

> It was blue, orange, red. It was very bright, very phosphorescent. I saw the colors clearly, very vivid . . . it was circular. I just saw circles of several colors . . . that moved slowly, in zigzag fashion, from left to right, many times.

She went to bed about 4:25 or 4:30 and fell asleep.

Her description immediately suggests a corona discharge along the electric cables. However, it is unusual for such an effect to last so long near high-tension wires. The team turned its attention to the power system near Purple Justice.

This particular electrical station is part of a regional ring that feeds a double network at 225,000 volts and 400,000 volts. It is equipped with an advanced system of automatic surveillance which trips whenever a voltage anomaly is detected. The system also summons two night guards. There were no such alerts between November 25 and mid-December. In particular, there was no alert on the morning of Monday, November 26, when Franck disappeared.

Known luminous effects, such as power arcs, typically happen during thunderstorms or high humidity periods. On the morning of the event the temperature varied around 38 degrees Fahrenheit and humidity was near ninety percent, but there was no thunderstorm. What wind there was blew from the south at six mph.

Contact with nearby airports disclosed that there was no aerial activity in the vicinity of Cergy that night.

The blood analysis performed on the samples drawn from Franck gave perfectly normal results. In particular, the cortisone level in the blood, which plays the role of internal clock and follows the rhythm of sleep and wakefulness, did not indicate any disturbance. This level is altered by the jet lag well-known to airplane travelers. It can be multiplied by 10 to 100 when the subject is in a weightless environment, such as space travel, or during a period of intense stress. With a cortisone level of 15 micrograms per milliliter of blood, Franck exhibited no unusual effect.

It would have been interesting to compare these levels with those in the blood collected on the previous day during the gendarmerie interrogation. Unfortunately, the samples had been poorly preserved and did not reach Paris in a state that would have made analysis possible. Regrettably, no attempt was made to detect traces of drugs either in the blood or in the urine.

Finally, GEPAN analyzed the behavior and the discourse of the various protagonists. It came to the conclusion that they had already been contaminated so heavily by the statements of various ufological groups that their own views had been biased or polluted beyond retrieval. Accordingly, concluded Esterle, the case is "totally lacking in interest in terms of a scientific study of the physical aspects of unidentified aerospace phenomena."

The reader of the report was left with the strong impression that the whole case was an outright hoax.

INVESTIGATION BY UFO RESEARCHERS

Several UFO groups had contacted Prevost and Salomon as soon as the news of Franck's disappearance had been reported on the radio, and they crowded around him when he came back. In fact, while the GEPAN investigators were kept waiting at the door of the apartment, the young man was already undergoing hypnosis under the direction of one of these groups.

While some of the believers greeted Franck's return like the coming

of a new Messiah, meditated in the cabbage field, or chanted mantras in Prevost's kitchen, there were also some dedicated investigators among those who interviewed him. Perhaps the most active and articulate was the IMSA Group headed by Jimmy Guieu—a popular and prolific French science-fiction writer—and hypnotist Daniel Huguet, who often performs on the stage under the name Dany Franck.

IMSA (which stands for World Institute of Advanced Sciences) is based on the Cote d'Azur, with its secretariat in Toulon. It has reached a firm conclusion about the UFO phenomenon, expressed by one of its leaders in Guieu's book *Contacts OVNICergy-Pontoise* (Paris: Editions du Rocher, 1980). It is "a certainty," he writes, "that these objects are in reality extraterrestrial craft built by a thinking species coming from other worlds."

As early as Wednesday, November 28, 1979, Jimmy Guieu was quoted in a Marseille newspaper as stating flatly, about Franck Fontaine's abduction: "I believe it."

A short time prior to these events, on November 7, 1979, IMSA had studied another abduction case labeled Gamma-Delta, which had been reported to them by a doctor. The witness, who was driving on a lonely stretch between two villages, had been stopped at 8:30 P.M. by a strange light next to a forest. He vaguely recalled walking toward four trees that somehow turned into a staircase leading to an oval object emitting an extraordinary multicolored light. He woke up a short time later, in his car, twenty miles away. His back was painful and his neck was stiff.

At the request of IMSA, this man had been hypnotized by Huguet on November 11. Under hypnosis he had recalled many more details. The light was a dome, the tree trunks were beings who explained their language and signs to him. And he had flown aboard the strange dome. Under trance, Gamma-Delta also made a remarkable prediction: a major UFO event would happen in France on November 26. *Indeed, it was to be the date of Franck's disappearance.*

Thus, IMSA was well-prepared to deal with the case. As soon as the news of Franck's return was flashed on the radio, Guieu called Commandant Courcoux in Pontoise and drove to the scene with Daniel Huguet. They arrived at the gendarmarie at 9:00 A.M. on Tuesday,

twenty-four hours after Franck's reappearance.

In their very first meeting with law enforcement officials they discovered a number of arguments *against* the idea of a hoax: the three young men were already known to the police as "marginal elements." They were driving without a license and without insurance, said the gendarmes. And they often got help from friends who were on disability insurance or were collecting welfare. All these actions showed blatant disregard for the law, even if they were not actual felonies. In other words, in the eyes of the authorities, the three witnesses were small-time crooks, the last persons in the world one would expect to call the police for help at five o'clock in the morning. Convinced that the young men, marginal or not, were telling the truth about their adventure, Guieu and Huguet went ahead with a very thorough investigation.

Jimmy Guieu describes the events of the next few days in his book, written in a clear and pleasant style that conveys very well both the atmosphere and the characters. He interviewed Franck's mother in Saint-Ouen-l'Aumone, a suburb of Pontoise located across the river. She had obviously been very shaken by recent events. And on that same Tuesday in the afternoon, he interviewed the three principals, who were assembled in Cergy with Corinne (a friend of Prevost), Mamina (Franck's girlfriend) and Jean-Luc, one of their buddies.

Concentrating on Franck, Guieu learned that he had been born in Pontoise in 1961, that he was the eldest of four children, and that he had attended the Parc-aux-Charettes school. He had never read a whole book, he said laughingly, except for comic books, and he had never had any interest in UFOs, in politics, or in religion. He had never worked seriously until he met Mamina, a charming young woman with whom he had a son. He confirmed the facts as he remembered them, telling Guieu and Huguet the same story he had already given the authorities.

He did add a few details that were not previously known. First, he now thought he had been telepathically guided to the site where the car was engulfed in the strange fog. Second, the vehicle seemed to glide along by itself while he was drifting into sleep. Would hypnosis help recover Franck's missing time? Daniel Huguet proposed a demonstration. He placed Prevost under a trance. Upon awakening, the young

man could not light his cigarette and found all his friends laughing at him! Huguet had to put him into a trance again to erase his posthypnotic suggestion. Convinced by this proof of the power of hypnosis, Prevost, who turned out to be an outstanding subject, agreed to submit to a full session.

Under the guidance of Daniel Huguet, Prevost recalled seeing the car driven by Franck, surrounded by a luminous sphere. There were voices that spoke, he said. They gave orders: "We need him, we've got to take him away without hurting him . . . Hurry, some people are coming. . . ."

The people who were coming were Prevost and Salomon. The voice spoke French, slowly, with a woman's voice.

Had Prevost played a role, an active role, in the contact? wondered the investigators. As they left the apartment, the former anarchist commented: "Nothing will be the same anymore. Now I have to question everything."

Although he was impressed by the demonstration, Franck Fontaine still refused to undergo hypnosis. "They already think we're a little crazy," he commented. "If I told everything, I'd be sure to end up in an asylum!"

Guieu and Huguet left Pontoise after this session, convinced that Prevost and Franck were telling the truth but unsure about the future development of their investigation. Before saying good-bye, they recommended to the witnesses to keep up their vigilance about any signs, no matter how small or absurd, that might indicate that the extraterrestrials were keeping tabs *on* them.

In the early days of January 1980 Prevost traveled to the south of France with Franck and Salomon in a friend's car. They met with Guieu again and the investigation was resumed.

The first interesting observation that was made during their stay in the south concerned Franck, whose sleep patterns seemed to have been drastically affected by his experience. He would fall asleep in the middle of the day and nothing would wake him up. Another piece of new information concerned Salomon and Prevost, who claimed ominously

that they had been visited by three men built like bodyguards who told them not to talk about their experiences.

Coming back to the events surrounding his disappearance, Franck now told Guieu more details he remembered of his abduction: he felt prepared for what was coming, he said, as soon as he woke up from his deep sleep in the car. Next he was lying on a flat surface, on top of a machine located in some sort of laboratory. This surface was comfortable, and he was not physically restrained. Along the walls were tall cabinets with blinking lights and dials, above which were signs he could not read. He fell asleep again and does not know how long he was unconscious, but he is sure to have been alternately awake and asleep *numerous times.* He was always in the same room, except that small, luminous spheres, the *size* of a tennis ball, often floated in the air above him. Voices spoke to him, pleasant voices, which seemed to come from these spheres. They discussed the future survival of humanity and gave him the date of the official contact between *them* and the earth.

After Franck recalled these conscious details, the IMSA investigation focused on Prevost, who turned out to be the real "operational contactee," according to Guieu. Huguet put Prevost under hypnosis again, and he then revealed that he had been approached by an entity called Haurrio, which first manifested during the period when Franck was away. This entity, drawn by Prevost, was a very young man, about six feet tall, with very long blond hair and elongated Asian eyes on the side of the face.

Haurrio revealed to Prevost that it was imperative for him to start a group of believers. They should trust him and have faith in the reality of the extraterrestrials. They had a mission to fulfill: make man understand that he was destroying his own life. Those who will have served the extraterrestrials on earth, *those who will have helped them get the message out, will he spared.* And they will be used to start a new civilization later, as in the myth of Noah. The disastrous course of events on earth can only be altered when thousands of people *are* gathered at the same spot, with the unified will to enter into contact with the extraterrestrials.

WHEN PROPHECY FAILS

Following the hypnosis session with Huguet and the attending revelations, life became increasingly strange for Prevost and Franck. They would regularly lapse into states where they no longer remembered their actions, meeting strange people who threatened them in the street, only to vanish in midair a short time later.

Prevost became the star of the show. In subsequent months he published a book entitled *The Great Contact* with a foreword by Roger-Luc Mary, a parapsychologist and prominent I MSA member, who wrote:

> I am deeply convinced that this book will assemble a large number of human beings who will form ... a gathering of love spread over the planet which is destined to become A NEW EARTH.

In his book, which quoted many great thinkers from Jesus to Einstein (and Haurrio, naturally), Prevost called for his readers to subscribe to his new magazine to be published in Toulon.

Unfortunately, the date of August 15, 1980, which had been announced by the extraterrestrials as the propitious beginning of the Great Contact, came and went without any unusual manifestation. Hundreds of believers who had gathered in the Cergy cabbage field went away empty-handed. The press was there, naturally, and in a joking mood. Photographs of the forlorn believers published the next day helped convince the French public that the. incident was indeed a hoax, as GEPAN itself had already concluded.

The Pontoise case was thoroughly misunderstood and muddled in the United States, where private researchers and press people unfamiliar with the social and psychological background of the witnesses spread the most curious rumors. Thus, I received alarmed letters from ufologists who had heard that the French government had threatened to kill Franck "if he revealed the truth about UFOs!" Kevin Michel Cape, a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times,* wrote from Paris:

> An eighteen-year-old boy from a Paris suburb told the country that he was kidnapped by extraterrestrial beings. Apparently the "little green men" who abducted him wish to open an embassy in Paris, and informed the boy that they would phone with further instructions.

This column was widely reprinted and it appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle* of January 11, 1980. In fact, Franck Fontaine had not seen any beings during his whole experience. In particular, there were no little green men, and the part about the embassy in Paris and the forthcoming phone call had been invented out of thin air by the journalists.

Kevin Cape added that, according to a friend of his who wrote for *L'Humanite,* the whole story was a government plot to distract the people from French economic problems like unemployment. (Cape forgot to point out that *L 'Humanite* is the major Communist newspaper in France.) Mr. Cape himself hints that the story might have been engineered to derail media investigation into President Valery Giscard d'Estaing's illegal acceptance of a gift of diamonds by an African dictator, a juicy scandal that titillated the French public at the time.

By 1983 Prevost had managed to gather a small group around him, but it never took off as a significant sect. It did operate a private FM station called Radio Korrigan in a little village in Brittany. I visited the farmhouse where the station was installed and found no evidence of significant activity.

On the date of the expected contact (August 15, 1983) over a thousand people gathered again in vain in Pontoise to wait for extraterrestrials.

In June 1983 the French translation of my book *Messengers of Deception* was published in Paris under the title *UFOs: The Great Manipulation.* In this revised edition I called attention to the potential for exploitation of UFO stories in psychological experiments and I hinted that Purple Justice might be an example of such manipulation.

The results were immediate: within days Jean-Pierre Prevost confessed that the whole thing was a hoax in an interview with Emile

Bouchon, president of a research group called AURIAE. He refused to say if the case was a prank that took unexpected proportions, if he had tried to start a new religion, or simply if he aimed at making money. The entire French press picked up these confessions, and the public became secure *in* the knowledge that everything had now returned to normal.

Following Prevost's confessions, the ufologists naturally dropped the case like a hot potato, ashamed that they had ever been associated with it, and assuming that it was indeed a hoax. What else could it be? Jimmy Guieu's book disappeared from the shelves. Yet in an article published in *NOSTRA* (No. 587, September 8, 1983) he rejected Prevost's confessions. Several other investigations by his group involved contactees who had received messages from Haurrio, the same extraterrestrial who had spoken to Prevost, he said. And Guieu attacked Prevost's credibility. He pointed out that Prevost had dropped his former friends and had gone on to organize a small group of young people to spread his message. He organized a publishing house that soon accumulated debts of $50,000. At that point Prevost left the Midi and moved to Brittany. In spite of this behavior, Jimmy Guieu still believed that the contact with Haurrio had really taken place.

The Purple Justice case provides a magnificent opportunity to see the UFO myth in action through various levels of society: each segment has read into it what it expected, according to its own prejudices, its own tools, and its own skills.

The police immediately saw in the three witnesses a group of social misfits and handled them accordingly. They were marginal elements, small-time crooks and leftists. From the beginning they treated them like criminals, using every trick in the book to try to get them to confess, even threatening them with charges of "contempt toward a magistrate."

French science, in the form of GEPAN, pondered the problem as seriously as it could, but it stumbled on the witnesses' lack of cooperation. When I discussed the case with Dr. Alain Esterle as he visited my home in San Francisco, he struck me as a very skilled, honest, and sincere scientist, dedicated to advancing knowledge in the fields with

which he was familiar. But the statements of the three witnesses—who were from a diametrically opposed cultural background—did not give him much to go on. It was logical for GEPAN to conclude the case was a hoax.

The ufologists came into the case enthusiastically, recognizing that it could fit into an abduction and missing time pattern with which they were now well familiar. It is important to recall that *a few years previously, the Travis Walton episode had introduced the first documented instance of the disappearance of a witness in connection with a UFO observation.* On Wednesday, November 5, 1975, seven men who were working in the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forest saw an object come close to the ground. It was a flattened disk, about eighteen feet in diameter and half as thick. When one of the men, Travis Walton, went closer to investigate, he was hit by an intense bolt of bright, blue-green light that knocked him unconscious while his co-workers panicked and drove away. When they came back, the object was gone and Travis was nowhere to be found. He reappeared near Heber, Arizona, five days and six hours later. When he regained consciousness, he was lying on his stomach. He saw a curved, gleaming object floating in silence above him. Soon it shot up into the sky.

Placed under hypnosis by Dr. James Harder, a hard-core extraterrestrial believer who is professor of engineering at the University of California in Berkeley, Travis Walton remembered meeting several kinds of entities aboard the craft, including three small humanoids with elongated "huge, luminous brown eyes." With them was a tall, kind man in a blue suit.

I have met with Travis Walton and with the crew boss, Mike Rogers, who had seen the craft and the beam. I am satisfied they are telling the truth as they experienced it, although I am not ready to take the hypnotic data literally, for reasons I have explained in detail in previous works.

The French ufologists, who were familiar with the Travis Walton case, understood the relevance of the disappearance of Franck Fontaine, like Walton, he had vanished in close proximity to a group of other witnesses. Like Walton, he had been the subject of an intense

search for several days. Like Walton, he had suddenly reappeared with no initial recollection of his experience. And, like Travis Walton, Franck Fontaine would soon become disgusted with the way he was treated by the media, by the police, and by science. He dropped out of sight, refusing to comment about his experience—an experience that was eventually forgotten but never explained.

PURSUING THE TRUTH ABOUT PURPLE JUSTICE

At this point in this long story the reader has a perfect right to tell me: "Look, the leader of these men, who are not very reliable to begin with, has confessed to a hoax; his major supporter, Jimmy Guieu, has withheld his confidence in Prevost; the police and GEPAN have spent days and thousands of dollars researching the case and they have concluded it was a hoax. So why don't you drop it like everybody else?"

The answer is very simple: I do not think Fontaine was abducted by extraterrestrials. But I do not think he is lying either. The disappearance of Franck Fontaine is one of the most disturbing episodes in the whole history of UFOs. But it was not a hoax.

Before I retrace here the long analysis that led me to a conclusion that differs radically from those presented earlier, I should explain something about my own background and my motivations for paying particular attention to the Pontoise case.

You see, I *was* born in Pontoise. Not only *was* 1 born there, but 1 attended the same school as Franck Fontaine, for one year. And as a child I often rode my bike in the area where the Purple Justice is now standing. It used to be a wide open plateau with large fields of cabbage and beets, which was turned into sugar by local factories. I especially remember the thick mud that dropped from the produce trucks and made the roads slippery and very dangerous for bicycling when it rained.

My father, who was a judge and later the president of the Tribunal in Pontoise, knew Cergy like the back of his hand. He took me there once to show me several large, incongruous, flat stones in the fields. He

explained they were the remains of a Roman via built by Julius Caesar. I doubt if the inhabitants of the Purple Justice know that they live on a spot where Roman legions were marching two thousand years ago on their way to conquer Britain.

When I visited Pontoise again in June of 1980 to investigate the Fontaine case, these childhood memories came flooding back. I could understand the circumstances that surrounded Franck's experience, and I was in a better position than Guieu or Esterle to consider the evidence. *And the evidence did not make any sense.*

First among all the *contradictions,* of *course, is an important* fact already noted by other investigators: the last thing Fontaine and his friends should have wanted was to call the attention of the police to their situation. They were already on file as suspicious characters. They were driving illegally, without a permit or insurance, and they were known to the local authorities in an unfavorable light. There are even some doubts about the legal origin of the clothes they intended to sell in Gisors. It must have taken a strong shock indeed for them to call the police.

The second contradiction was even more enormous. If the case was a hoax, *where was Franck Fontaine* between Monday, November 26, and Monday, December 3, 1979? Nobody answers this question. Curiously, none of the journalists who eagerly reported Prevost's confession bothered to make this very simple inquiry.

One of my associates in this affair, whom I will call Francis Leuhan, wrote to me in August 1983 after he went to see Prevost.

> This afternoon I saw our friend Prevost again. He collapsed on his living room sofa. He seemed depressed. His hair has grown to extreme proportions, and 1 thought 1 saw a man even more enigmatic than in 1979. You know, when you look someone in the eyes like that, cold, there are things that do not lie. It is obvious he has taken another step beyond the "margins" of society.
>
> When the first surprise was gone I spoke to him about the recent articles in the papers.
>
> "Yes," he said, "I've dropped everything."

"Dropped what?" I asked.

"The Cergy business, it's all over. I've told you, it's over, period."

"Yeah, the papers say Franck was hidden by one of your friends in Pontoise. By the way, who was it?"

"Yes, well . . . it wasn't in Pontoise. It was . . . well . . . in my own place."

"That's impossible, the cops went through your apartment with a fine tooth comb. . . ."

At this point of our conversation, Jean-Pierre became very upset. He asked me if I had read the French version of your last book, *Messengers of Deception.* "You ought to read the introduction," he said, "there are some very interesting things in there...."

From this conversation, and the multiple contradictions that followed, we became convinced that Prevost actually had no idea where Fontaine had spent those seven days. He could not seriously back up his own confession.

In recent years several French researchers have seriously assured me that they knew exactly where Franck had spent the fateful week. One told me he had managed to stay aboard a barge that navigated along the Oise River, a very ingenious hiding place indeed. But another investigator claims to have reliable information the young man was hiding in the cellar of a house near Pontoise.

When I met him in 1989, Franck assured me he had no idea where he had spent those seven days.

The third contradiction had to do with another key testimony extracted by a French nuclear physicist I will call Dr. Metanel. He was able to interview a policeman from the Night Intervention Brigades, who was among the first officers on the site when Franck's disappearance was reported. As the reader may recall, it is only after several hours that responsibility for the case was transferred to the gendarmerie.

This officer reported that when the patrol car reached the area, they found Franck's car surrounded with very thick fog. "That's what we found impressive," he added. There was no special odor associated with

this fog. But this key observation is found neither in the police notes nor in the gendarmerie report. And GEPAN made no effort to interview the first officers who were on the scene only half an hour after Franck had vanished.

The observation of the dense fog around the car made by this officer clearly confirms the statements of the three witnesses and the sighting by the girl called Lisette in the GEPAN report.

Having noted these contradictions, we began looking in a completely new direction—one that neither the police, nor GEPAN, nor the ufologists had considered: was it possible for the case to be a hoax in which the witnesses, or some of the witnesses, were telling the truth? Could Franck have been abducted, not by extraterrestrials, but by a sophisticated organization with its own ulterior motives? Several facts, which had either been neglected or swept under the rug, pointed in that direction.

I have already mentioned that GEPAN had uncovered an independent witness whom they called Remi, who drove to Purple Justice every Sunday night, arriving there about 4:30 A.M. He had provided the observation that Franck Fontaine was not alone when his car drove off the parking lot. An important question would naturally be: where was Remi the following Monday? And what did he see around the time of Franck's reappearance? The answer is that Remi was not there the following Monday. Why not? He was sick.

"Listen," he told a scientist from GEPAN, "I lead a quiet life and I don't want any trouble with *those people.* I got sick and that's all there is to it."

He has refused to say anything more. But this part of his testimony is not mentioned in the GEPAN report. Who are those people he refers to in such fear? He could hardly be afraid of retaliation from Franck Fontaine and his friends, who have never shown a propensity to violence. Is another, more sinister group involved?

Another curious fact concerns the layout of the two apartments occupied by the witnesses at Purple Justice. Francis Leuhan was intrigued by the fact that a loose telephone wire half hidden by the carpet connected Prevost's flat to that occupied by Salomon. When he was

pressed by questions from reporters or civilian investigators, Prevost would often retire to his bedroom for a few minutes and come back with the answer. Was he calling someone who was hiding in Salomon's apartment?

A new scenario began to evolve. What if someone had become interested in the UFO subject and decided to conduct a test using the Travis Walton experience as a model? It would not be very difficult to pick a suitable group of witnesses—especially if they were marginal elements in the sociologically ideal milieu of a New Town—young people with low credibility, who already had a profile known to the law enforcement authorities.

What if this someone, acting under a very wide umbrella of authority, had carefully staged the abduction of one of the protagonists? Who was the man who, according to my most recent information, met Franck secretly three times, always on a Saturday night at 11:00 P.M.? He wore an expensive business suit, drove a black BMW with license plates from the north of France. He took Franck to a cafe every time, and they spoke for several hours.

The role of hypnotist Daniel Huguet is also intriguing in this regard. Huguet had visited the Pontoise region a few months prior to the main events. And he had worked with Guieu in the Gamma-Delta affair, performing the hypnotic regression on the witness. As part of his testimony, Gamma-Delta predicted that a major UFO event would happen in France on November 26, 1979. It was the sensational validation of this prediction that convinced Guieu and his group to act very quickly as soon as the Pontoise case was reported. In the subsequent investigation, however, Franck was ignored by the hypnotist, who instead concentrated his efforts on Prevost, who became the focus of a series of revelations well-suited to the creation of a new cult: contact with an entity with elongated eyes, messages of universal love and salvation prophecies.

Prevost went on to start a small sect and later an FM radio station, but he failed to acquire a substantial following.

I am unfortunately bound to secrecy about some of the important steps in the investigation, but I can report that the human kidnapping

scenario did lead somewhere—to perfectly tangible organizations and to beings of flesh and blood within the French military and technological establishment. One of the investigators in the case even obtained an appointment with a certain Mr. D, on the staff of STET (Service Technique des Engines Tactiques) at the French Ministry of Defense.

A short, balding man with no sense of humor, Mr. D had an office at French Air Force headquarters. His full name is known to me.

The meeting took place on November 14, 1980, at a nondescript apartment near the Goutte d'Or in Paris, a typical safe house: a couple of clean, sterile rooms painted off-white with the barest furniture; a desk and two chairs, a table with a smoky glass top.

My friend had brought his complete file on the affair, because the meeting had been initiated as a discrete opportunity for both sides to compare notes.

But Mr. D quickly brushed it aside. "I can guess what's in your folder. You don't need to go over it with me."

"Then will you tell me what the disappearance of Franck Fontaine was all about?"

"We refer to the Cergy operation as an Exercise of General Synthesis," Mr. D said calmly, as if he spoke of the latest engine test for a new kind of rocket. "A highly-placed personality has done detailed planning for it." He mentioned the name of a cabinet member with vast connections in the world of high technology.

"How many people were in the know?"

"No more than ten to fifteen, all at a high enough level to establish what sort of manipulation was justified under the state secrets rule."

"What were your objectives?" asked my informant, who was amazed at the turn the conversation had taken. .

"The operation was structured around military, scientific, and political goals. It was purely national and had no impact beyond our borders."

"What happened to Fontaine?"

"We put him to sleep and he was kept under an altered state of high suggestibility."

"Were the police and the gendarmerie aware that the operation was a hoax conducted by a higher-level agency?"

"Certainly not. Their behavior under these conditions was one of the things we wanted to observe."

"What was your own role?"

"My interest in the affair is purely personal. It has no relationship to my position with the French Air Force."

"Would it be correct to say that you deliberately created a major UFO event to find out if you could rely on the reactions and the investigative abilities of local law enforcement agencies?" asked the astonished researcher.

"That would be a fair way to describe it."

"What about GEPAN?"

Mr. D shrugged. "We had the same reasons to find out how the scientific experts would react, naturally."

"Were you also using the media? Did you have wider objectives?"

"I cannot answer your question. But if this operation had been completed, the next phase would have been far worse."

"Why are you telling me all this?"

"I have my own reasons."

"Aren't you afraid I will publish this interview?"

"Anything you publish will simply be denied."

The man got up to indicate that the interview had ended. But it would be fair to assume that the Cergy operation could have been a test, perhaps a prelude to an experiment of wider scope. My friends believe that someone intervened and that the second stage of the operation was dropped.

If Mr. D was telling the truth, and the whole truth, then many unexplained points of the Purple Justice event do make sense. The fog could have been a theatrical device created artificially to mask a small commando from *casual observers,* long enough to carry Franck away. The fog could also have contained a chemical that served to induce the heavy sleep that overtook him in the car.

We found an underpass that leads from the parking lot to a path that cuts across the fields. This passageway goes under the main road and would have provided an ideal staging area. We actually drove the length of it and into the parking area. From there Franck could easily have

been led or carried to the Rouen-Paris expressway 1200 feet away.

There are numerous drugs in the modern arsenal of the pharmacologist that can enhance suggestibility, induce selective amnesia, and actually erase a segment of someone's life to replace it with an artificially-constructed reality.

It seems amazing to me that Franck Fontaine's body was not immediately examined for puncture marks or other signs upon his return. The casual approach that was taken to the gathering and subsequent handling of blood and urine samples is equally negligent. Sophisticated analysis of the body fluids could have picked up traces of drugs even if his body bore no obvious needle marks. Unfortunately, nobody was interested in such indication: hounded by the media, all the investigators were looking for either flying saucers or plain evidence of a hoax.

Franck's recollection of being inside some sort of laboratory, lying on top of a machine, and going in and out of consciousness for a week, is consistent with the idea that he spent that time in some secret service facility such as the "hospitals" where defectors and suspected spies are interrogated. The French are pioneers in the development of advanced drugs for such purposes. Through its contacts with the Swiss and French multimillion-dollar pharmaceutical industry, French intelligence even played a key role in the development of LSD during the Fifties as an interrogation drug. All the events that happened to Franck are well within the state of the art.

FOLLOW-UP

If the purpose of the operation was, among other objectives, to create a *sect that could* later be observed or used for *sociological* experiments, that particular goal was not achieved. The private UFO research group led by Guieu, whose honesty and sincerity is not in question, may have been used to disseminate Prevost's message, but after a short time the decision seems to have been made to drop the experiment.

Once those responsible for the affair withdrew their support, Guieu's book was discredited, the media lost interest, and Prevost got deeper

into debt. His radio station was unsuccessful and he never rallied around him the thousands of believers who have pushed other UFO luminaries like Vorilhon, the notorious French contactee who calls himself "Rael," to the head of a major international cult with affluent resources.

For the three protagonists, life took its course after the Pontoise affair. Subsequent events passed largely unnoticed, even among French ufologists, who were too busy trying to make sense of the transcendent revelations of UMMO, or translating the latest American gossip about Majestic 12 and the crashed saucers at the Pentagon, to seriously investigate what was happening under their own noses.

In late November 1981 Franck's mother died in a massive car crash. Separated from Mamina and his young son, Franck went on welfare and became very bitter about the whole affair. Prevost's girlfriend, Corinne, vanished and has never been seen again.

In the summer of 1982 the principal in the affair, Franck Fontaine, was arrested in La Baule. He was charged and convicted of being an accomplice in various thefts committed against female tourists. He was released for health reasons in December 1982.

When I interviewed him in Pontoise in May 1989, Franck had recovered from these episodes. He appeared relaxed, and stated again that the UFO event had happened as he had originally described it: something or someone had indeed abducted him. He is inclined to think he and his companions had been targeted a long time before. The fact that Salomon was black would discourage a political exploitation of the story. He is certain he was never in contact with any humanoids during the week of his disappearance, and he now regards the contact with Haurrio as a pure fabrication engineered by Prevost and Jimmy Guieu. But the whole event is still a mystery to him.

6

Special Effects

A remarkable event took place in late December of 1980. A strange object was seen on the ground by a security police group at a joint Royal Air Force/U.S. Air Force base in England called Woodbridge. The map shows the facility as an elongated zone with a twin base a few miles away at Bentwaters. Between the two bases is a wooded area called Rendlesham Forest.

As a guard at Woodbridge Base, an American named Larry Warren said that he saw a UFO land in the forest. Dozens of other military men and a few civilians saw it, too. The commanding officer allegedly came out and *interacted with the three occupants* of the craft. There is no doubt, based on the documents in the affair, and on the very extensive investigation conducted by Jenny Randies, Dot Street, and Brenda Butler—and published in their book *Sky Crash* (London: Neville Spearman, 1984)—that an extraordinary event did take place that night. But far from being an actual UFO, it may simply have marked another step in the deception.

THE RENDLESHAM CRASH

It should first be realized that the area in question has a long tradition of being associated with advanced military research. It is in that region that radar was first deployed in the early years of World War II. The facilities that can be seen above ground are said to be dwarfed by the network of shelters and storage areas buried below the East Anglia countryside.

The two bases belong to the British but are leased to the United States under the terms of a NATO agreement. The American 81st Tactical Fighter Wing flies four squadrons of A-10 antitank aircraft from Bentwaters and another two from Woodbridge. The latter base, according to Jenny Randies and her co-authors, also hosts the elite 78th Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Squadron, specialized in the type of emergency intervention that would be required should a team of U.S. astronauts have to make an emergency landing anywhere on the planet.

At the time of the events, Wing Commander Gordon Williams was the Executive Officer for both bases, and Lieutenant Colonel Charles Halt was Deputy Base Commander.

Brenda Butler, an independent investigator of strange phenomena who lives in Suffolk, first heard of the Bentwaters case through an American friend who was in the Air Force. She managed to find other witnesses who agreed to talk to her. She quickly recognized that the exact date of the incident was a matter of some confusion. There were conflicting rumors of helicopters and other aircraft crashing in the forest, and of weapons going wrong. Another airman who spoke to Brenda told her the base had suddenly become active late on December 27; trucks had driven off in convoy toward the forest. At the time, he was actually told by his superiors that a UFO had just crashed half a mile from the end of the runway.

This fact should already alert us. In actual UFO cases the attitude of the military has always been one of denial. Only as a last resort, and after extensive investigation, does the Air Force admit that a phenomenon might be "unidentified." Here, on the contrary, the notion of a

crashed UFO was actually planted in the minds of witnesses from the beginning.

A forestry worker next came forward with his story. He had found an area where the tops of the branches were broken and the trees scorched. He reported it but there was no follow-up.

A fourth man, a civilian electrician, was brought on the base to repair guiding lights on tall poles at the end of the main runway. He thought they must have been destroyed by an aircraft making an emergency landing. What seemed especially strange to him was the fact that during the whole time of the repairs he was surrounded by extraordinary security.

Taken together, these reports seemed to substantiate the actual reality of an encounter between U.S. Air Force officers and a landed UFO in an English forest.

THE INVESTIGATION

The story of the Rendlesham case, which I summarize here from the book by Butler, Street, and Randies, developed between 1981 and 1984 as the three English investigators explored new leads and obtained data from new witnesses. An important informant was a civilian radar operator at Watton in Norfolk, who said that on December 27, 1980, an unusual object was tracked heading in from the coast, and it was lost near Rendlesham Forest. Of special interest was the fact that two intelligence officers from the U.S. Air Force—presumably the now infamous OSI that employed Richard Doty in New Mexico—visited this English radar station within two days of the tracking and requested the recordings for study.

They told the amazed radarmen that they had tracked a metallic UFO. Again, these normally tight-lipped officers were uncharacteristically talkative, adding that the mysterious object had been confronted by military men whose jeep had stalled as they got close to it. They even volunteered that the object was observed on the ground while it was being repaired by the alien crew, and that this was seen by high-ranking

officers from the nearby base, with the commanding officer himself conversing with the occupants.

Although the English investigators kept being rebuffed by the British Ministry of Defense—the woman in charge of answering queries about UFOs even denied to their face that *any* close encounter had *ever* been reported to their office!—a breakthrough occurred when a document that was held back because it was covered by the Official Secrets Act in Britain was released by the U.S. Air Force on the other side of the Atlantic under the Freedom of Information Act.

That key document was a memo from Lieutenant Colonel Charles Halt. While it did not go into all the details that informants had already leaked to the investigators, it did authenticate the major facts: yes, unusual lights had approached the base about 3:00 A.M. on December 27, 1980. Yes, security personnel responded and found a strange glowing object in the forest. It was metallic, triangular, with a pulsing red light on top and blue lights at the bottom. Yes, depressions and radioactivity were found the next day. Yes, there was a red light that seemed to throw off light particles, broke into five white objects, and disappeared.

Armed with this undeniable official memo, the women returned to the base, interviewed Halt and other officers and filled in many of the gaps in the record.

One of the security people who had watched the object, the young man designated as Art Wallace in *Sky Crash,* who was in fact Larry Warren, was tracked down in the United States where the Air Force had reassigned him after the incident. He added many details. Others, including Halt's teenage son, confirmed the exact location and the events on the base that surrounded the landing.

These disclosures failed to resolve some of the contradictions in the story. Did the landing occur on the twenty-seventh, as initially reported, or on the thirtieth, as indicated by some witnesses? Was there another event on the twenty-sixth, as some later disclosures seemed to show? Were there sightings on successive nights? And who was in charge at the time, Lieutenant Colonel Halt or Wing Commander Gordon Williams? Finally, were actual aliens seen or only an object with some

lights? Even after extensive investigation it was not possible to answer these questions with certainty. But it was clear that a systematic attempt at cover-up had been implemented. Perhaps it is at this level that the Bentwaters case is most interesting—for what it teaches us about **the** nature and the structure of such observations around military bases.

DELUSION OR DECEPTION?

The English investigators have presented convincing evidence that the various explanations offered to the public for the Bentwaters case—allegedly caused by the beam of a distant lighthouse and some bright stars—were utter rubbish. It is tempting to conclude that the military were indeed confronted with an alien craft and its occupants. This may well be the solution. But there are intriguing alternatives.

To me the most plausible theory is that the U.S. military has developed a device or a collection of devices that look like flying saucers, that they are primarily intended for psychological warfare, and that they are being actively tested on military personnel. Thus, the persons who control the experiment can always contain the repercussions if the story leaks out. In such cases OSI may be used both to calibrate the observers—hence the visit to the radar men and the collecting of all photographs—and to cover up the exercise itself.

If the reports leak out, the cover story may be, very simply, that the object was in fact a UFO. This is the ultimate explanation, the end of the road: "What do you want us to do? This was an object we could not identify. You know as much about it as we do . . . ." In other words, OSI could be actually covering up the fact that such sightings are *not* cases of actual UFOs! No wonder amateur ufologists are confused, as they are confused by the observation of strange disk-shaped lights over Area 51.

The mechanism of the cover-up seems to be consistent—moving extremely rapidly, the intelligence agencies sweep all the evidence and, if necessary, secure the key witnesses. If word of the event leaks out, the normal military chain of command operates to keep any controver-

sial document out of public hands. If that fails, then the intelligence agencies go into a confusion mode characterized by three simultaneous interventions:

1. They trot out their team of debunkers (astronomers, skeptics or "rationalists") who seize upon any available explanation; the more absurd the better.

2. They "oversell" the UFO explanation, always emphasizing the extraterrestrial interpretation. For example, if an object has been seen on the ground, they will make sure the media give prominence to the wild-eyed witness or the local contactee cult member who will claim that he has received a message for mankind, so that the entire affair is quickly blown out of proportion.

3. They start leaking some correct information to the investigators but mix it with confusing elements regarding the date, the time, and the identity of the witnesses.

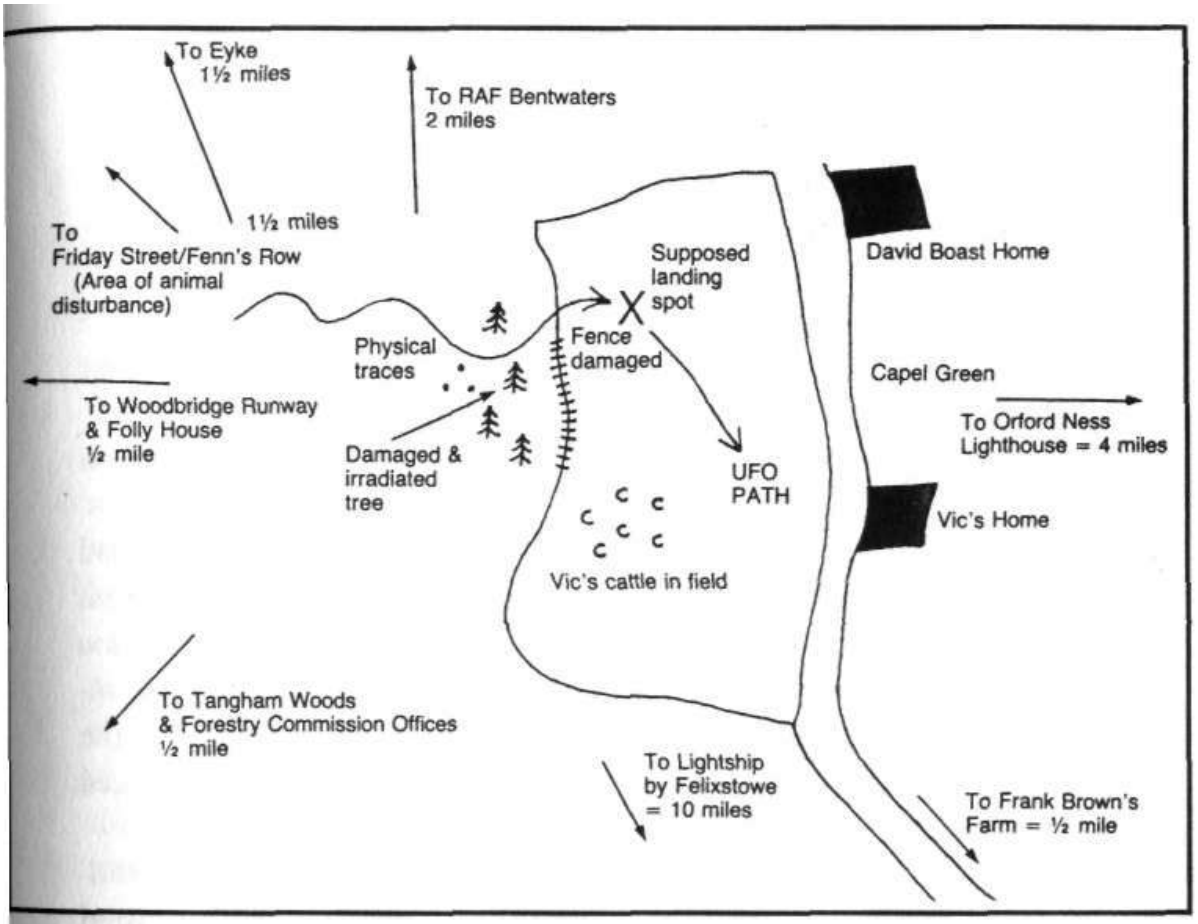
All these elements are demonstrably present in the Bentwaters case, and they can be found in other military cases as well.

Is there evidence that Bentwaters was in fact an instance of deception rather than delusion? I believe the testimony of Larry Warren is very interesting in that regard.

On a syndicated television program called *Dimensions in Parapsychology*, Warren recalled his experience in detail. It had been eight years since he had served at Bentwaters. He was now engaged in media work, he said. A lean young fellow with long hair falling over his shirt collar, he seemed very relaxed, his hands hooked in his belt as he spoke.

He was in the security police at Bentwaters, he said. On the evening in question he was dispatched to the motor pool to get lighting equipment. He did not know why. He obtained some "light-alls," loaded them and drove to a designated point near the forest where the vehicles were parked. There he was ordered to leave his weapons and he walked half a mile into the forest with other personnel. They halted behind a small stone wall. From that position he could see a lot of ground fog or mist which was illuminated.

There was no UFO in view anywhere, yet an elaborate scene was



Bentwaters: Detail of landing site (after J. Randles *Sky Crash*).

being staged. Guards, officers, and other personnel had been assembled, unarmed in an area where some sort of fog—as in the Pontoise case—had mysteriously developed. It is difficult not to imagine that they had been brought there deliberately, not to guard anything, but to witness a very special phenomenon, and that it was their reactions to the forthcoming event that were being covertly tested.

Soon there were forty people in Rendlesham Forest. They had motion picture cameras, video cameras, and still-photography cameras. Larry Warren wondered why all that technology was being deployed just to document the luminous fog.

Over the radio he overheard someone ask, "Why are we here?"

Soon afterward a voice said, "Here it comes!"—and a UFO arrived from the north.

It was only a small red light, a mile or so out toward the North Sea coast. It moved so fast that Warren had trouble tracking it, and suddenly it was right there, hovering twenty feet or so above the ground, glowing red over the fog. Everybody stood up and looked at it.

A silent, controlled explosion took place, and when it was over, the red light had been replaced by a solid object. In the process the red light literally blew shards of light in slow motion.

The object was steady, shaped like an arrowhead with a red light on top and a bank of blue lights at the bottom.

The military units went into action. Two British policemen who had taken pictures had their cameras confiscated. A disaster preparedness team announced they were getting strong radiation readings. Base Commander Colonel Gordon Williams arrived on the scene and approached three life forms that had spilled out of a glowing light to the right. Were they part of an alien crew? Or were they part of a staged experiment?

Far from being surprised by the sudden appearance of an unidentified object over their base, the U.S. Air Force had clearly anticipated and prepared this encounter. A large number of military personnel from various backgrounds had been assembled to witness the event. Their weapons had been taken away from them. They were carefully placed at prearranged locations. Illuminated ground fog and various light effects had taken place prior to the observation of an actual object. Once the men had seen whatever they were supposed to see, they were pulled out and debriefed.

This is not what would happen if a real UFO did land. But it is exactly the sequence of actions one would expect if the reactions of the men to a prearranged stimulus were being tested.

BEYOND THE HALL OF MIRRORS

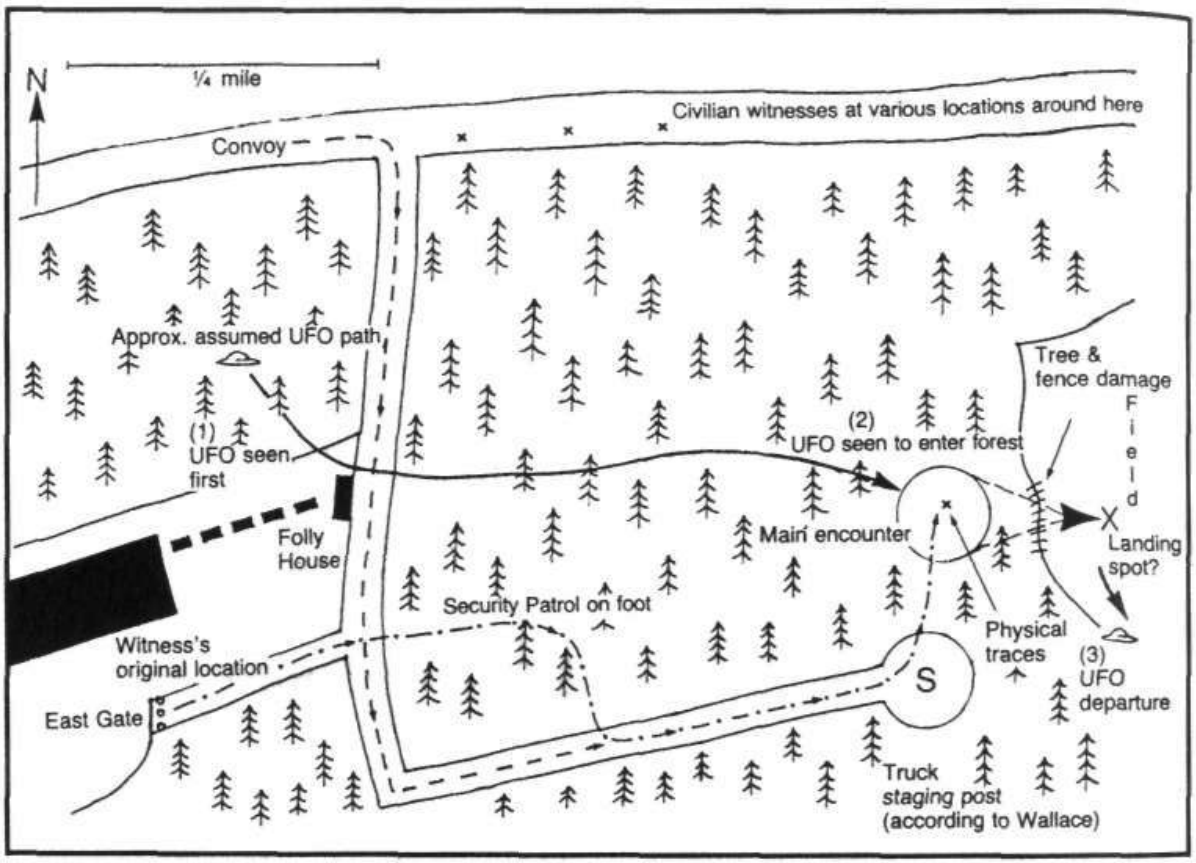
Two questions must be explored in the context of the Deception Theory. They apply equally well to Pontoise, to UMMO, and to Bentwaters. First, how could a small military intelligence unit simulate such complex UFO events? And second (and most importantly), why would they want to do it?

The first question is surprisingly easy to answer. There would not be a single trick, but a combination of technical devices used in such a sequence and in such a psychological context as to lead the observers—and if necessary, the public—to the unavoidable conclusion that a UFO had indeed been present.

Although such remotely-piloted vehicles would have been difficult to produce in the early Fifties, and therefore cannot explain the totality of the UFO phenomenon, they were already well-developed by the time of the Vietnam War and easily available during the period covered in the last three chapters. The devices in question can be equipped with mechanical, optical, and electronic devices that can be used in sequence or in combination to produce very spectacular UFO sightings.

The simplest such device is a model of a disk, two to four feet in diameter. We are not talking here about crude garbage-can covers equipped with hobby rockets, but exquisitely controlled systems carrying microprocessors and guided by radio. Miniature television cameras enable these gadgets to survey their surroundings and to transmit pictures. They can maneuver in and out of trees. The inventor of such a device, who developed it for a U.S. intelligence agency in the Sixties, has told me he could make it fly around a meeting room and out of a window. It produced no more sound than a whir.

Next in the list of mechanical devices are actual flying saucers of the type developed by Dr. Moller near Sacramento, California. These vehicles are highly maneuverable and develop sufficient thrust to carry one pilot with his equipment. They are being manufactured to serve as reconnaissance platforms in hostile terrain. Their diameter is on the



Bentwaters: Path followed by the object.

order of eight feet. Equipped with lights, they could be indistinguishable from actual saucers.

More ambitious UFO displays have been deployed, complete with light projectors, lasers, and sound effects, in support of various media extravaganzas such as the opening of the Los Angeles Olympic Games or the concerts of the Electric Light Orchestra. In such cases the UFO can be of arbitrary size and complexity since it does not have to carry its own means of propulsion. Instead, it is simply suspended from a flying crane, suitably screened from the observers by artificial fog.

Some of my associates and I have thought of other ways to fly and control *real* flying saucers which could be seen from the ground, photographed, and tracked on radar by perfectly sincere witnesses.

When such mechanical devices are combined with optical and electronic displays, the results can be even more astonishing. Perfection could be reached with devices that could *never* be proven to be fakes by scientists on the ground. It has long been realized that all it took was a powerful slide projector to expose unsuspecting crowds to celestial wonders, provided there was a cloud or fog bank dense enough to serve as a screen in the vicinity. Fog machines are easy to obtain from any movie studio equipment supplier. This method has actually been used in psychological warfare.

As early as World War I the German military actually used artificial smoke on which to project an image of the Virgin Mary, her arms outstretched in a gesture of peace. This was projected over the trenches in an attempt to confuse the French. (See the catalogue of Special Effects Services of TRI-ESS Sciences, Inc.)

The problem with slide projections is that they are flat. They may fool a casual witness, but any sophisticated observer will recognize them for what they are. The next step is a laser show in which what is projected is not a two-dimensional image, but an actual sculpture in midair, like the hologram of Princess Leia in *Star Wars.*

In all these situations it is useful to keep the observers confused by bright lights—which have the advantage of blinding those who might be tempted to look in the direction of the projector—as well as sounds, conflicting statements, and the suggestion that a paranormal phenomenon is in progress and that ordinary rules of logic are therefore suspended.

Knowing that the technical means for simulating UFO encounters are available, the remaining question is: why would the U.S. military use these methods?

Here again we find a variety of rational and logical answers. They have in common the question of personal belief of the percipient, so I will preface the explanation by posing a simple situation before the reader.

Suppose you are a guard assigned to secure part of the perimeter of a missile base. You know that an enemy might want to violate the perimeter in order to steal warheads, to procure nuclear material, to

obtain secret firing codes, or simply to test the defenses.

You suddenly see a helicopter flying low over the electrified fence in your direction. It has no running lights. What do you do? Presumably, you do your duty. You raise your machine gun and you start shooting.

Now let us suppose you are a devout Catholic. Drifting over the fence is not a threatening engine of war with its rotor blades, but a beautiful image of the Blessed Virgin smiling at you and throwing rose petals to the ground. What are you going to do now? I don't know many Catholics who would swing that machine gun and pull the trigger.

Let us go one step further. Presume that the object coming over the fence is neither a recognizable threat, nor an obvious religious entity like Our Lady, but a flying saucer surrounded with lights. Perhaps some alien creature can be seen through the glass dome. If you fire, you might start an interplanetary war. Most guards will hesitate before that situation and request further orders. The resulting delay, seconds or minutes of elapsed time, may be all that is necessary for the invaders to secure the base.

Farfetched? Yes. But antiterrorist exercises in which the attackers disguised their craft as a flying saucer have actually been run more than once, and such tests of base security probably explain a fair number of the UFO sightings around missile silos that are so often advanced as evidence by the amateur groups and cited by one television documentary after another as proof that extraterrestrials are surveying our strategic assets. In most cases the base that is under simulated attack is never given the actual explanation for what happened, precisely because the test would be worthless if the target knew about it.

I have received confirmation of the existence of such maneuvers from men who were trained in the penetration of nuclear plants and missile bases. But other reasons exist for the use of devices disguised as flying saucers in psychological warfare. One such reason is, very simply, the calibration of the judgment of the observers. In such a situation (where a real enemy might be tempted to use such a disguise), how would guards react? How would enlisted men, intelligence officers, pilots, policemen react? Would they still follow orders? What would the

public think? What means could be used to increase, or dispel, the confusion?

Last, but not least, the military might even use such devices to find out if its own scientists are capable of differentiating between real and simulated UFOs. Just in case real UFOs do exist . . .

The above items all relate to *tactical* reasons for the simulation of UFOs in an operational context, as may have been the case in Bentwaters. Beyond all this the upper echelon of the military in various countries may have a more important *strategic* objective. That objective could explain not only such local exercises as Pontoise, UMMO, and Bentwaters, but also the systematic disinformation games such as Majestic 12, the games of which people like agent Doty and UFO researcher Bill Moore were the willing conduits, and of which men like Dr. Bennewitz, John Lear, Bill Cooper, and Bill English may have been the victims.

Once we have entered this maze, there is no turning back. We can only go deeper into the darkness, accumulating new data with the uneasy knowledge that much of what we find is distorted and perhaps deliberately biased to confuse us into an irreversible belief in extraterrestrials. The only people who could clear up the confusion are the ufologists themselves. They are the ones with the data, who could notice and expose the glaring discrepancies between the *real* UFO phenomenon and the manufactured simulations. But the community of UFO research has some problems of its own.

COVER-UPS AND BLIND ALLEYS

The UFO shelf at your local bookstore today bends under the weight of books that claim to expose the cover-up of the phenomenon by the government. And well it should. There is no question that the Air Force has tried to push the whole business under the rug from the beginning. It has lied, ridiculed witnesses, and even denied before Congress that some of the most convincing cases had been reported by its own officers.

This is not just covering up—it is blatant perjury. One government research group, and possibly several, have been in operation since the Fifties.

In that context, anyone claiming to uncover the truth and to expose the cover-up finds a ready audience among UFO believers and the public at large.

But a very curious thing happens. Those who claim to bring us these amazing revelations are generally linked to the military or to the intelligence community themselves. What they are exposing is not the real secret group, but an outer layer of outright lies and deceptions that were meant to be exposed in the first place. Not only was John Lear a pilot for a CIA-controlled airline, and Bill Cooper a Naval Intelligence man, but Bill English served as an information analyst at a listening post north of London. Bill Moore has admitted that he was an informant for the Air Force—and possibly for other agencies as well—and his main contact, Richard Doty, was trained in disinformation and in psychological warfare.

By what magic trick did these men manage to convince so many sane UFO researchers, including some professional scientists, that there was a hangar full of flying saucers at Area 51 and a cave full of flesh-eating aliens under New Mexico? One would expect ufologists to be particularly suspicious of any unverifiable claim coming from such sources.

The answer is sadly simple. Most ufologists are incredibly naive when it comes to the methods of intelligence. Even the scientists among them have never taken the trouble to learn the basic rules by which classified information is controlled, used, and released. And when a real expose comes to light, they refuse to look at it, *unless it happens to match their preconceptions.*

In 1979 I published such a series of exposes in *Messengers of Deception*. I pointed out that UFO author Major Keyhoe, who had written such informative books as *The UFO Conspiracy* in the Fifties, and created the NICAP organization to expose the Silent Group and to force the release of UFO information, was actually under the control of a board of directors replete with psychological warfare experts linked

to the intelligence community. I asserted that other groups were under similar surveillance.

American UFO research was not willing to listen to such simple truth: the book was hastily rejected by the believers.

It took another ten years for the assertions it contained to be vindicated. As the full text of the 1953 Air Force panel—which gathered Louis Alvarez and other scientific luminaries—was finally understood, it became apparent that the real sponsor had been the CIA, and that one of the secret recommendations targeted the infiltration of the UFO groups.

The deeper lesson, however, has not yet been learned.

It has become a favorite game among ufologists to sue various government agencies under the Freedom of Information Act and to ponder the thousands of pages released through this process.

Many of the documents that have come to light in this way during the Eighties are papers that I remember having read in the Sixties as Dr. Hynek's associate. How did they find their way into classified files retrieved under the FOIA?

The answer, once again, is strikingly simple.

Twenty years ago I used to sit in Dr. Hynek's study in Evanston to read two-page telex messages sent to the Foreign Technology Division at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base. They would originate in such places as the control tower at Okinawa Air Force Base and would be directed to FTD and a bewildering series of other addressees that included CIA, NSA, JCS (Joint Chiefs of Staff), the White House, State Department, and a dozen other places.

At the very end of the dispatch would be the sighting itself: "Mrs. Brown has reported a strange light."

I would show the piece of paper to Hynek and I would ask him, "Allen, why on earth do the White House and the NSA need to know that Mrs. Brown has seen a light?"

He would laugh and explain to me that the Air Force could not leave it to some low-ranking telex operator to decide who should receive a particular piece of information. *Anything* that originated from the

control tower at Okinawa had to go to that list of addressees. The machine was programmed that way, and it was up to the addressees to decide if they wanted to use the message, file it, or throw it away.

Thirty years later some UFO group will sue the NSA under FOIA and, after much argument in court, it will uncover the amazing fact that Mrs. Brown once saw a light somewhere in Japan. By then, of course, the report will have acquired very special significance. It will glow in the aura of privileged information, extirpated from the bowels of our most secret agency. The sad reality is that the report, classified or not, is a piece of garbage.

Although I admire the patience of researchers of UFO history who are assembling the pieces of the official reaction to the phenomenon, I am constantly amazed at their naivete.

This childish attitude reaches a peak when it comes to the belief in crashed saucers and little aliens.

Most ufologists have become so frustrated after years of difficult research, not to mention the ridicule from friends, colleagues, and relatives, that they have a deeply rooted need for vindication. This need is so strong as to exceed even their stated respect for the truth and the basic standards of validation of elementary facts.

Thus the claims for the existence of MJ-12 have been immediately accepted by many otherwise sane researchers, and several good people I know have dropped everything to ponder the meaning of the anatomical details in some alien pictures that were simply constructed by computer in Hollywood for the Seligman *Cover-Up* documentary, also known as the *Strawberry Ice-Cream Show.*

The latest revelations of Lear, Cooper, or Lear's alleged informant, Robert Lazar, about flying saucers at Area 51 have become the major topic of debate at meetings of UFO researchers, while actual UFO sightings, which happen by the dozen every month, go on without anyone seriously studying them or even bothering to go look at the physical traces!

Someone is using the believers' eagerness to know the horrible truth about UFOs. Someone has manufactured a story of little aliens, just as someone has invented UMMO and exploited Pontoise. As we will see

in the third section of this book, the process continues to work, because it pushes some obvious psychological buttons.

Clever intelligence operations are structured with concentric layers, like an onion. The data we have already reviewed show that the top level of the onion *is* designed around the official assertion that there *is* no UFO phenomenon at all. This is the level most skeptics and most scientists have chosen to believe.

In my opinion the evidence is very strong that a genuine UFO phenomenon exists, but serious, dedicated, and aggressive research is required to peel away this first layer and to find the real facts.

The second layer is exemplified by MJ-12. It claims that there is a large conspiracy to hide the information, but that the government—the wise white father in the White House—knows the truth. In his kindness he does not tell us, presumably because he wants to protect his children.

I have shown that this notion was hard to believe. The UFO phenomenon is a major challenge to the entire edifice of our physics, and there is nothing the President can do about it. There may be a lot of buried data in Washington, there may be a large research project secretly trying to decipher it, but there is no secret truth! Again, data is not information. (Similarly, we have all the data in the world about cancer, but we still do not know precisely what mechanism causes it, or how to prevent it, in spite of the billions of dollars spent on research over the last half century.)

The third layer of the onion comes to us courtesy of Messrs. Lear and Cooper. It claims that the aliens are here and they rule the world.

Perhaps the third layer is ludicrous, but it works. The entire thrust of American UFO research has been destabilized by this drivel which would certainly not make it as science-fiction.

The inescapable conclusion is that the people who claim so vocally to *expose* the cover-up may be the ones who constitute the cover-up itself. Somebody is going to a lot of trouble to convince us of the reality of *extraterrestrials,* to the exclusion of other, possibly more important hypotheses about UFOs.

To get closer to the actual truth, as I try to do, we must patiently

continue to peel away the deeper layers of the onion. Even if the process occasionally brings tears to our eyes.

THE GULF BREEZE FIASCO

In the last three years an ominous trend has swept American ufology. It used to be that most of its members were motivated by sheer scientific curiosity. That was certainly my case, and I still hold stubbornly to the old-fashioned position that UFOs represent a genuine, unrecognized physical effect. I believe we could learn much from a good study. Many scientists disagree with this, arguing that the physical patterns are still unclear. *My answer is that it could not be otherwise, since the scientific work has never been done.* At several points during the Sixties and Seventies, Dr. Hynek and I thought it might be possible to get such research started under the proper standards, but the opportunity never materialized.

The new fact is that the motivation of American ufologists themselves has changed dramatically. *The field has been overrun by people who don't need to undertake any real research, because they already know all the answers.* Calling themselves scientists, although they have neither the credentials nor, more importantly, the skills and the discipline of science, these people have driven away those who still wanted to approach the problem with the real standards of science. To further their own pet fantasies, they have created an atmosphere of sensational exploitation of the witnesses, forcing their traumatic experiences into a particular interpretation of the abduction-contact syndrome.

This new trend has left the few struggling groups of U.S. amateurs intellectually bankrupt. The visible part of American ufology today involves crude methods of hypnotic regression aimed at uncovering what its proponents assume to be The Truth about alleged alien races that are invading us. The methods in question are worthless, and in my opinion, will eventually be exposed as such. In the meantime the untrained amateurs who play such games are hurting the people who have come to them in anguish and in pain. Many such self-appointed thera-

pists have no psychiatric training that would enable them to diagnose the real problems that may exist behind the stated symptoms these witnesses present. They do not know how to separate genuine witnesses of abductions from sincere but possibly deluded observers of unusual phenomena, or from victims of other sources of trauma such as child molestation or ritual crime. Even more significantly, they often distort what such genuine witnesses tell them, using the additional leverage that hypnosis gives them over impressionable patients, in order to fit the experience into a preconceived theory.

The self-styled scientists who are doing abduction research today are nothing more than neocultists who are busy exploiting the public's fear of the unknown. They fill the vacuum official science has left behind when it walked away from the study of the UFO phenomenon. In many cases they are the ones who induce trauma in the witnesses they pretend to be treating or studying.

This unfortunate trend toward sloppy research has left tragic casualties in the wake of a sensational UFO case in the Florida town of Gulf Breeze, where a local secret witness calling himself Mr. Ed produced a whole series of Polaroid shots of an extraordinary object. The pictures, according to the Washington-based Fund for UFO Research, were absolutely genuine. The group's director, Navy physicist Dr. Bruce Maccabee, said on several occasions that they "could not have been faked." The whole tale was hyped up by various amateur groups, notably the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON), and it was published in a lavishly-illustrated volume for which Mr. Ed reportedly obtained a six-figure advance. A television mini-series was planned.

In the ensuing months, unfortunately, the Gulf Breeze house of cards collapsed, taking with it much of the credibility still attached to the major UFO organizations in the United States. Mr. Ed, who turned out to be a local house builder named Ed Walters, had once hired a young man in his community to help him fake such Polaroid pictures. The young man had the courage to come forward and to confess publicly. A model of a flying saucer was found in the attic of Mr. Ed's former house. The physicist who had pronounced the photographs authentic was revealed to have received ten percent of the publisher's

advance in return for his endorsement. Abduction writer Budd Hopkins studied Mr. Ed and determined that—you guessed it—the Florida contractor had been abducted by little aliens who needed to learn about human emotions! Media reaction ranged from skepticism to outright laughter. Many veteran ufologists resigned from MUFON and went back into the ranks of what Dr. Hynek had once called the *invisible college.*

Skeptics like Philip Klass, who had a field day with these absurd claims, were elated when it was revealed that "pillar of the community," Mr. Ed, had had several brushes with the law in years past, a fact that his book failed to disclose. But the most curious chapter in the sleazy chronicles of Gulf Breeze was still to be written. It exploded suddenly in a very unexpected form. This time the U.S. intelligence community was right at the center of the controversy.

FREE THE GULF BREEZE SIX!

It is on July 9, 1990, three weeks before the invasion of Kuwait by Saddam Hussein, that six U.S. Army Intelligence specialists deserted their posts in Augsburg, Germany. Presumably such mass desertion did not go unnoticed at the 701st Military Intelligence Brigade, where their mission had been the analysis of foreign communications. Yet incredibly, the six soldiers were not caught until Saturday, July 14, when a Gulf Breeze policeman stopped a van that had a broken taillight. What were they doing in the little Florida town that had become the UFO mecca of the United States? A soldier who had no driver's license was at the wheel of the van. He reportedly begged the cop not to run his identity through his computer. "You will be signing my death warrant," he insisted.

Naturally, the policeman did what he was supposed to do: he checked the fellow's name, arrested the soldier for being absent without leave, and called the Army. He was in for a surprise when he got back to the station: a higher authority took over the case at once and instructed the Gulf Breeze police to hold the young man, but not to interrogate him!

In the following days four of the other five soldiers were picked up at the home of a local psychic named Anna Foster, who worked at a Gulf Breeze New Age bookstore. She had attended the recent MUFON convention, held in nearby Pensacola and devoted almost entirely to the Gulf Breeze case. According to veteran ufologist James Moseley, who lives in Key West, this woman may have been the source of the soldiers' interest in the conspiracy-oriented material disseminated by Bill Cooper. His latest report described a government cover-up of alien visits to earth, and it discussed essentially the same extraordinary themes that Cooper himself had enumerated to me when we had dined together aboard the *Queen Mary.*

The sixth soldier, a Connecticut woman named Annette F. Eccleston, was found camping by herself on a local beach.

There was more, as a few newspapers would soon report. (See, for instance, the *San Jose Mercury* of July 19, 1990, the *Seattle Times* of the same day, or the *Oakland Tribune* of August 12, which quoted the *Los Angeles Times.* By mid-August, however, press coverage of the events mysteriously stopped.)

The six soldiers were quickly moved back behind the fence at Fort Benning, Georgia, where they were interrogated by Army Intelligence, CIA, and NSA. They had left their posts, it now appeared, in the burning belief that Armageddon was imminent, that the rapture prophesied by weird Christian fundamentalist sects was just around the corner, and that they had been designated to greet alien spaceships marking the return of Jesus Christ. A note to that effect was reportedly found in their quarters in Germany, together with biblical references and mention of a cult called the End of the World. The group's leader appears to have been Kenneth G. Beason, twenty-six, of Middlesboro, Kentucky. One of his civilian friends, Stan Johnson, a photographer who lives in Bylee, Tennessee, told newspaper reporters that a few years before, Beason had asked him to take pictures of spaceship models. On July 7, 1990, Johnson picked up Beason and another soldier—Michael J. Hueckstaedt, nineteen, of Farson, Wyoming—at the Knoxville airport. He helped them buy the used 1971 Volkswagen van in which they were eventually arrested. They used it to drive first to Chattanooga,

where they had a rendezvous with the rest of the group, then to Gulf Breeze, where they arrived on August 6. One of the objectives of their trip to Gulf Breeze was to find the Antichrist and kill him.

Were they looking for Ed Walters?

From Gulf Breeze the story goes that they intended to drive straight to New Mexico, although this version is almost certainly incorrect. I have heard other versions of their plans that hint at an even more elaborate mission.

Beason told Johnson that war was about to erupt in the Middle East and that a shake-up of the U.S. military would soon take place. He knew it, he said, through psychic messages received by Vance A. Davis, twenty-five, of Wichita, Kansas, who was one of the men arrested with them. The other two deserters in the group were William N. Setterberg, twenty, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Kris P. Perlock, twenty, of Hudson, Wisconsin.

From Fort Benning the six deserters were quickly transferred to Fort Knox, and a remarkable series of events was set into motion. The Army simply cleared them in a routine espionage investigation, issued them general discharges, and turned them loose! Now their friend Anna Foster refuses to talk to anyone, and the newspapers, including supermarket tabloids that might have been expected to display the whole story under screaming headlines, have mysteriously lost all interest in the case.

The curious ufologist, at this point, has the right to ask a few disturbing questions. For instance, how on earth did these soldiers know nearly one month in advance that war was about to erupt in the Middle East? What motivated the incredible leniency of the Army when it simply discharged six intelligence communications specialists who had been missing for a whole week? And how did these soldiers manage to elude the FBI and the Army for so long? How did they get back into the United States without being picked up by immigration officers, who surely must have had their names prominently highlighted on their computer lists at every port of entry?

The whole saga reeks of collusion and manipulation at a high level. And the manipulation must have been engineered by someone exqui-

sitely familiar with the UFO scene, someone who exploited the soldiers' expectation of a massive UFO event in Gulf Breeze.

I have found only tentative answers to some of the above questions. For instance, it turns out that there are ways for U.S. soldiers stationed in Europe to get into the United States without having to show a passport to anyone. That does not explain how they got off the hook so easily once they were caught.

Here again, James Moseley may have hit on the truth when he made public the fact that the local Florida media had received a very strange teletype communication on July 25th, which read:

us ARMY
FREE THE GULF BREEZE SIX.
WE HAVE THE MISSING FILES, THE
BOX OF 500 + PHOTOS AND
THE PLANS YOU WANT BACK.

The message—which went on with a threat to release unspecified UFO photographs—ended with:

ANSWER CODE AUGSBB3CM

The six soldiers were turned loose three days later. The existence of the strange message raises an interesting possibility. Could it be that the deserters did not simply hold top secret clearances, but were also cleared for Crypto, giving them access to critical, encoded security material? Was the alphanumeric code in the signature a hint of an actual cypher, demonstrating the identity or the level of access of the sender?

This brings us back to the alleged psychic messages supposedly received by Vance Davis. Is it plausible that six smart soldiers—they may have been deluded, but they certainly demonstrated that they were not stupid—would have taken such a radical step as desertion purely on the basis of telepathic impressions? Is it not more likely that the messages about Armageddon and the salvation by UFOs came to them through the same secure channel they were using in their work, a channel which,

by definition, would be above suspicion of tampering? Should we conclude that U.S. military communications channels may have been compromised by one or more cults with extreme beliefs and with the willingness to exploit the naivete of the ufologists to further their own goals? Such an action would certainly throw a new light on everything we have said earlier in this book about UMMO and about other attempts to create and manage high-demand groups based on the belief in alien abduction.

If the reader follows my line of reasoning to this point, then he is led to a final question: who could have the bizarre motivation and the highly compartmented knowledge to access an encrypted network and to target these six soldiers to send them on such an absurd mission? Was it an exercise of the same genre as Pontoise and Bentwaters, a project that played games with the gullibility of the believers in order to test the feasibility of deception within a vital element of the armed forces? And is the American public the ultimate target of that deception?

After their release, three of the soldiers went straight back to Gulf Breeze. In a relaxed, casual interview they told a television reporter that they had never been interested in the rapture or the Antichrist. Everything was just a big misunderstanding. They had merely decided to come and visit a friend!

Of course, if you are ready to believe that Mr. Ed was actually abducted by little gray aliens, then you might as well believe that six intelligence specialists will go AWOL just to go see a friend across the ocean. Perhaps they were simply homesick? But the tough questions cannot be swept under the rug. Why isn't anyone telling the truth? And why doesn't the Army reveal what was written on the precious computer disk the soldiers were carrying with them when they were arrested in Gulf Breeze?

Along the shore the cloud waves break,
The twin suns sink behind the lake,
The shadows lengthen
In Carcosa

CASSILDA'S SONG IN
THE KING IN YELLOW
ACT 1, SCENE 2

Part Three

THE COBWEB CORRELATION

Ivan Sanderson, who was a well-known naturalist and author, has written about the pursuit of ufology that it is "a truly funny business." He continues:

> It cannot be all bunkum: yet some of its implications are so bizarre as to be almost beyond comprehension.

We are indeed reaching the outer limits of the bizarre in this book, yet we still have much material to cover. It is not enough, as we shall see, to dismiss Pontoise as an isolated government test and UMMO as a localized social experiment in cultism; it is not enough to laugh at

Hangar 18 and to expose Majestic 12 as a cheap hoax, because there is much more.

Not only is there an amazing willingness in the human mind to invest credence and faith in unproven facts, but there is more evil, more readiness than ever on the part of various sophisticated groups, to use this human weakness as a tool in controlling others.

Someone who worked for the public relations branch of the Air Force dangled the carrot of extraterrestrial proof before Emenegger in 1974. The same carrot was dangled before reporter Linda Howe. Curiously, the man who offered this opportunity to her worked for the same branch of the Air Force and was closely associated with Bill Moore, a UFO researcher who has stated that he had been recruited by Air Force Intelligence as an informer. The same game was played for Hynek and for me in 1985.

The result of Linda Howe's acceptance of the bait was the sinking of her UFO documentary. Her serious work on such topics as cattle mutilations was also partially and unjustly discredited. And Doty's so-called proof—the Majestic 12 revelation—spliced into the credulous channel of UFO believers by Bill Moore who had previously established his credentials by publishing (under Charles Berlitz's auspices as co-author) a book about the Roswell mystery that claimed it proved extraterrestrial intervention.

It is very curious to find that a similar scenario unfolded in England at the same time. Researcher Jenny Randies told me that she was discreetly approached to leak out certain revelations about the alleged alien presence on earth. Like Allen Hynek and me, she refused to do it unless she could check the facts and identify the source. As a result, she was dropped and another channel was found—the much less demanding Timothy Good, who rushed into print with the information in a book entitled *Beyond Top Secret,* which supported the Majestic 12 deception without any critical analysis, claiming that the governments of several nations were now cooperating with the aliens.

Another step in the effort to confuse the public and to destabilize serious research into UFOs was taken when John Lear came into contact with the claims of Paul Bennewitz. I have explained how this

scientist had been persuaded by Bill Moore—acting, as he has now disclosed, under orders of the Air Force Office of Special Investigations—that the aliens routinely abducted human beings. He believed the extraterrestrials took them to an underground facility in Dulce where they suffered various indignities. Bill Cooper and Bill English volunteered their own recollections of alleged secret documents that supported this thesis. I am not questioning the good faith of their testimony. The documents in question may have been nothing more than fabrications designed by their superiors to test their abilities to screen disinformation; both of them had clerical functions in an intelligence organization at the time. It would have only been natural to test their degree of gullibility and their analytical skill by thrusting under their noses a document that mixed some elements of reality with some preposterous claims, as any good piece of disinformation art would. If that was the case, they certainly did not pass the test. Bill English, in fact, was dismissed from his intelligence job shortly after the incident, a dismissal that is now offered by the believers as further proof that the information was genuine!

It is as if a hundred spiders had been weaving a web out of human folly, a web in which the minds of many students of the mystery became ensnared and glued.

Once we recognize the existence of this cobweb correlation among the various delusions that hide the real mystery of UFOs, we can tear it apart and scatter away all the ugly insects that have been busy weaving it in the darkness. Frivolous or important as it might be, there must have been a motive behind the hoaxes and the simulations I have tried to expose in this book. Only by better understanding this motive can we go on, as good detectives should, toward a solution of our problem.

7

Death of an Astronomer

In detective work one always looks for patterns and similarities, for other cases in which the modus operandi of the perpetrators or the circumstances of their deeds resemble those of the mystery at hand. This technique should be applied to the Majestic 12 quagmire. Indeed, similarities abound and they are worthy of a closer look.

On April 20, 1959, astronomer and writer Morris K. Jessup was found dying in his station wagon in a Dade County public park. He had asphyxiated himself by connecting a hose to the exhaust pipe of his car and passing it through a window. Medical personnel were unable to revive him.

Jessup had written several interesting books on the flying saucer phenomenon, notably a clear exposition of the whole problem entitled *The Case for the UFO.* Jessup was led to believe in a fantastic conspiracy involving government cover-ups, advanced physical experiments, a mysterious correspondent named Carlos Allende whom he never met, and at least two races of extraterrestrials—the LMs, who were friendly to earthlings; and the SMs, who were hostile.

I believe it is important to take a new look at the Allende mystery of the late Fifties because it involves an eerie parallel with the Majestic 12 hoax, with the beliefs of Dr. Bennewitz and with the frightening delusions about Short Grays and other entities propagated today by men like John Lear, Bill Cooper, Bill English, and their followers.

I have never published what I knew of the Allende case; my own correspondence with the man who exerted such a destructive influence on Jessup has remained buried in my files for the last twenty years. It was when I decided to try and understand who had manufactured the MJ-12 business that I became aware that this fabrication was only the latest in a series of devastating hoaxes that had claimed the sanity or even the lives of other well-intentioned explorers of the phenomenon.

THE VARO EDITION

Born in 1900 on an Indiana farm, Morris Jessup studied astronomy at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, where he served as Instructor in Astronomy and later as a member of the university's 1926 expedition to Mexico. It was in the mid-Fifties that he became seriously interested in flying saucers, publishing his book *The Case for the UFO* in 1955. Here was a scientist with a good background in astronomy and archeology who was starting independent research about the phenomenon. Was he too unbalanced to pursue his investigations along a rational line? Or did someone have an interest in leading him astray? In any event, a copy of *The Case for the UFO* was sent anonymously to the Chief of the Office of Naval Research (ONR) in Washington in late July 1955. Posted in Seminole, Texas, the paperback book was heavily annotated by three different writers, or more likely, a single writer using three different color pens. The annotations implied that the writers knew everything about UFOs, including where they came from and the secret of their propulsion!

At ONR the book caught the interest of Major Darrell Ritter, who brought it to the attention of Captain Sidney Sherby and Commander

George Hoover, who was Special Projects Officer. In 1957 Jessup was called to Washington to discuss the matter with them.

When he saw the annotations, Morris Jessup was amazed at the variety and apparent familiarity with UFOs they displayed. They were filled with odd, scientific-sounding expressions like home ship, measure markers, vortices, and magnetic nets. And the Navy officers were obviously fascinated with the whole thing.

One passage in the annotations referred to a secret Navy experiment that had taken place in 1943, an experiment in which a ship was allegedly made to disappear! That was a remarkable coincidence. Jessup had seen such statements in other documents, namely a series of letters he had been receiving since the fall of 1955 from a man named Carl M. Allen or Carlos Miguel Allende, who wrote to him from Gainesville, Texas. Mr. Allen, or Allende, claimed to have witnessed the experiment in question.

Cooperating with the Navy's request, Jessup showed the letters to Commander Hoover. It is apparently at the instigation of Hoover and Sherby that the Varo Manufacturing Company of Garland, Texas, a high-tech firm heavily involved in military research, privately reprinted the annotated text of Jessup's book, with an introduction that contained several of Allende's letters. Allegedly, 127 copies were produced.

When I became involved in American UFO research in the early Sixties, this Varo edition was regarded among collectors and amateurs as a treasure of the greatest rarity. Those who owned a copy kept it under lock and key as a librarian might keep an original Gutenberg Bible! The Varo document played the same role for UFO buffs in the Sixties as the MJ-12 documents and the Dulce papers played in the Eighties: it was supposed to contain the absolute final truth about the nature of flying saucers, their pilots, and even the secret of gravity. And it seemed to confirm the fact that there were high-level government scientists who were deeply involved in UFO research.

The Allende revelations, complex and murky as they were, represented a horrifying mystery to Morris Jessup. This bizarre correspondence soon became an obsession for him. In connection with a car accident and marital difficulties that plagued him at the time, the letters

drove the disturbed astronomer into even deeper emotional turmoil. Yet all attempts by him and by the Navy to locate Carlos Allende failed.

Jessup was described by his friend, Dr. Ivan Sanderson, as "an ebullient enthusiast . . . almost too enthusiastic and confident of his theories," who seemed to "suddenly doubt everything" after corresponding with Allende. Late in 1958 Jessup had dinner with Sanderson in New York, turned over much of his material to him for safekeeping "in case anything should happen to me," and made several comments indicating his deep state of distress. He went back to Florida, where he eventually took his own life.

DID THE USS *ELDRIDGE* DISAPPEAR?

The single element that may have attracted the interest of the Navy researchers in the whole affair was probably the description given by the enigmatic Carlos Allende of a massive experiment to make a ship, the USS *Eldridge* (DE 173), vanish from the Philadelphia Navy Yard through a series of magnetic manipulations—an episode that still exerts considerable fascination on audiences across the country. Capitalizing on this fascination, two writers published a book about the incident in 1979, concluding:

> It is intriguing to conceive the possibility that an experiment sponsored by the U.S. Navy may have accidentally managed to pass through a doorway into another world. *(The Philadelphia Experiment,* Grosset & Dunlap, p. 160.)

What was it about the Allende revelations that drove them to such extraordinary conclusions? And why did these writers leave their readers with the impression that the ship had effectively been translated into another realm—possibly even meeting UFO entities during this trip—when other, more mundane explanations were staring them in the face?

I went back to my own correspondence with Carl Allen to find the answer. He had written to me for the first time on June 28, 1967,

following the paperback publication of *Anatomy of a Phenomenon.* There is a pattern here: Allende had waited until *The Case for the UFO* came out in an inexpensive mass edition to contact Morris Jessup. Mr. Allen is simply not the sort of person who buys UFO books in hard-cover!

In his first postcard—a night view of "the beautiful Sanger Harris Department Store in Dallas, Texas"—he informed me that for the mere sum of $750 I could purchase his instructions on "how to build your own flying saucer." He also wrote that his deductions, research, and other papers accumulated over the last nineteen years "have arrived safely into the USA from old Mexico with me."

Oddly enough, although the card was posted from Dallas, Carl Allen gave a return address in Minneapolis. The style was identical to that of the letters to Jessup, down to the bizarre underlinings and the emphasized passages in bold capital letters.

We corresponded during 1967 and 1968, and I accumulated many pages in Allen's clear, closely-spaced handwriting, including one astounding letter of fifteen pages about the Navy's experiments and their implications for Einstein's physics. He had observed a destroyer escort that was heavily instrumented; a field was created, and something like an explosion took place. Several men suffered long-term injuries as a result.

In one of his first letters—he wrote to me from Monterrey, Mexico, in October 1967—Allende described to me his observations of the Philadelphia Experiment and its medical impact:

> After this tremendous explosion my hair came out in bunches in my comb and I observed same result in other *Deck* -crew members . . .

He also offered to sell me "the long suppressed annottated [sic] version of Proffessor [sic] Morris K. Jessup's book" with the annotations printed in red ink. "The book has been continually marked on since and now contains a wealth of information and corroboration not available to any other person in these United States . . . the book is truly *the only* copy

left and is said to be 'the book that killed Einstein' (so hard was its psychological blow on the good & gentle Einstein)."

Carlos Allende, who showed himself as a persistent promoter, reduced the price of this valuable document from his initial demand of $6000 to a paltry $1950, representing fifty dollars for every month of research: "I need the money for an operation in cardiac area." The letter closed with the revelation that the Gypsies were related to UFO landings in Assyrian times.

Over the next few months Carlos Allende and I played a hide-and-seek game with each other, as he tried every trick to sell me his valuable document. I wrote to him that I could not consider paying very much for a copy of Jessup's book, annotated or not:

> Although he did much pioneering work in gathering reliable UFO observations, his hypothesis that the source of the UFOs is the neutral point of the system Sun-Earth-Moon appears quite worthless to me.

I invited Allende to tell me what it was Jessup actually meant. My mysterious correspondent answered, not without humor:

> Having returned to America and secured a pair of reading glasses, I now am able to see, better, your ENTIRE message herein. Proff. Morris K. Jessup spoke an East Coast dialect of English as do, also, I myself. *"The MOON"* in the general East Coast dialect *means* "ANYWHERE," "NOWHERE" and *"The NEUTRAL"* is pretty well "IN THE MIDDLE" ... So in translation it very strongly seems that Proff. Jessup was attempting a sly bit of a joke *because* the translation comes out—UFOs come from *"the MIDDLE OF NOWHERE"* ... in short, our quixotic and highly inventive and imaginative proffessor [sic] ... is saying (it seems) *"I DON'T KNOW FROM WHENCE COME THE UFO's.*"

This attempt to convince me that Jessup had employed "a sly and left-handed bit of jocularly inclined phrasing" showed Allende to be

something of a philologist and joker himself, a man who was quite capable of twisting words to derive a personal benefit from his ability to convince or intrigue others.

I felt I was corresponding with a con man, and I nearly dismissed the whole thing, but in his very next letter Carl Allen became quite specific. He told me I must find out as much as possible about a ship called the SS *Maylay* and its voyage of late May and early June of 1947, during which, according to Allende, "it was nearly capsized by a kilotomic [sic] explosion ... it is the only ship to have survived the explosion of a UFO. It is the only ship to have had holes (tiny ones) burnt through its metal plates by a UFO of about 1600 feet diameter ... It was covered, next day, by the so-called *Angel Hair.* I ought to know, I was a crew member, steering the ship at the time."

When the Coast Guard was consulted in an attempt to locate records about the *Maylay* it found no trace of such a merchant ship in a 1968 listing. The Marine Documents Branch referred us to the Bureau of Customs in New York, where our search died for lack of information. If any of my readers has additional data about the ship and its whereabouts during the indicated period, I would be most interested in hearing it.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PHILADELPHIA EXPERIMENT

In his longest and most interesting letter, which he began in Colonia Roma, Mexico, and mailed from Minneapolis, Carlos Allende wrote that he still wanted to sell his book to a scientist, but never to a "nonphysical scientist."

He reiterated the statement that he had witnessed a tremendous experiment in force-field physics directed by Albert Einstein in person:

> I watched it, saw it, observed its birth, growth, action and reaction upon the vehicle to which the super-field was being applied; I *smelted* it, and as smell is part of the taste bud system, my mouth

tasted the ozone odor of it and my ears heard the sizzing-hum [sic] of its surrounding electrical envelope.

The experiment, he said, took place in the last few days of October 1943 and the first week of November 1943.

That period in the history of the Navy indeed marked a turning point in the application of science to the art of war. Pioneers in operations research like Von Neuman were working on the optimization of the size and frequency of convoys across the Atlantic. It had become critical to supply British and American forces in Europe and Africa while avoiding the deadly German submarines. And a new device—radar—was being placed in operation to detect planes and ships even at night and in fog.

As I have stated publicly many times over the last fifteen years or so, I consider it very likely that Carl Allen did witness an actual Navy experiment that attempted to make a ship invisible . . . to radar!

In their book about the Philadelphia Experiment, the authors do mention such a possibility, even quoting a mysterious Navy commander to the effect that "I heard they did some testing . . . with regard to the effects of a strong magnetic field on radar detection apparatus." Yet they turn away from its obvious implications.

Citing strange "tips," curious "rumors," and amazing "coincidences," they launch into a jumble of UFO reports and strange alien entities. A Canadian man named Robert Suffern was said to have had a close encounter on October 7, 1975, in the course of which he saw a landed saucer and a four-foot-tall humanoid. According to a Canadian ufologist, he was later visited by three military men, including one from U.S. Naval Intelligence, who revealed to him that they had made contact with aliens as early as 1943, presumably during the Philadelphia Experiment, and that they now cooperated with them!

Having thus succeeded in escalating the mystery of a radar camouflage test into an interplanetary sensation, the authors of the book suggest that "if a vessel could be projected into another space or energy continuum through mistake or design, it might also be possible that its occupants could encounter entities on the other side." They have taken

a perfectly explainable, albeit classified experiment, and turned it into a platform for speculation about aliens among us and secret pacts between them and the U.S. government.

Who were the authors of this interesting piece of deliberate confusion published ten years ago under the title *The Philadelphia Experiment?* None other than Charles Berlitz and William Moore, the two men who would again collaborate a few years later in a similar work of disinformation, the work that gave UFO research a sinister "spin" into the realm of alien bases and secret autopsies, a book called *The Roswell Incident.*

Note the contradictions here. If the Navy had contacted live aliens in Philadelphia in 1943, why would the Roswell crash of four years later come as such a surprise? And why should Moore consider it as the first instance when the U.S. military was faced with the alleged humanoids?

The story makes no sense, just as it makes no sense that none of the alleged witnesses of the Roswell crash has ever mentioned *smell* in connection with the little corpses. Just as it makes no sense that communication with the alleged extraterrestrial aliens should have been established so easily and almost, one might say, so *casually* that the USA could have entered into a technological pact with them. . . .

What we have here is another exercise in misdirection and in the promotion of an absurd belief system. Physical events of undeniable reality—like the Roswell crash and the Philadelphia radar test—are used as convenient points of entry to splice a manufactured story into the mind of an unsuspecting public. Few people will stop to consider the contradictions, to question the motives.

There is nothing in my own correspondence with Carlos Allende to suggest that the experiments were anything but a radar shielding test, nothing to suggest that it had anything to do with UFOs, or that aliens were seen.

About 1983 Carlos Allende showed up in Boulder. My friend Linda Strand, a science writer, managed to interview him and even took his picture.

Her recollection of the man she met that day at a student hangout called Herbie's Deli is of an odd character who made off-the-wall state-

ments like "all the people I tell this to meet with untimely ends. In two years you'll be dead as a doornail."

He scribbled some marginal notes in her copy of *The Philadelphia Experiment* before disappearing again, as drifters and bums are wont to do. But he offered *no new* explanation of what he had *seen.*

Somebody used the Philadelphia Experiment, and the Roswell incident, to promote an absurd, yet seductive and powerful myth: extraterrestrial aliens had landed on earth and were cooperating with our governments.

The hoax of Majestic 12 had its roots in the distortion of the facts in Philadelphia, which played a role in the despair and eventually the death of Jessup. The net result in both cases has been to steer researchers away from genuine UFO reports. And the process continues today. After forty years of accumulating observations, rich with physical and psychological data, the world is still waiting for the first objective study, for the first unbiased examination of the evidence.

8

The Mystery Lingers

There is a genuine, serious, complex mystery behind the growing number of UFO observations witnesses have, made all over the world. I believe it is an opportunity to do good research, to expand the frontiers of our knowledge. In many close encounters and abduction reports witnesses are exposed to contact with a form of consciousness that modern science simply does not yet understand.

Mysteries that linger without solution for such a long time are a powerful irritant for the mind; they tend to trigger wild speculation. When the very existence of the enigma is flatly denied by arrogant scientists who have not even taken the time to look at the data, when the government destroys or covers up the fact that its own employees have actually witnessed some of the best-documented sightings, it is natural for speculation to turn into paranoia, and for research to become derailed by fantastic delusions.

It is at this point that the very people who could help us in our investigations, namely the UFO researchers themselves, become caught

up in their own need to believe in the most bizarre theories, for which not a shred of real proof exists.

Most delusionary revelations are easily dismissed at the cost of a little rational thinking and cool, detached analysis. But what do you do when something is suddenly presented in front of you that just happens to *validate* what you regarded as the wildest, most exotic and unbelievable fantasy? Would you dismiss an official document, once stamped TOP SECRET, and declassified only under pressure from independent researchers? Would you dismiss a story that is supported by excellent, detailed photographs? Such validation—or the appearance of validation—is what has driven many rational investigators into a state where they are now ready to believe the most absurd nonsense.

A VISIT TO THE PLEIADES

In the category of absurd nonsense it is hard to improve on the celebrated case of Eduard "Billy" Meier in Switzerland, which has been turned into a media sensation by a well-organized, well-financed promotion campaign in the United States. A book with lavish color illustrations was even edited and published by a retired U.S. Air Force officer, Colonel Wendelle Stevens, and it has become a classic in the New Age landscape. It has seduced many intelligent researchers of the paranormal.

The story of Billy Meier is so well-known that we will merely summarize it here. As a young man this Swiss farmer had a number of extraordinary experiences with various entities, especially a lady named Semjase who claimed to be from outer space, and more specifically, from ERRA, a planet in the Pleiades. Meier has taken many color photographs of Pleiadian spaceships hovering dramatically over green Swiss pastures.

When I met Colonel Stevens at his house in Tucson, he had just come back from a trip to Switzerland and was raving about the quality of the sharp photographs taken by Meier.

"An expert from Hollywood has told me that these pictures could not be faked for a million dollars," he said enthusiastically.

The notion was patently absurd. For much less than a million dollars one could easily build an object that would look like a flying saucer and would hover in appropriate fashion long enough for someone to take photographs of it. I have long been amazed by the fact that no one has actually produced the ultimate hoax, in the form of an *actual* photograph of such an *actual* flying saucer. Every scientist in the world could study such a photograph and it would pass all the tests. So why do we always end up with very dubious evidence like Billy Meier's objects and the curiously lighted things photographed by Mr. Ed over his backyard in Gulf Breeze?

The Meier photographs, when they are analyzed, are consistent with the behavior of small models suspended from strings, using essentially the same crude technology as the UMMO hoax. This has not seemed relevant to the thousands of believers who have turned Billy Meier into a New Age guru and who have visited him in Switzerland to seek his wisdom.

' When I discussed the various aspects of Pleiadian science, sociology, and philosophy with Wendelle Stevens I learned that the citizens of ERRA live under a very strict, militaristic organization ruled by definite moral standards: compared with their rigid code, Victorian England was a hotbed of permissiveness.

"There is no sex outside marriage in their society," Colonel Stevens volunteered.

"What happens to people who do it?" I asked in what I thought was logical fashion.

"They are severely punished," was the answer. "The verdict is exile. The men are sent away to a planet where there are only men, and the women to a planet where there are only women."

"We already have something like that in San Francisco," I could not resist pointing out. But Colonel Stevens did not think that was funny, and I had the feeling there wasn't much humor allowed in the august presence of the Pleiadians.

A more detailed look at the life of Billy Meier shows a far more

complex personality than a simple country boy who had some unusual experiences in his pasture, as his followers would like us *to* believe.

This strange man got entangled with the law at an early age, spent some time in jail, ran away to France, joined the Foreign Legion, escaped from the Legion in Africa, was a soldier of fortune, a sailor, a race car driver in Turkey; he lost an arm in a bus accident somewhere in the Middle East, found himself on a Greek island, where he fell in love and came back to Switzerland with his bride, only to find that entire fleets of Pleiadian spaceships were hovering regularly over his pasture: not exactly what you'd expect from the average Swiss farmer. It would be very naive indeed to take the whole story at face value. But that is exactly what many New Age believers are now doing.

In the fall of 1989 my wife Janine and I traveled to the place where Billy Meier lived in the hills above Zurich. It was raining, and the fat, green grass had a luscious tone under the gray sky, the tone that Billy's pictures had indeed admirably captured.

We had no illusions of actually meeting the great guru. Meier, we had been told, rarely came out of his poor retreat except to meet television crews. Indeed, the guest book we were presented with was covered with laudatory comments from media reporters who had come from the four corners of the world—many of them from Japan.

What we did find was evidence that Billy Meier was far from a poor farmer. He was well cared for, at the center of a well-run organization that had its own land, a large and comfortable house, dozens of eager disciples tending the grounds, and its own dark blue flag of Semjase. There was even a satellite dish to catch the television shows from America, where the organization now has several centers for the dissemination of Pleiadian learning.

We were very far indeed from the image of a humble laborer toiling away from sunup to sundown to feed his family. Billy Meier, who says he is no longer in regular physical contact with the Pleiadians, has been turned into a media celebrity with an array of disciples who screen visitors and a retinue of people who disseminate a kind of knowledge that tolerates neither doubt nor the most basic questioning.

As for the Pleiades, the cluster of bright blue stars in the winter sky,

the reason they are so bright is that they are very young stars whose energy radiates in the ultraviolet and violet parts of the spectrum, a form of energy that would be very destructive to any life form trying to evolve on ERRA.

Perhaps it is to protect her skin from such intensely destructive rays that the beautiful Semjase, who is four hundred years old, has to come to earth regularly to buy cosmetics, as Wendelle Stevens confided to me that evening in Tucson.

Isn't it curious that all these extraterrestrial worlds have names with a similar structure of four characters: AFFA, UMMO, ERRA, two vowels separated by a repeated consonant? Will we soon receive visitors from OBBA, ELLU, and INNO? Or does this childish denomination simply reflect the mental level of the people who come up with such tales, and those who blindly swallow them? Obviously, the believers have found in the photographs, and in the muddled mythology that surrounds them, the personal validation they sought in their own lives.

FLAWED LOGIC

The history of the UFO phenomenon is replete with so-called validations of the kind presented by Meier and Stevens, and it takes more than a rational brain to resist their temptation. It takes a very critical balance between open-minded acceptance of new facts—an attitude without which there would be no progress in science—and a refusal to be swayed by *any* authority or faith. And it takes training in that elusive discipline: *being able to distinguish clearly between that which is real and that which we would like to be real.*

In my professional work with high-technology companies, I have seen many otherwise good scientists and good businessmen among my colleagues fail because of that last weakness, and I have fallen into that trap myself once or twice. Unless you deliberately seek out people with critical minds able to debate a particular belief or fact with you, it is very easy to miss some important facts.

Sometimes the best recipe for sanity is to turn away from your friends

and to seek out your own critics, even your opponents, to listen calmly to what they say, and to reconsider your own facts and beliefs based on everything you have heard. That is tough medicine to swallow for the kind of ego-driven people who make it to the higher ranks of science, technology, and business: they tend to stay within the very narrow circle of associates and colleagues, constantly reinforcing, rather than questioning, each other's prejudices. Such biases are exacerbated when the topic is classified because the data can only be shared within tiny groups of initiates. This explains the high failure rates of many secret technology projects. In the domain of UFO research, where even the most basic facts are subject to critical reappraisal, it is not surprising that delusion should be rampant. And the opportunity for intelligent debate is sorely lacking because every group of believers has its own narrow parochial view of the phenomenon and simply lashes out at the mere suggestion of any alternative view. The appearance of validation is seized upon and accepted as proof for the wildest theories, *because the facts are often so fantastic that it is easier to accept the theory than to check the data.*

Another good example of this process is given by an extraordinary episode my French friends refer to as the Teesdale Inheritance. It shows that freewheeling fantasy is not limited to one-armed Swiss farmers, to Florida contractors, or to the high-tech pundits of Area 51.

THE TEESDALE INHERITANCE

It began like a detective story, with a curious advertisement in the Parisian magazine *Nouvel Observateur* for the week of March 11-17, 1988.

Nouvel Observateur is a large-format weekly for elegant leftists. The articles cover the burning issues of the day: human injustice in the Third World, the destruction of the environment, and the plight of the poor. Between these generous and idealistic, or indignant, stories are lavish advertisements for luxury cars and expensive perfumes. The classified advertising section ranges from yoga training to an offer of private

consultation by a "woman sexologist." There are sessions of therapy for couples, Californian massage, Shiatsu, and the inevitable diets to make people thinner and more attractive. These are hardly the kinds of services that will appeal to the auto mechanics in Renault factories, the homeless folk who sleep every night under the bridges of Paris, or the starving populations of faraway Ethiopia. And in the lower right corner of the page, in a neatly bordered rectangle, we find the following text:

> The trustees charged with the estate of A. P. Teesdale, Esq. of Durham County in England are attempting to enter into contact with those responsible for organizations that may be able to meet the requirements of his will.

The groups in question are "serious organizations that have as their goal the establishment of the maintenance of relationships with extra-terrestrial beings."

> Those concerned may bring their existence to the attention of the trustees by sending a brief summary of their organization and its activities to the paper, reference 1001, before March 31, 1988.

Intrigued by the language of the advertisement, a French investigator answered the query by providing some documents about his research. He soon received a telegram from London on March 31, 1988, entitled Teesdale Bequest. It indicated in good French that the candidacy was duly noted and that a contact would be made "very soon."

Nothing happened, however, until January 26,1989, when the investigator was called by an Englishman who identified himself as Mr. Wensley, and who proposed an appointment in Paris on February 28.

This phone call was followed, in very businesslike fashion, by a letter typed on the impressive stationery of Theard, Theard, Smith & Theard, 31 Sussex Mansions, London SW7, bearing the reference T.35.1/MB/WL.89, and signed by M. Bates. It confirmed the appointment in Paris at the Intercontinental Hotel at 7:00 P.M.: "You will be kind enough to ask at the reception for Mr. Grapinet, who will greet you."

At the appointed time, my correspondent arrived at the hotel with a friend. Two well-dressed men, one of whom introduced himself as Grapinet, did greet him. They announced that the actual meeting place had been moved to a private dining room in a Paris restaurant, where they would meet the other candidates. Furthermore, the Frenchman must go there by himself, without the friend he had brought as a witness.

The two representatives from Theard & Co. drove him to the restaurant, where he met, as best as he can recollect, the following remarkable group. First, there were two other candidates, who turned out to be Francois Raulin, a distinguished chemist from Paris University, who has done research on the nature and origin of life, and Claude Vorilhon, a notorious sect leader who has claimed contact with extraterrestrial beings and has gone on to organize a worldwide movement.

While I have published the background of this Raelian group in *Messengers of Deception*, it might be useful to recall that Vorilhon's logo, a swastika inside a Star of David, was allegedly given to him by space aliens. He has repeatedly met and traveled with them, and was once given a delightful bath by a group of attractive female robots.

The most remarkable facts about Rael-Vorilhon are that he has acquired a large number of disciples—including thousands of followers in French Canada—and that the cult seems to have sources of income beyond the donations from his flock, leading some to speculate that the Raelian movement, like Prevost's group after Pontoise, like UMMO in Spain, and like Jim Jones's Peoples' Temple, may have attracted the attention of social engineers motivated by the observation and the management of such belief systems.

In the restaurant, which was located on rue du Cloitre Notre-Dame, a table in the shape of a horseshoe had been prepared. Around the table, in addition to the three candidates, were the following twelve people:

Mr. M. Bates from Theard & Co.
Mr. XI, an associate of Mr. Bates
Miss X2, an associate of Mr. Bates
Miss X3, secretary with Theard & Co.

Mr. Grapinet, a Frenchman
Mr. X4, another Frenchman, who had driven over with Mr. Grapinet from the Hotel Intercontinental
Mr. Lalande, who was introduced as a French specialist in computer science and artificial intelligence
Mr. X5, a French lawyer
Mr. X6, a French lawyer
Mr. X7, a French physicist
Mr. X8, a French engineer
Mr. Cellier, a priest

My correspondent sat between Mr. Cellier and engineer X8. Neither one of them knew anything about Theard & Co., and they had no connection to the late Mr. Teesdale. All they knew was that they had been invited to this dinner.

At that point Mr. Bates summarized the requirements of the assignment entrusted to them by the late A. P. Teesdale and he read the "confession," which represented the major motivation of his will and testament.

THE TEESDALE CONFESSION

"It is with a certain reticence that I finally put pen to paper concerning certain of my recollections of the two great conflicts of this century," begins the confession.

It goes on to give some personal details about the author. Born in 1899, he enlisted in the British forces in 1916 and soon found himself in the trenches of northern France. One gray November day he was involved in an attack and was caught in the explosion of a shell: "Everything dissolved in a prolonged flash." He thought he had been killed until he heard a voice tell him he was not dead, but was not alive either: "You are outside all that."

Teesdale goes on to describe a near-death experience characterized by a feeling of white and gold, with a darker central region containing

a definite personality who identified itself as "a sentinel for those who set life on the planet."

> "I have been trying for eons to get hold of somebody," said the voice, explaining that its reserves of energy had been exhausted after thousands of years of waiting, and it could only manifest when a burst of energy took place in the vicinity of its target.

Teesdale, who woke up in the mud of the battlefield, found a strange object in his hand as the interior voice told him:

> "It has been decided that the human race shall be given a clue. All that is required is that you place this in the hands of your best scientists."

Teesdale survived the war and continued to regard the object he had found in November 1916 as a kind of personal talisman.

A quarter century later he found himself serving in yet another war. He was at the retreat from Dunkirk with eight other men running toward a boat when a splinter from an exploding shell hit him in the thigh. One of the men dragged him to the boat and threw him in. A German plane circling overhead dropped a bomb toward them. At that point Teesdale experienced a repeat of the earlier flash of light, the white and gold impressions, the darker center and the voice, scolding him for not getting the "clue" to the right people.

To be sure, he had once tried to give it to a doctor friend, but the man had only frowned on it. Later a chemist and a biochemist similarly returned it without comment. Was it his fault, he asked, if the object he had been given failed to impress these people?

The voice said that a second object would be handed to him. The two together would provide an obvious scientific proof.

Teesdale saw no more active service, but he suffered from a limp for the rest of his life. As for the objects he had been given, he never fulfilled his mission by having them analyzed. The people to whom he mentioned them dismissed his story. He found it unbearable to be

suspected of mental aberration. He had a busy life, he said in conclusion, with the state of the family fortune requiring much attention. But he felt guilty at never following up on these two remarkable occurrences. Hence, he "determined that every means shall be granted to some person or persons to ensure that the meaning, if any, of my experiences in France shall be clarified."

And he stipulated that:

> These persons shall be chosen by as competent judges as it is possible to find . . . to this end (and perhaps to the salvation of my immortal soul) no effort and no expense shall be spared.

Thus, it was in fulfillment of the instructions given to Teesdale by the mysterious extraterrestrial voice that his attorneys had convened the meeting in Paris, in a private room of a fine restaurant near Notre-Dame.

THE TALISMAN

After the exposition of the confession and the wishes of the late Mr. Teesdale, his attorneys gave the floor to the candidates. In turn, Mr. Raulin, my researcher friend, and Claude Vorilhon spoke for an hour, describing their backgrounds and qualifications.

After these formal presentations, the commission deliberated in private. The candidates were soon recalled to the dining room and the formal verdict was announced:

"Our selection as recipient of the Teesdale inheritance is Claude Rael-Vorilhon," said Mr. Bates, "because he presents the profile that is closest to the spirit of the Testament."

Vorilhon received a large laboratory cryogenic container measuring about twelve inches at the base and fifteen inches, high. The frost on its walls made it impossible to see the material. Presumably it contained the mysterious extraterrestrial talisman. And Teesdale's fortune would go to the sect.

Three days later the French researcher had a telephone conversation with Francois Raulin. Neither of them had heard from Vorilhon, in spite of the latter's assurances that he would turn over the specimen to them for analysis.

It was not until March 16 that my correspondent was contacted by an associate of Vorilhon, a man named Dominique Renaudin. He was calling in a certain state of alarm. There was no news of the inheritance, no money, and no further contact with the firm of Theard & Company. The French ufologists decided a little late that it was time to conduct a serious effort to get some answers from the English side.

The first order of business was a visit to the offices of Theard, Theard, Smith & Theard, whose address was clearly listed on their handsome stationery. Unfortunately, no telephone number could be found for the firm. The given address, 31 Sussex Mansions, is close to the French Institute in Kensington, but the numbers stop with 29.

There is a Teesdale River in Durham County, but did a gentleman by the name of A. P. Teesdale ever exist? Quite a few people would very much like to know the answer to this question. They would also like to know why the attorneys for the alleged estate went all the way to Paris to find suitable candidates, while London is filled with groups doing similar research. Why did they hand over the container to Vorilhon, who was clearly preselected, when the other candidates were in a better position to analyze the talisman and to bring the results to the attention of qualified scientists? Why the elaborate charade of a dinner for fifteen people in a Paris restaurant, and why go through the motions of several formal presentations when it was plain that Rael-Vorilhon would receive the prize?

What role were the other group members playing? It seems they were invited purely as fillers, as extras on the stage.

The Teesdale inheritance is pure theatre. The restaurant scene could have been dreamed up by John Fowles, the master novelist who has described similar theatre in *The Magus,* played out in pursuit of the esoteric pleasure of hidden masters.

Yet there is an element of absurdity in this affair that is also reminiscent of the UMMO business and of the whole saucer crash controversy

in the United States. It is for that reason that I have developed it here.

Who could possibly deny that there is a Teesdale Inheritance? How could we claim that Mr. Teesdale's attorneys were not real? Half a dozen French scientists, engineers, a priest, and several researchers have met them and shared a meal with them. Furthermore, the talisman was in fact handed over to one of the three candidates, duly selected through a formal process. Is it relevant that Theard & Company never existed? Or that cryogenic containers were unknown in 1916? Or that a wealthy Englishman could easily have paid any professional forensic analysis firm in England to take apart the talisman, for the result to be simply published at his expense for the edification of the whole world, instead of resorting to this complicated charade? Your answer is as good as mine.

The revelations of Teesdale's extraterrestrial source, which claims to represent those who created life on earth but is sadly running out of energy to communicate with us, are patently absurd. Again, is that relevant?

Perhaps it is the very absurdity of these statements that contains the lesson. The assertions of UMMO and the recollections of many abductees are absurd, too. The claims of Majestic 12 and the fascination with the hieroglyphics in the Roswell crash or the Gray Aliens of Area 51 have no other source of power.

The Teesdale Inheritance is only the latest in a series of such manipulations. In June 1974 researchers in several British groups received cassettes from a mysterious organization calling itself APEN (Aerial Phenomena Enquiry Network). It described its own operation as a top secret underground effort to find out the truth about UFOs. Its "Supreme Commander" was a man allegedly named James T. Anderson, who was unknown in the field.

In 1975 and 1976 thirty or forty people in England received notes on APEN stationery. The stamps on the envelopes were from many remote places. The notes tried to implicate others, using such statements as "Jenny Randies knows more about our operations."

The BUFORA organization received a visit from two men from

APEN who were eager to find an intermediary "to get some secret information out." Sound familiar?

Manuscripts were sent anonymously to various researchers, with a request that they be forwarded to various magazines for possible publication. The British UFO researchers, who are either smarter or simply more cynical than their American counterparts, smelled a rat and declined to cooperate.

This failure to co-opt the researchers into the hoax did not stop APEN. Fake sighting information was sent to Randies and others, genuine witnesses were given an APEN number to call, and an effort was even made to send the police into *an* investigation of nonexisting events.

When a serious inquiry was made to uncover the source of the letters, the paper used by APEN was traced through its watermarks and the style of printing. The trail led to Sansome Design, the printer of the respected *Flying Saucer Review]* Clearly the perpetrators of the hoax had attempted to create total confusion and to provoke hatred and suspicion among British researchers. The APEN operation seems to have stopped in 1978 or 1979.

A game is being played. But the cards are printed with invisible ink; the table is set at the center of a maze of mirrors; and the players we are expecting may never have existed; they may be dead, or, like the late Mr. Teesdale whose existence is so clearly demonstrated by the tangible nature of his inheritance, they may be dead men who have never existed except in the imagination of their solicitors.

THE MEETING IN LAS VEGAS

I have told the story of Billy Meier and the even more bizarre stories of Teesdale and APEN to dispel any notion the reader might still have that "this is not really happening" or that "it is entirely within people's imaginations," a product of the weirder side of human consciousness,

a mere innocuous fluctuation in the psychosociological storms of modern society.

As weird as it is, all this is happening in the real world. These people exist, or at least their attorneys do, and the games they play are serious, dangerous games. The reader had to be convinced of this fact before I could take him to the next step, which was my interview with John Lear's now famous informant, Dennis, the man who had convinced Lear that alien scientists were working along with humans at Area 51.

Although John Lear had refused to reveal the source of his information, a little detective work soon identified him as Robert Lazar, a technical contractor with the base. George Knapp, a television reporter in Las Vegas, actually interviewed Lazar late in 1989, yet the man remained steadfastly aloof from UFO researchers.

I had the opportunity to meet with Robert Lazar for several hours in March 1990. What he told me was surprising and tantalizing and it added another layer of frosting to the mystery cake. Unfortunately, it did not provide any new information on what, if anything, was inside the cake.

The Knapp interview of Robert Lazar had exploded like a bomb among the ranks of American Virologists. Here was a clean-cut, articulate, educated young man who knew physics and who casually claimed to have seen nine flying saucers inside hangars at Area S-4 in the vicinity of Groom Lake and Area 51. Not only had he seen them, but he had touched them and he had been hired to reverse-engineer their propulsion system, which was based on antigravity and used a stable superheavy element—specifically, element 115—as part of its fuel. Lazar had handled element 115 and even had a piece of it at his house for a while. There were rumors that someone had tried to kill Lazar because of these revelations, and all kinds of bizarre speculation circulated about those advanced disks in Air Force hangars. At night the local folks .gathered on the road that runs along the northern edge of Nellis Air Force Base to watch some lights in the sky which might be simple tests with missiles or drones, or actual experimental flights of captured flying saucers. At the Rachel Cafe old-timers sitting at the bar and the local cowboys shooting pool swapped breathless stories of strange objects

coming out of nowhere over the desert. Strange characters, too, would occasionally show up at Rachel Cafe. And everybody had heard of Robert Lazar.

Before we could actually be brought into contact with Lazar, my friends and I had to be screened by George Knapp and by one of Lazar's close associates. They explained that too many UFO enthusiasts had been pestering Lazar with their own theories and calling him everything from a hero to a liar. Robert Lazar clearly felt that he was neither.

I was frankly intrigued by Robert Lazar; by his sincerity, his straightforwardness, and his refreshing way of thinking seriously about our questions before giving an answer. This ability is not shared by most of the people I interviewed for this book. They tended to have all the answers, even before questions were asked! When it came to physics, they used technical terms improperly, getting mass confused with weight and speed with acceleration. Many of them did not even know the difference between the galaxy and the solar system, the speed of light and the speed of sound. Not so with Lazar. He was precise in his technical language. And this fact made his story even more curious.

He had two degrees in physics, he said, and he had worked at Cal Tech. He had specialized in building alpha particle detectors, which he was still selling to the Los Alamos National Laboratory. One day, in December 1987, he had been approached for a job under Naval Intelligence. He was interviewed at a facility of EG&G, a defense contractor, although there is no implication that the company is involved with the project itself.

From then on, Lazar told me, he would be called on an irregular basis and he would report to a certain place where he would be picked up by a bus that had blackened windows. The bus drove him to a facility in the desert where a series of slanted hangars were cut into the mountain. Inside these hangars were nine solid, pewter-colored flying saucers.

"Did you ever watch them fly?" I asked Lazar.

"Once, from a hundred to two hundred feet away. The underside was glowing blue, but otherwise there was no ionization around it."

"What kind of work were you doing?"

"We were back-engineering the propulsion system. They gave me

briefings on that. A lot of it didn't make sense."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, for one thing, there was no theoretical work at the facility. And much of the physical research was inept. They told us that a team had cut up one of the reactors by sawing it off in two. When they tried to run it, the thing exploded in their faces. That took place in May 1987, before they expelled the Russians from the project."

Indeed, that was absurd. No one in his right sense would have done this; a project manager would have stopped it. Lazar agreed: it did not make sense. Nor did his own presence there make sense. He said:

"I'm no research physicist. If those were really alien disks, they should have had the best scientists in the country working on them. Instead they gave us these briefings and just told us to try anything we liked. Nothing was written down."

"What did you have in the lab, on your workbench?"

"I had a digital voltmeter," said Lazar.

"That's all?" exclaimed one of my friends.

"I also had an oscilloscope. That's it."

Where were the X-ray inspection systems, the multichannel analyzers, the signal generators that are the standard tools of the high-tech trade?

Again we were hitting a wall of absurdity. Robert Lazar's experience had been pure theatre.

"When did you stop working there?" I asked him.

"In May 1988. Wait, maybe that was May 1989."

"Which one was it?"

"I don't remember. I'm confused about that." The confusion was too gross to be accounted for by simple distraction.

"Do you ever have the impression that your memory of these events is worse than could be expected?"

"My memory may have been tampered with," he said rather sadly.

"What do you mean?"

"There was a sort of infirmary in the back of that facility. They gave me all kinds of tests there."

"Can you describe these tests?"

"Well, for one thing, they took an awful lot of blood from me. They said it was necessary because of the things I was working on."

"What else?"

"They made me drink a glassful of a yellow liquid that smelled like pine. And it seems that they hypnotized me several times, I never found out why."

"How many doctors were there?"

"They were women. A female doctor and a nurse."

"Who paid you?"

"Naval Intelligence."

"Why did you stop?"

"I didn't feel good about the project."

"What form did the briefing papers take?"

"They were thin booklets, letter-size pages. There were over two hundred of them."

"What kind of document control system was used?"

"There was no document number on them, if that's what you mean."

"What agency issued them?"

"There was no indication of origin. It was straight text, take it or leave it."

"What classification level?"

"There was no secret stamp on it."

"Were any of the pages marked with words like Confidential, or Noforn?"

"Nothing."

That, too, was absurd. Any document in a classified project is tracked by a control system. The booklets in question, which presumably described the most secret project in history, would have been tightly controlled. As it was, Lazar could have rolled one inside his shirt and legally walked off with it. After all, didn't he obtain a sample of famed element 115? I asked him about that, too.

"Element 115 is not radioactive?"

"Evidently not. I had it in my house."

"I didn't think super-heavy elements were stable," I said.

"Most of them aren't. But there's a zone of stability for higher numbers, above 110."

Here, again, Lazar was displaying accurate knowledge of atomic physics, a kind of knowledge that would not be casually available to the layman. In fact, an article about super-heavy elements—published, oddly enough, in the May 1989 issue of *Scientific American,* when stories about Lazar began surfacing in Las Vegas—said that physicists expected higher elements to be relatively stable.

But what can stability mean for elements that are so elusive that the largest pieces of scientific equipment known to man have to be used either to smash heavy nucleii together or to tease them in cold fusion mode?

The answer is that, when the experimenter is lucky, they last long enough for the products of the decay to be picked up in a blinking instant by extremely fast detectors.

One of the products of the decay is an alpha particle, and Lazar, who says that he sells alpha particle detectors to Los Alamos, should know about this. So when he described a piece of element 115, which he had stored in his house—in an empty can of film, as it turned out—we had reached another impasse. With all his sincerity and the honesty of his answers, Robert Lazar was providing no useful leads.

There was still one topic, however, on which we were anxious to have an answer. So I asked him the same question I had asked Lear, Cooper, and numerous others:

"Have you ever seen an alien?"

"No," came the answer.

We had been chasing rainbows again.

"John Lear came to my house for dinner and said to my face that his informant Dennis had seen an alien. And you're Dennis."

Lazar moved uncomfortably around in his chair.

"Well, there was this time when a co-worker of mine said, if you really want to see something, walk with me down this corridor and don't stop. I looked through a door with a wire mesh in the glass, and I saw the back of the head of something, with two military types next to it. It could've been anything, it could've been a doll."

That night, after being sighted by the guards at the Nellis Air Force Base perimeter, as I have described in the prologue, we had dinner at the Rachel Cafe. A man was going from table to table, carrying a strange object, a boot-shaped tangle of dried grass and bits of little branches with a hole at one end.

"It's an alien bird's nest," he said. "Comes from another planet."

That statement was as likely to be true as anything we had heard that day about the nine flying saucers in the secret hangars of the Nevada base.

I had given my private address to Lazar's associates. Within days I started receiving strange letters from a colonel in Las Vegas who invited me to spend one month—all expenses paid—with a group of twelve people who were preparing a major belief change in America. My background, he wrote, would be "a definite advantage." The incentive for joining the group was to establish contact with the aliens. When I ignored the first letter—it included the logo of the group, a neo-Nazi design with an eagle clutching the SS symbol and a bunch of thunderbolts—the colonel sent me a second letter, even more specific. "If you are sincere about contact with them, we can discuss it, but only if there is no government involvement."

To show it meant business, my correspondent included detailed information: longitude and latitude of a certain UFO sighting dated May 1943. I had the feeling that the problem was entering a new and dangerous phase, and that feeling would soon be strengthened by the bewildering series of new revelations that came to light after Lazar had been discredited.

THE PUPPET SHOW

One evening in mid-1990 a freelance radio journalist called me at my home in San Francisco. Breathlessly, he announced that a man had come forward with sensational new revelations. He had approached Stanton Friedman to tell him he sought to speak confidentially to a member of the media. The journalist who called me had responded to

this request with a letter, but the letter never arrived. Had it been intercepted by the government?

"I'm afraid I've placed his life in jeopardy," the journalist said, obviously terrified.

He told me what he knew about his shadowy informant. Without going into much detail—I certainly would not want to be responsible for anyone being targeted by a government hit team from Washington!—let us say that the man was employed at a large Air Force base in California, which he claimed to be heavily staffed by personnel from Majestic 12 and where flying saucers were regularly observed. American jets would pick them up over the North Pole and accompany them to Area 51 in Nevada. There were other things going on, too horrible to describe, as usual.

The man's phone was closely monitored, of course, and a suspicious car was often parked in front of his house.

When I started asking a few detailed questions about this story, which sounded fascinating at first, I learned that our informant actually knew the fellow who monitored his phone. His code name was Spiderman. They met in a bar after Spiderman retired, and they exchanged some friendly words:

"You're a good man," said Spiderman. "We're sure glad you're with the outfit. Just make sure you never talk to the media."

Such a conversation is about as likely as Robert Lazar's claims of reverse-engineering antigravity drives with a voltmeter. When my journalist friend added that his mysterious contact kept hearing clicks on his phone, and when I discovered the man had in fact been talking to at least four other people with direct links to the media or to UFO groups in California, I told him he could go home and sleep soundly, without worrying that his source would be assassinated very soon on the basis of a mere missing letter.

"None of this makes any sense," I told him. "Given today's technology, someone would have to deliberately put clicks on your line when they were tapping it for you to hear it. It's been a long time since a specialist has had to actually touch a telephone circuit in order to listen to it. As for your informant, it is inconceivable that he would work at

an Air Force base and be so blatantly casual about security, even if he wasn't about to reveal to the world the secrets of the UFOs!"

Yet even as this particular source faded into relative obscurity, another breathless informant popped up. He was a pilot from the Midwest. He had a friend who was in the Air Force and who had an incredibly horrible UFO story to tell. Of course, his name was not available; neither was any verifiable fact, date, or location. . . .

Then there is the revelation by investigative journalist Howard Blum, in his 1990 book *Out There,* that a certain Colonel Harold E. Phillips had convened a UFO Working Group at the Pentagon in February 1987. Giving the impression that he had uncovered the secret organization whose existence ufologists have suspected all along, Blum claims that Phillips gave instructions to keep the existence of the group a secret from the public and from government agencies. Its goal was to prove the existence of extraterrestrial life.

The acceptance of these new revelations by the ufologists is another example of what psychiatrists call "a low capacity for spotting lapses in logic."

Blum's book (published by Simon & Schuster) is subtitled *The Government's Secret Quest for Extraterrestrials* and glosses over the fact that if such a working group had to be convened as late as 1987 to study the phenomenon—bringing together technical analysts who, judging by their reactions to the initial briefing, knew very little about the subject—then the U.S. government must indeed have been very blind, stupid, or both, in the previous forty years.

The key to the Phillips Working Group might be found in the very way in which the revelation came to light: Blum was approached by an NSA employee while he was working on a book about the Walker spying case. "There's been a lot of talk around the NSA about outer space. Weird stuff. UFOs." And the man continued: "They got some kind of all-star working group. A panel of hotshots zeroing in on UFOs."

Such a statement by an employee of NSA is about as likely as the Pope calling up *Playboy* to suggest they send a reporter to the Vatican to interview him about his sex life. Unless, of course, somebody at NSA

wanted to throw UFO researchers off the track by sending them on another idle chase after a bunch of harmless technocrats.

The real secret group must have been in existence since the Forties. I personally suspect it was probably reorganized in the early Fifties and has been in continuous operation ever since. Why do I know this? Simply because I have met enough trustworthy individuals who have come to me with stories when photographs were confiscated, when witnesses were told by military officers that they should forget whatever they had seen in the sky.

In one case a South American engineer was approached by two men from the local U.S. Embassy after his close encounter was briefly mentioned in a newspaper. The man, whom I interviewed at great length when I met him in Costa Rica, gave me the details of his involvement with an American UFO investigation group that flew him to the Washington area. The specific account he gave me—the description of the house, the surroundings, the interrogation techniques, the interaction among the various specialists—could not have been invented or known to him. This happened in 1974, many years before the alleged Pentagon meeting chaired by Colonel Phillips, a meeting whose members seem to have known next to nothing about the subject, its background, its history, and the alternatives to the extraterrestrial hypothesis.

The Colonel Phillips secret group is not the real secret group, it is only the latest carrot dangled in front of a public always eager for new revelations.

In July 1990 six American soldiers stationed in Germany as part of an intelligence unit left their post and disappeared. They were found in Gulf Breeze, Florida, where they expected flying saucers to come and pick them up. Armaggedon was imminent, they said, and Jesus would come back in a UFO to initiate the rapture. Their own mission was said to be the killing of the Antichrist.

Apparently the soldiers also believed that the UFOs would take them to a secret saucer base in New Mexico. . . .

There is clearly an endless supply of such stories, and they are always volunteered to people who are prone to believing them but have no ability to check them. Is that the way a real Deep Throat would

operate? Not very likely. Yet these bizarre disinformation tales do form an interesting pattern, and they may well be designed to hide something of significance—something which extends all the way across the world, and even to the Soviet Union.

9

Giants in the Park

The phone rang in my home in San Francisco on October 8, 1989, a quiet Sunday afternoon. A friend from New York, a journalist, was calling me about an extraordinary dispatch from the Associated Press that had just come across on her teletype.

"The *New York Times* will be running this tomorrow on the front page," she said. "It comes from Tass through the office of Associated Press in Moscow. It's a landing report from Russia that happened sometime between September twenty-first and October second. I thought you should see it right away."

A few minutes later the full text appeared on my facsimile machine. It described some extraordinary events in the Soviet Union.

"Scientists have confirmed that an unidentified flying object recently landed in the Russian city of Voronezh," the report went. "They have also located the landing site and found traces of aliens who made a short promenade about the park."

The Tass report went on with the assertion that a large shining ball or disk had been seen hovering over the park by several residents. They

saw the UFO land and three creatures, similar to humans, emerge, accompanied by a small robot.

"The aliens were three or four meters tall (ten to thirteen feet), but with very small heads. They walked near the ball or disk and then disappeared inside."

The report also mentioned that scientists, including professor Genrikh Silanov, Director of the Geophysical Laboratory in Voronezh, a city located three hundred miles southeast of Moscow, was studying the case, and that the path followed by the aliens had been ascertained "through the use of *biolocation."*

The people who had seen the aliens "were overwhelmed by a fear which lasted for several days."

When the report appeared in the *New York Times* of October 9, the word *biolocation* had been garbled by the prestigious newspaper into *bilocation,* which made no sense whatsoever. The editors had failed to realize that biolocation was a special term in Soviet psychotronic literature that designates dowsing, or *radiesthesia,* the detection of hidden mineral, water, or living entities by paranormal means. Dowsers often use a pendulum or a stick for such work.

The Russians seemed to be saying that they had a team of official scientists studying UFOs using the techniques of parapsychology, but the reputedly smart and aggressive American press, led by the *New York Times,* missed the real story.

In the following days the situation became even more garbled, courtesy of the Western media. Instead of investigating and clarifying the original claim, radio and television stations across the U.S. consulted experts whose sole expertise consisted in turning the sighting into a joke. Thus, Paul Kurtz, chairman of a Committee of Skeptics, commented that the reports were "largely uncorroborated."

On San Francisco radio station KCBS Kurtz openly mocked the lack of hard evidence, pointing out that two strange rocks reportedly found by the Russians at the site sounded to him like simple pieces of outer-space excrementa. In other words, alien shit. Another expert pointed out that if such an event had actually happened, Gorbachev would have announced it personally, because it would have been too important to

be left to underlings like Professor Silanov! For further comic relief the reporter went on to interview two American cult members from the Aetherius Society.

Even the psychosociological explanations flourished once more: some media authorities interpreted the sighting by saying that traditional Russian imagination had always been wild and that the UFO story expressed the people's need for escapism, which had finally blown the lid off the system after long years of repression. The UFO research community did not fare much better: the Center for UFO studies in Evanston, Illinois, speaking through a vice president, stated flatly that it knew the answer. "I am certain this is a hoax," the man was quoted as saying in the October 11 issue of the Hartford *Courant*. He had thousands of "more reliable sightings" in his files that described the space visitors as being three to four feet tall with large heads and spindly bodies. "The reports are remarkably similar down to the smallest of details," he said, to such an extent that the Center now uses some little-known details of the aliens' anatomy as a test of the validity of the sightings. The tall occupants described in Voronezh did not fit the Center's patterns, and the case, accordingly, must be rejected.

Such a position illustrates the dilemma into which American ufology now finds itself. No sinister manipulation of the researchers is necessary to throw them into confusion. In their eagerness to grasp onto a few tentative patterns, which they often reinforce by bombarding witnesses with leading questions under hypnosis, many researchers actually select the cases that match their preexisting expectations. This mockery of the scientific method can only lead to absurd results.

While skeptical U.S. scientists and the true believers reacted with such flippant comments that are so characteristic of ignorance, it became obvious that not only the region of Voronezh, but a large part of Eastern Europe was in the grips of a major wave that ranked in importance with the largest concentrations of UFO sightings ever reported. The French CNES, instead of jumping to hasty conclusions, took the trouble to call Dr. Silanov with a Russian interpreter on the line. The Russian professor verified the facts and added that a full-scale scientific

investigation was in progress in the Soviet Union, and that over forty witnesses had already been interviewed.

THE GLASNOST WAVE

The Soviet wave may actually have begun early in 1989. On April 24 an object described as "three times the size of an aircraft" flew over Cherepovetsk, according to a witness named I. Veselova, who saw it hovering a thousand feet in the air at 10:55 P.M.

In central Russia, in the Vologda region, on June 6, 1989, school children near the village of Konantsevo in the Kharaovsk district, saw a luminous dot in the sky. It became larger and soon turned into a shining sphere. The object landed in a meadow and moved to the nearby river as the children watched from a quarter-mile away. The sphere appeared to split, and "something resembling a headless person in dark garb" appeared, its hands reaching lower than its knees. The sphere and the creature quickly became invisible.

Three more spheres, some of them associated with entities, later landed in the same meadow.

On June 11 a woman named O. Lubnina saw a fiery ball above Vologda at 9:20 P.M. It was visible for seventeen minutes.

In Shevchenko, on the Mangyshlak peninsula in the Caspian Sea, witnesses had seen an object several times larger than a passenger aircraft in August 1989. It vanished in clouds above the sea, its lights remaining in sight for a long time. In the area of Kasturskoye Highway near Moscow people reported a mysterious burned patch of ground in a grassy area in August 1989.

On the night of October 11, 1989, Soviet television viewers saw a picture of one of the creatures on a news show devoted to the Voronezh landing. It was a figure with two eyes, a nose, and a broad mouth, inside a glowing, two-legged oval object. When I saw the drawing on French television later that month, I noticed how closely the proportions of the

object resembled those of the silvery egg seen at Socorro, New Mexico, in 1964.

Like the Socorro object, this one sported an insignia on its side. And the insignia was none other than our old friend, the UMMO symbol.

I decided the time had come to buy some warm clothes and to board the first Air France flight to Moscow.

MINUS TWENTY-SEVEN

It will take me a long time to sort through all the data I accumulated during my stay in the Soviet Union in January 1990, and *it* will take even longer to integrate what I saw and heard into the overall patterns of the UFO phenomenon. It was the first time that a Western scientist and UFO researcher visited the Soviet Union since the advent of Glasnost. I was fortunate to be accompanied by Martine Castello, a sharp and well-informed scientific reporter for *Le Figaro*, the leading French newspaper. We were soon inundated with so much information, given with so much kindness and with such genuine curiosity about the global nature of the phenomenon, that our suitcases were bulging with reports and photographs. But of the reality of the Voronezh landings there was no doubt. Nor was there any doubt about the even wilder reality of the massive UFO wave of which Voronezh was only one episode.

It was twenty-seven degrees centigrade below zero, and a bitter wind was sweeping Red Square when we drove over to the offices of Novosti for a meeting with Professor Vladimir Azhazha, Director of the Soviet Commission for the Study of Paranormal Phenomena. We spent most of the day with him. Our discussions ranged over a wide variety of subjects, which are beyond the scope of the present book, but we kept coming back to Voronezh.

"As you must be aware, the events at Voronezh have attracted considerable curiosity in the West," I told him, spreading before him newspaper clippings from the *New York Times* to the *San Francisco Chronicle.* "We are eager to find out what really happened. Some

American researchers have rejected the case because the aliens were reported to be very tall," I said. "Can you confirm the witnesses' described beings of twelve to fourteen feet in height, or was that a typographical error?"

"That was no error. The humanoids vary widely in appearance, from twenty centimeters to very tall giants. This variability is simply one of the characteristics of the phenomenon. We must accept it, as we must accept its polymorphic nature."

"There was a garbled report that one of the witnesses actually disappeared," I pointed out.

"People did vanish and later reappeared at Voronezh," Azhazha stated in a matter-of-fact way. "They did not seem to be harmed in any manner, but the same thing has happened elsewhere. In Vologda a village woman was seen walking in the vicinity of an occupant. They both vanished on the spot in full view of another group of witnesses. She returned as suddenly as she had disappeared, crying and distraught, with no memory of what had happened to her. We have numerous cases of this type in our files."

It was dark when we left the offices of Novosti. Cars were skidding on the icy snow. Martine buttoned up her collar, adjusted her mink *chapka* on her head, and asked me ironically, "So what was the UMMO symbol doing on an egg-shaped craft in the middle of a Russian city?"

It was a question that would haunt me every night in Moscow, as the jet lag kept me awake and as I listened to the bells of the Kremlin counting the hours until dawn. I have been in this business too long to be surprised at the remarkable ability of the phenomenon to elude our attempts at analysis, and I will frankly admit that I still do not have a satisfactory answer to the puzzle of Voronezh. But, some new elements did come to light when we were able to interview the researchers themselves.

THE VORONEZH COLLECTIVE

The four men with whom we met the next day were tough, well-informed, and technically trained investigators who were not beginners in the UFO field. The group included Alex Mosolov, an aeronautical engineer; Venceslaw Martinov, chief engineer at the Voronezh aviation factory; and Yuri Lozotsev, a professor who teaches the physics of materials on the faculty of Voronezh University.

With nearly one million inhabitants, Voronezh is a key industrial town located some four hundred kilometers south of Moscow.

"There is no single center of UFO activity in Voronezh," Lozotsev told me. "The sightings have taken place at several locations, from the city park to the electrical generating station and the nuclear power plant."

"How did you first become aware of the sighting of September 30, 1989, the main one?"

"Mosolov lives in the area," was the answer. "The mother of one of the kids told him about the landing near the school. We went there the very next day."

"You said that there was more than one sighting. When did the activity begin?"

"It actually started back in August. There were several landings between September twenty-first and October second."

"How many witnesses saw the phenomena?"

"If you're talking just about landings, there are over thirty witnesses, both children and adults. But literally thousands of people have seen the objects in flight."

"What methodology have you used to conduct your investigations?" I asked.

"As soon as we went to the site we separated the witnesses," said Mosolov. One of his companions added:

"In the main landing event, the case that included the symbol on the side of the craft, the witnesses were children. Many of them did

not know the students in the other groups. We had them draw what they had seen independently."

"What did they draw? To what extent were they in agreement?"

The men pulled out a series of drawings, some of them by the children themselves, others based on their reports.

"They drew some classically-shaped spheres and disks with four legs. The humanoid figures were very consistent in all the drawings. They did not have any neck. The head rested on the shoulders, like a target at a firing range."

"Some of the reports I have read mentioned three eyes," I said.

"Actually, some of the witnesses only spoke of two eyes, with something else in the middle of the forehead. Others may have seen this third object as an eye."

"What about the symbol itself?"

"It was known to researchers in the area as early as 1984."

"Then the UMMO story has circulated in Russia for a while?"

The men looked at each other. Another researcher who attended our discussions, Boris Churinov from Moscow, raised his hand and said, "I have mentioned UMMO several years ago in one of my publications which circulated among researchers in Voronezh. It's not impossible that some of the witnesses could simply have picked up on it. They could have drawn the symbol on the side of the UFO in a naive attempt to give more credibility to their observation."

The members of the Voronezh collective did not believe in this explanation.

"The witnesses had never heard of UMMO," they assured us. But at this point we did not know whom to believe.

The investigators had brought a videotape of the entire case. It showed the students, some of whom were very articulate teenagers, drawing what they had seen under strict instructions from the investigators. It did seem to us that the reports were as independent as the conditions allowed. Did that mean that the Voronezh object actually exhibited the UMMO symbol? One of the drawings we saw even showed the very same symbol on the belt of two aliens.

"What about the other cases in the area?" I asked the group.

"The landings continued until October second," was the answer. "But there were many other sightings. For instance, there is a case involving a woman, a mother of ten children, who was getting ready for a family celebration. She saw something maneuvering at rooftop level. It had three blinking lights, red, yellow, and green. She called her neighbors, and soon there were over five hundred people watching the object."

PHYSICAL TRACES AND BIOLOCATION

The Western media had mentioned in the same breath that the Voronezh object had left traces on the ground, radioactivity and other evidence detected by biolocation. We did our best to clarify these statements.

"We did compute the weight of the craft from the traces it left," said Yuri Lozotsev, the materials expert for the group. "We found 11.5 tons. That is consistent with other figures you have reported in one of your books, concerning the French Air Force measurements at Quarouble."

"What were the actual traces?" I went on, impressed with the fact that these investigators had taken the trouble of researching the literature so thoroughly, in a country where few UFO books are available. Even in the United States I rarely meet a ufologist who has heard of the case at Quarouble, not to mention one who remembers the physical parameters.

"There were two holes, thirty-eight centimeters deep," Martinov told me. "They were vertical and smooth. And there were four indentations, forming a diamond. At the epicenter we noted a drop in the number of microorganisms in the soil. Two weeks after the sighting, the loss of biological activity was still characterized by a factor-of-ten decrease in the number of microorganisms."

"What do you call biolocation, and how does it work?" asked Martine.

"Biolocation is the detection of the bioenergetic field and its application to the analysis of terrain, including the geology. A member of our group, Professor Silanov, has wide experience with this technique from his days searching for minerals in Siberia. It's a technique based on what you call dowsing. He also measured the magnetic field and the magnetic capacity of the soil at the landing site. All these measurements were consistent—there was no increase in temperature at the spot, but radioactivity had doubled. The grass was flattened. The four main indentations were three to four centimeters deep."

"What about the radars in the area?"

"They did not detect anything," said Mosolov. "But perhaps these objects are invisible to radar under certain conditions."

We thanked the members of the Voronezh collective, who had traveled ten hours by train to meet us in Moscow. As far as we could tell, the case was closed. But the next evening, as we were having a quiet dinner with a small group of researchers at the home of Professor Azhazha, the phone rang and our host excused himself.

"It was a call from Voronezh," he said as he came back to the table. "They have just had another sighting. An object hovered over the nuclear power plant and sent a beam toward the ground. The beam has burned the asphalt."

I knew that there would still be smart people in the West who would continue to claim that the phenomena could not have happened, because if they had, all their preconceived ideas about the world would have to undergo a painful readjustment.

It would be reassuring to hypothesize that someone has been flying oval balloons over the Russian countryside with the UMMO symbol prominently painted on the side. After all, if the UMMO cult in Spain is the result of a psychological manipulation, anyone can play the game, in any country. But that hypothesis failed to explain all the other sightings at Voronezh. We came back from these conversations with a new appreciation for the complexity of the whole problem.

Over the following days, Martine Castello and I met with members of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, with cosmonaut Valentin Zudov, who directs the training of Soviet teams for space flight, and I debated

various theories before two dozen specialists involved in every aspect of UFO research in the Soviet Union. These conversations established beyond a shadow of a doubt that the USSR was in the grip of one of the most massive UFO waves to come along since the French wave of 1954. The giants in the park at Voronezh have left behind a clear message: the UFO mystery is as vivid and as puzzling as ever. It can drive our measurement tools and our analytical powers to their limit. But of its physical reality there cannot be any doubt.

Song of my soul, my voice is dead!
Die thou, unsung, as tears unshed
Shall dry and die in
Lost Carcosa

CASSILDA'S SONG IN
THE KING IN YELLOW
ACT 1, SCENE 2

Conclusion

We have now entered the last decade of the twentieth century. Fundamentalist religious groups expect an Armageddon over the Middle East and a "rapture" during which God will save the true believers, taking them up to Heaven at last. The sky seems to be filled with puzzling and wonderful things, and the pages of New Age magazines are replete with announcements of lectures about UFO abductions, revelations of government cover-ups, and speculation about the imminence of the final landing of the aliens. So why do I have the feeling that I am not watching a genuine new spiritual movement here, but a well-orchestrated puppet show?

Consider, if you will, the current fate of the various informers I have mentioned throughout this book.

Robert Lazar, under the scrutiny of various investigators, has turned out to be far less credible than he was first claimed to be when John Lear referred to him as his "most trusted source." Not only has he been prosecuted for running a prostitution operation—he was part-owner of a bordello called the Honeysuckle Ranch!—but his background as a

physicist and as a consultant to Los Alamos has evaporated.

Lazar himself has some nasty things to say about other so-called whistleblowers, notably Bill Cooper. "I hate to call someone a psychopath, but he really acts crazy," Lazar said in an interview with ufologist Don Ecker *(UFO Magazine,* Vol. 5, No. 4, 1990, p. 15). "He seems to believe a lot of what he says to the point he will fight about it and get violent."

Cooper, on the other hand, says that most ufologists are fools and fail to properly investigate his claims. "They just sit around and call each other names," an observation not altogether wrong. Cooper has produced a four-hour videotape lecture filled with unproven, terrifying allegations. This tape is being disseminated throughout the U.S. New Age groups in a way designed to increase the climate of rampant paranoia that surrounds the subject. People are asked to make copies for their friends, without revealing where they obtained their own copies.

As for Paul Bennewitz, who was kind enough to receive me at his home in New Mexico and to show me his data at length, he has no wish to discuss any of his observations with the ufologists, and I will honor his desire to remain behind the scenes.

Few people today continue to believe that the revelations of John Lear and his associates about live aliens in the desert are based on reality, and accordingly many have turned away from UFO research altogether. Perhaps that diversion was the purpose of the whole operation. Yet those who do believe in such tales have no lack of new evidence to keep them occupied. As soon as one group of puppets has left the stage, another group pops up behind the bushes to tell an even more exciting story, as I have shown at the end of Chapter Eight.

A TEMPLATE FOR EXPERIENCE

In the first two volumes of this Alien Contact trilogy *(Dimensions* and *Confrontations),* I have shown that unidentified flying objects do exist. They are astounding physical anomalies that have the ability to affect

the perception of time and space and the consciousness of those who come close to them. They should be seriously and calmly investigated by the full power of science. But the phenomenon is not going to be explained by the simple claim that a few models of flying disks have been seen in an Air Force hangar that remains mysteriously inaccessible.

Entities that accompany UFOs are variously described by witnesses as short humanoids, tall beings, or even normal humans. Most of them *do not match* the standard descriptions that have been made so popular by the ufologists in their search for quick media sensation. In fact, the alleged patterns discovered in abduction reports by some vocal American writers, and presented with great fanfare on such shows as *Geraldo* and *Donahue,* are merely caused by a selection effect. The witnesses who come forward and seek out these researchers do not represent a cross-section of close-encounter observers at all. Instead they have preselected themselves in seeking out sensational researchers whose books or television appearances had already provided a template for the witnesses' experiences. These artificial, preexisting patterns are reinforced under hypnosis, which is often performed under conditions of scandalous incompetence. And the resulting statistics draw from a data base where only the cases that fit the preferred model have been admitted. This is not science, it is a childish and indeed a dangerous game, played on the real tragedy of witnesses' lives and fears.

The major logical conclusion from these observations is that none of the alleged sightings of crashed disks, none of the claims of autopsies on little aliens, none of the abduction reports, *as they are currently presented,* provide the shadow of an answer to the global UFO mystery.

It should be obvious that my ability to describe what goes on at that level is limited. The government doesn't tell me what it does. I do not question the *possibility* that a covert scientific research effort may exist (in addition to the secret data gathering and the public relations efforts which, in my analysis, *do* exist). So why do I express so much suspicion about the sensational statements of the whistleblower who claim they are exposing such a group? Simply because there is not a shred of substance in what they claim; their behavior is that of actors on a

theatre stage, not that of real participants in real operations.

This leads to the key question raised by these revelations: if the rumors about autopsies and crashed disks have been manufactured out of whole cloth, who is responsible for this deception? And again, what could be the goal it is designed to achieve?

Are persons like Bill English and Bill Cooper, John Lear and his major informer Robert Lazar, deliberately lying to us? Not necessarily. I lean toward the view that these men are sincerely convinced that what they say is the absolute truth. The urgency with which they want to communicate it skips over such niceties as facts, controls, and hypotheses. They sincerely believe they *know* the truth, the simple, horrible truth. And that *sense* of urgency is incredibly contagious at all levels of our society, from the old, lonely woman who picks up a tabloid at a supermarket in a small town in the Midwest, to the businessman who takes time out from studying a financial report by watching an interview of an abductee on television.

As we reach the Millennium, the belief in the imminent arrival of extraterrestrials in our midst is a fantasy that is as powerful as any drug, as revolutionary as any delusion that marked the last millennium, as poisonous as any of the great irrational upheavals of history.

The expectation of a Superior Race that swept away the intelligence of the citizens of Nazi Germany was inspired by a similar myth. So was the fear of witches that moved the upright and moral Christians of England, Germany, or Massachusetts to the indiscriminate killing of thousands of innocents. Yet the UFO phenomenon is undeniably real. It is *annoying,* consistent and tantalizing, seductive and secret; always just a fraction of an inch beyond our reach. And it draws much of its irrational power from the very experts who deny it. The rationalists, the smart astronomers who keep explaining away the universe on televised talk shows, the pundits of the human mind who think they are so clever that they can always analyze all the sightings in terms of sociological, mythological, anthropological, or psychological theory without bothering to interview a single witness. But if John Lear and others are telling the truth as they see it, what could have motivated the massive deception of which they, like ourselves, are the victims?

My tentative answer is contained in the following scenario. Suppose that for the last thirty years or so a massive effort has been going on within U.S. government agencies such as the CIA, the NRO, and the Air Force, to study the UFO phenomenon. Not in an attempt to really solve it, since such a solution is still beyond the reach of our science, but in an effort to use it, to manipulate it *as a cover for something else.*

Perhaps our military scientists have discovered a way to manufacture flying disks as a platform for reconnaissance operations, for intelligence gathering, for counterterrorism. Some of my contacts tell me that these disks do fly and vary in size from two feet for laser-ranging devices and automated flying cameras to thirty or forty feet for the devices used for such *physiological effects as putting people to sleep or* inducing paralysis or hallucinations in enemy troops. And such devices do exist, either in test sites across the U.S. or on the drawing boards of various Silicon Valley firms and Washington think tanks. These nonlethal weapons have been actually deployed in various counterterrorism operations around the world. It would be important to keep the knowledge of this technology secure, although hundreds of people are clearly in a position to observe it from time to time. Making people believe that they are observing flying saucers might be a clever ploy. Let us not forget that Bill Moore, the originator of the MJ-12 case, worked for Agent Doty of OSI, and that Agent Doty, alias Falcon, worked for an Air Force officer named Hennessey, who was head of security for the Stealth project. Perhaps this connection is perfectly innocent or spurious. But why is there no official effort to clarify it once and for all? If the mysterious Falcon *is only a* helpless turkey, why not expose him before the world?

In the failed Desert One operation of April 1980, organized by the Carter administration to attempt the heroic rescue of the American hostages from Tehran, some witnesses claim to have seen a disk resembling a UFO. It was said to be a platform for nonlethal weapons, intended to paralyze or otherwise disable the Iranian guards. And the code word for that part of the operation, of which Richard Secord and Oliver North had been among the planners, was none other than *Snowbird,* a name that my reader may recall seeing before. It is the code

word that Bill Cooper claims to have seen attached to a secret project to test flying saucers captured from alleged extraterrestrial aliens. . . . Again, we need to ask, which is the cover and which is the genuine project?

What better cover is there for such craft, if they are tested at Dreamland, than the UFO phenomenon itself? What better channel for deception is there than the groups of true believers who are already convinced that the extraterrestrials are about to land? Is that the true explanation to the puzzle of the Teesdale Inheritance, the Franck Fontaine exercise, the Bentwaters simulations, the hall of mirrors at Norton Air Force Base, the dangling carrots in Hollywood, with the Holloman landing footage promised, then withdrawn at the last moment? Is that the key to Robert Lazar's curious lapses of memory? Is that what Bill Moore's informers were hiding?

Such an explanation may account in part for the bizarre manipulations we have described, but it does not provide a complete answer. What if that deception has other goals, even more far-reaching?

To the New Age idealists, the announcement that aliens are here would bring the culmination of many decades of dreams. It would validate all their group meditations on mountaintops, the loving hopes, the prayers for peace. It would give all of us something to worship at a time when the leaders of our traditional religions have made fools of themselves, at a time when the younger generation has very few heroes it can look up to. To the hardened ufologist, it would bring respectability at last, vindication after years of dedicated, lonely research, a chance to confront such skeptics as Philip Klass and Carl Sagan (or perhaps, in a more mundane way, a doubting brother-in-law) and to tell them "I told you so!"

The revelations that aliens are here, that flying disks have been captured, are too good to be true. But if these claims have been manufactured to provide a cover for *real* flying platforms, then these false revelations suddenly make perfect sense. Engineers and military officers telling their children on their deathbeds about the strange technology they have seen over the Nevada desert will be able to come up with nothing more specific than a muddled story of flying saucers and extra-

terrestrial craft, because the cover sticks closely to the imagery of the ufologists that already exists in the surrounding culture. Thus the secret can always be preserved. And it is possible to focus that imagery, through a few carefully crafted hoaxes, into the expectation of a particular type of entity, a particular kind of craft.

THE ROSWELL INCIDENT

And what about Roswell? Something undoubtedly fell from the sky at Roswell in July 1947; it was picked up by the Air Force and the story was effectively covered up. The object that fell at Roswell was no weather balloon. But in all likelihood it was not part of a flying saucer either.

There are consistent reports of hard evidence at Roswell. They concern sticks of something that looked like indestructible balsa wood, sheets of a metallic material that nothing could tear up, and a small black box. All the other stories about recovery of an intact disk and bodies of aliens on the ground came later and may well be spurious. Bill Moore himself told me they were questionable.

What is certain is that the Air Force had not known of the crash until it was reported by a farmer, and that it was very eager to recover the object and to keep the whole thing secret once it knew about it.

This suggests a variety of interpretations, which do not involve outer space visitors.

John Keel, an experienced researcher, believes that the object that crashed at Roswell was a Fugo balloon. He states that hundreds of people have reported similar crashes in other locations, with debris identical to what was recovered at Roswell. Schoolchildren in many areas were warned not to go near the balloons if they found any. I do not find this argument very convincing. But even if the object was not a Fugo balloon, this should give us a clue to certain other possibilities. Roswell was the site for the very first air base equipped with atomic bombs. If a special type of balloon or drone, designed to monitor atmospheric radioactivity in the area, had been flown over New Mexico,

such a device might well have been brought down during a thunderstorm. Given the extremely high sensitivity of anything related to the bomb or to radioactivity at the time, it would have been a high priority, top secret task to recover any lost device of that type and to explain it away at all costs: as a weather balloon, as a radar test instrument, as a probe, *or even as a crashed flying saucer.* It would not have been difficult to plant an egg-shaped device in the desert to divert attention from the real debris, and even to scatter a few diminutive bodies to represent dead aliens. The Air Force had several days to do it. Perhaps the mysterious "team of archeologists" who were at the site when the first recovery troops arrived, and who have never been found again in spite of all the efforts made to locate them, were, in reality, the specialized workers who planted the fake disk and the fake bodies, miles away from the primary crash scene?

I am not very disturbed by the fact that the material found at Roswell was strong and nearly indestructible, as tested by the farmers and some of the military men. Material that can be hit with a sledgehammer without damage, yet will remain flexible and will not burn, is not beyond modern technology at all. I am bothered, however, by the alleged hieroglyphics found on the balsa wood. You would think that Air Force intelligence could have come up with something better.

AN OLD TRICK

This is the last decade of the twentieth century, a time for unlimited expectations. Technology offers us some breakthroughs the best scientists of thirty years ago could not imagine. Better health, plentiful leisure, longer life, more varied pleasures are beckoning.

Yet the hopeful vista comes with a darker, disquieting side. There is more danger, crime, environmental damage, misery, and hunger around us than ever before. It will take a superhuman effort to reconcile the glittering promises of technology with the utterly disheartening dilemma, the wretched reality, of human despair.

But wait! Perhaps there is such a superhuman agency, a magical and easy solution to our problems: those unidentified flying objects that people have glimpsed in increasing numbers since World War II may be ready to help. Perhaps the aliens are here, with their cosmic powers, their unlimited skills. The ufologists tell us that these aliens are so strange that they need to abduct, poke, scrape, and rape our people to fulfill their own bizarre fin de siecle appetites. Yet they are so close to us that they have no trouble, no trouble at all, communicating with our scientists in the secret tunnels under New Mexico.

From that belief it is only a short logical jump to the idea that the U.S. military has secretly cracked the secret of their propulsion. Robert Lazar, who claims to be a physicist working on such a classified project when he does not operate a bordello in Nevada, told me he was convinced the craft used an antimatter engine powered by something he calls element 115. His claims sound almost reasonable.

Unfortunately, we are told, this happy solution to all our troubles has been kept from us by those evil government agents who stamp everything top secret. They have hidden away the wonderful saucers in hangars as secure as the locked laboratories where car manufacturers keep next year's revolutionary model, with its shiny chrome and improved engine. And the same well-intentioned researchers tell us that we, the people, must demand an end to this absurd secrecy. Where can we turn to know the complete truth, if not to those few brave, heroic whistleblower like Condor and Falcon who have dared to reveal these horrible truths? We must trust them and believe what they tell us, but of course we cannot meet them face to face, we cannot be allowed to know their true names. They have to speak to us from behind a screen, because their employers in Washington would surely kill them if they came into the light. . . .

Such is the incredible conglomeration of lies and stupidity many ufologists and much of the public have swallowed in the last few years. To even question that the aliens have been captured and their craft studied by the United States government is a faux pas of gigantic proportions among UFO believers. My plain, logical questions on this

topic have caused the pompous leaders of this strange discipline to regard me as the proverbial skunk spoiling their neat extraterrestrial garden party.

I can sympathize with their position. The deal is too good for them to ponder over little details and inconsistencies. Never mind the sleaze factor, for instance. It would indeed be tasteless to check the background of our informants. The fact that all their training, all their alleged documents—from MJ-12 to Grudge Report 13—all their vaunted references come directly from the lie, steal, and cheat department of the most disreputable part of the military establishment should not give us pause for thought. True, these are the same folks who, in an earlier era, brought us the horrors of mind control, Cointelpro and MK-Ultra, Watergate, and Iran-Contra. They remind us of the psychological warfare experts who sat on the board of NICAP and spied on civilian UFO research groups. They still do, according to researcher Bill Moore, and by the way, who was paying him to do it? With money from what project? But it is too easy, too convenient, too slick, to blame a few individuals like Bill Moore for the whole mess. Someone, higher up, was giving all the assignments. Who authorized it? Such important questions are never asked because we forgive easily, always ready to be fooled one more time, ready to set aside those painstaking standards of research that can only slow us down as we reach for the shiny prize. In recent years, standing in the UFO community has become conditioned by alleged access to confidential information. No ufologist dares to raise any question about such material for fear of being cut off from the fascinating secret sources that disseminate it.

Another aspect many researchers of this field—with a few courageous and notable exceptions—have studiously ignored, is the link between the more eager proponents of imminent extraterrestrial contact and the American extreme right. When I first called attention to this uncanny linkage in *Messengers of Deception,* the evidence I brought to light was hotly rejected by the UFO believers. In the last fifteen years not only has *Messengers* been vindicated, but many more disquieting parallels have been revealed, involving cases as varied as Billy Meier's Pleiades hoax and the Dulce papers.

It could well be that the same kind of fanaticism that leads people to join neo-Nazi, anti-Semitic, or survivalist movements in the American southwest also induces them to believe in the imminent arrival of aliens from the sky. It could be that those groups who are convinced that government secrecy is abused in order to hide political truths from the public also believe that the reality of UFOs has been kept from us: this is a belief that has some root in reality. But it could also be that some intelligence agency, or some rogue group within such an agency, has been bending the latent paranoia of some extremist political movements to its own ends, just as many cults from Jim Jones's Peoples' Temple to UMMO may have served as useful, convenient test beds for covert psychological experiments.

Even those intrepid researchers who spend their time suing the U.S. Air Force under the Freedom of Information Act, and clamoring for immediate congressional hearings on UFOs, have not dared investigate these murky and dangerous, yet highly relevant connections.

When reviewing the social organization and the political systems of our alleged visitors, as it can be derived from the voluminous texts that describe such otherworldly civilizations as UMMO or ERRA, it is difficult not to be struck by the paramilitary structures they involve. Misery and hunger have long been eliminated on such worlds, claim the true believers. But their society resembles more closely Adolf Hitler's ideal Reich than a modern democracy. In Billy Meier's *Pleiades*, minor moral transgressions are punished by permanent exile. (By the way, who is putting up the money for the dissemination of Meier's glossy photographs?)

It is always a matter of great wonder to me that the gentle adepts of the New Age are always the first to enroll under the banner of such movements whose vision of the future is basically a fascistic one.

Other questions do remain, no matter how tirelessly we try to sweep them under the rug.

Never mind the fact that the anonymity of such birds as Condor, Falcon, and the others is a joke, since the first people to know their identity would naturally be their own employers in Washington if they were real intelligence officers.

Never mind the fact that nobody has actually attempted to silence these people, at a time when the merest suggestion of compromise of much less important, more mundane secrets—a missile fuse or a computer chip—brings the full force of the FBI and the federal courts. The Bureau, by the way, did investigate the alleged breaches of security involved in the Majestic 12 documents, but it soon turned away in disgust, and it professed no interest in pursuing the case.

The extraterrestrial believers have investigated none of these questions. They were too busy rushing ahead in pursuit of the aliens. They were ready to set aside all critical thinking for a chance to try the new toys, to take a peek at next year's model, to experience the novelty of a secret high.

It's an old trick and it works every time.

THE MESSENGERS OF DECEPTION HAVE RETURNED

Somebody is going to an awful lot of trouble to convince the world that we are threatened by beings from outer space. In support of this idea many of the facts in the genuine UFO phenomenon and *its* actual history have been distorted to the point where even the believers in UFOs are abandoning their field research and the investigation of real sightings by real witnesses in favor of armchair speculation about crashed saucers and alien autopsies.

The time has come to mount an effort to restore some sanity to this field of research. It may prove to be a difficult task.

To restore some sanity to the field, we must begin with the facts as we can verify them.

There is a genuine UFO phenomenon and it is not explained by the revelations of alleged government agents bearing fancy code names like Condor or Falcon. Nor is it explained by the cultists of UMMO.

The genuine UFO phenomenon, as I have shown in *Confrontations,* is associated with a form of nonhuman consciousness that manipulates space and time in ways we do not understand. None of the revelations

of crashed disks at Hangar 18 or Area 51 is adequate to explain the enormous data base researchers have assembled about real UFOs, but in the heat of debate such logical, rational standards are swept aside. We have forgotten which problem we were trying to solve.

It is curious to observe that even scientifically trained researchers who accept the idea of multiple universes, or the few ufologists who understand the idea that space-time could be folded to allow almost instantaneous travel from one point of our universe to another, still cling emotionally to the notion that any nonhuman form of consciousness is necessarily from outer space.

In this respect my ufologist friends are making the very same error they denounce so strongly among SETI researchers: they are only willing to accept aliens that originate very far away from us.

The simple truth is this: if there is a form of life and consciousness that operates on properties of space-time we have not yet discovered, then it does not have to be extraterrestrial. It could come from any place and any time, even from our own environment. It could certainly come from another solar system in our galaxy, or from another galaxy. But it could also coexist with us and remain undetected. The entities could be multidimensional beyond space-time itself. *They could even be fractal beings. The earth could be their home port.*

The idea that we are about to encounter new enemies in outer space contains unfathomable power. And the human greed for power explains many apparent miracles.

As for the vocal claim that there are nine flying saucers in a hangar near Las Vegas and a city full of mean little gray humanoids eating human flesh under New Mexico, it represents a fascinating new kind of revelation in our culture. If you can make enough people believe it, then they will believe anything else you tell them. They will follow you anywhere. Perhaps that will turn out to be the key to the allegedly secret revelations that a few well-intentioned Messengers of Deception are so generously offering to a gullible public. And the real story of that deception, like Cassilda's Song, may "die unsung, as tears unshed," and it may never be heard over the clamor of happy multitudes preparing to meet their new alien leaders.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

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Much valuable data will also be found in:

The Flying Saucer Review
Snodland
Kent ME6 5HJ
United Kingdom

and in the *Journal for Scientific Exploration*, the only refereed publication in the field. It is issued by:

The Society for Scientific Exploration
c/o Dr. Laurence W. Frederick
Department of Astronomy
University of Virginia, Box 3818
Charlottesville, VA 22903

Appendix

FIVE ARGUMENTS AGAINST THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL ORIGIN OF UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS

JACQUES VALLEE
San Francisco, California
(copyright 1989)

Presented at the Eighth Annual Conference of the Society for Scientific Exploration
Boulder, Colorado, June 1989

ABSTRACT

Scientific opinion has generally followed public opinion in the belief that unidentified flying objects either do not exist (the "natural phenomena

hypothesis "J or, if they do, must represent evidence of a visitation by some advanced race of space travelers (the extraterrestrial hypothesis or ETH). It is the view of the author that research on UFOs need not be restricted to these two alternatives. On the contrary, the accumulated data base exhibits several patterns tending to indicate that UFOs are real, represent a previously unrecognized phenomenon, and that the facts do not support the common concept of "space visitors. "

Five specific arguments articulated here contradict the ETH: (i) unexplained close encounters are far more numerous than required for any physical survey of the earth, (ii) the humanoid body structure of the alleged "aliens" is not likely to have originated on another planet and is not biologically adapted to space travel, (Hi) the reported behavior in thousands of abduction reports contradicts the hypothesis of genetic or scientific experimentation on humans by an advanced race, (iv) the extension of the phenomenon throughout recorded human history demonstrates that UFOs are not a contemporary phenomenon, and (v) the apparent ability of UFOs to manipulate space and time suggests radically different and richer alternatives, three of which are proposed in outline form as a conclusion to this paper.

INITIAL HYPOTHESES

Over the last forty years we have observed the steady development of a group of aerial phenomena generally referred to as Unidentified Flying Objects or UFOs. After a brief attempt to explain the reports in terms of secret prototypes or advanced technology, two major explanations have captured the attention of the public, the media, and the scientists. These two theories are the natural phenomena hypothesis and the extraterrestrial hypothesis, or ETH.

A large majority of the scientific community, which is typically unaware of the observational data except as reported in the popular press, continues to support the natural phenomena hypothesis. It asserts that all the reports can be explained as a combination of observing errors, classical atmospheric phenomena, and man-made objects, possi-

bly combined with little-known psychological illusions which are of no relevance to physics. It concludes that no new knowledge is to be gained from further specialized study of the observations by professional scientists, perhaps with the exception of marginal improvements to the documentation of some altered states of perception.

A majority of the public and the quasitotality of the UFO researchers have supported the ETH. Under this hypothesis UFOs are physical devices controlled by intelligent beings from another planet who are visiting the earth as part of a scientific survey, very much in the fashion we ourselves plan to follow in exploring remote planetary environments. In their interpretation of the phenomenon, this survey includes the reconnaissance of strategic sites, the gathering of mineral and plant samples and sophisticated interaction with the human and animal life forms present on the planet.

The recent interest in reported abductions of witnesses has contributed what many UFO researchers regard as convincing evidence that such extraterrestrial visitors are conducting a series of biological interventions designed to collect samples of human tissue and body fluids and are engaged in cross-breeding experiments for genetic purposes.

CHALLENGES

The slow but steady accumulation of detailed reports and the continuing research on old cases make it possible to test these hypotheses against an increasingly documented data base.

The Natural Phenomena Hypothesis does not fare well under these tests. Many reports are quite specific in terms of the physical and biological parameters that can be derived from an analysis of the interaction between the phenomenon and the environment. A presentation by Velasco at the 1989 SSE Conference has pointed out that no less than 38 percent of the cases studied by the French CNES have failed to be identified in terms of natural effects (1).

The environmental interactions most often reported include abrasions, burns, and effects on plants, animals, and humans. The work of

Velasco and Bounias in Trans-en-Provence is a case in point (2, 3). So is the recent research done in Brazil, which forms part of an extensive report on field work conducted privately over the last ten years (4). The observed phenomena include radiation effects and have not been accounted for by a combination of known physical and psychological causes.

At the same time, however, we find that the ETH, too, is increasingly challenged by the new patterns researchers are uncovering. Five major contradictions are worthy of special examination.

CLOSE ENCOUNTER FREQUENCY

Approximately twenty years ago, when the first catalogue of close-encounter reports was compiled, I was surprised to find that it -reached over 900 entries, well beyond the expectations of most researchers at the time. With the increased attention now placed over this category of sightings, the lists of unexplained close encounters have grown beyond this early catalogue. Estimates place the size of the current sample between 3000 and 10,000 cases, depending on the criteria that are used. Several knowledgeable researchers we have consulted believe that the figure of 5000 is a conservative estimate.

This remarkably large number can and should be used as a challenge to the natural phenomenon hypothesis: if UFOs were simply a peculiar atmospheric effect, such as a plasma discharge, most of the still-unidentified cases could be accounted for by taking into account the corresponding patterns. It should also be stressed that we are not concerned here with the general appearance of UFOs in the sky, but with close encounters only, those dramatic episodes in which witnesses describe a phenomenon in their immediate vicinity.

Yet the same argument can also be used against the ETH: it is difficult to claim that space explorers would need to land 5000 times on the surface of a planet to analyze its soil, take samples of the flora and fauna, and produce a complete map. While the ETH could perhaps

account for the 923 landing reports in our 1969 compilation, the theory can no longer be supported today.

Neither is the figure of 5000 a good estimate. Many indications converge to show that only one case in ten may actually get reported. Therefore the number of close encounters we need to explain is probably of the order of 50,000. This does not take into account the fact that the overwhelming majority of our sources are located in Europe, the American continent, and Australia. It is logical to assume that the phenomenon is worldwide, and that we are missing the true magnitude of the problem at least by a factor of two. This leads to a figure of 100,000 events.

If we remain faithful to a strict interpretation of the ETH, even this very large figure still underestimates the real number of actual landings. Shouldn't we assume that extraterrestrial explorers would land on our planet without regard for the presence of human witnesses? In fact Poher and I found (using independent data bases) that the geographic distribution of close encounters does indicate a pattern of avoidance of population centers, with a higher relative incidence of landings in deserts and in areas without dwellings (5). If we follow this line of reasoning, then it would be conservative to multiply our number by a factor of ten to account for the high ratio of sparsely populated over densely populated lands. This would place our estimate at one million landings to be explained. In other words, if human witnesses were equally distributed over the surface of the land, and if they reported every close encounter they observed, the data universe should contain one million records.

This number still does not take into account another important pattern in the phenomenon, namely its nocturnal character. First published in 1963, this pattern shows no significant variation between older and more recent cases, and even yields the same distribution when a very homogenous sample of previously unreported cases from a single region is analyzed.

Figure 1 shows the frequency of close encounters as a function of time of day for three different, nonoverlapping samples, namely (A) an

APPENDIX

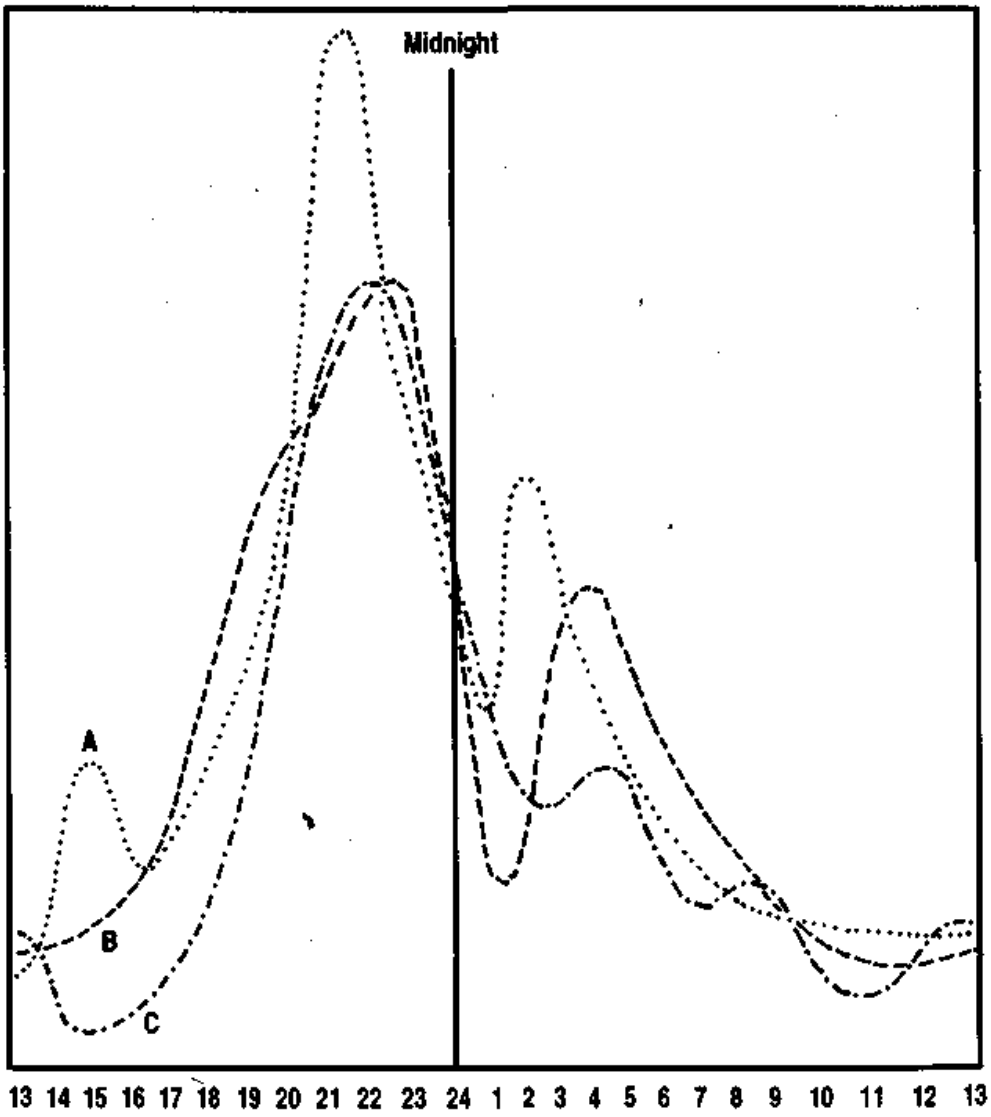

Figure 1. Frequency of close encounter reports as a function of time of day.

A: 362 cases prior to 1963, all countries
B: 375 cases between 1963 and 1970, all countries
C: 100 cases from Spain and Portugal only

international catalogue of 362 cases prior to 1963, (B) an international catalogue comprising 375 cases for the period 1963-70 and (C) 100 cases from Spain and Portugal.

On these curves it can be seen that the number of close encounters is very low during the daylight hours. It starts increasing about five P.M. and reaches a maximum about nine P.M. It then decreases steadily until one A.M., then rises again to a secondary peak about three A.M. and returns to its low diurnal level by six P.M.

Since these curves were published, other researchers have conducted their own studies which have led to similar results. In particular Fred Merritt, working from David Saunders's UFOCAT files, found that electromagnetic effect cases, physical trace reports, and occupant reports had a major peak at nine P.M. and a low daytime average (6). The occupant reports showed a secondary peak about three A.M. (Figure 2).

Researcher Jenny Randies conducted her own study of 223 cases from the files of two British groups (7) and found a very similar pattern of high nocturnal activity with a major evening peak and a secondary predawn peak. Abduction reports, however, showed a maximum about midnight (Figure 3).

Given such a stable pattern, we are led to ask, what would the hourly distribution look like if we had a constant number of potential witnesses, in other words, if people did not retire at night? The answer can be approximated by taking the average distribution of outdoor population as a function of time of day and computing a deconvolution against the sighting report curve. This operation yields an activity curve that rises continuously throughout the night and peaks about three A.M. It also shows that the total number of actual events should be 14 times the number of observed phenomena. This gives a total estimate of 14 million landings in forty years if we strictly adhere to the ETH.

The question to be answered is: what objectives could extraterrestrial visitors to the earth be pursuing that would require them to land 14 million times on our planet?

It should be kept in mind that the surface of the earth is clearly visible from space, unlike Venus or other planetary bodies shrouded in a dense atmosphere. Furthermore, we have been broadcasting information on

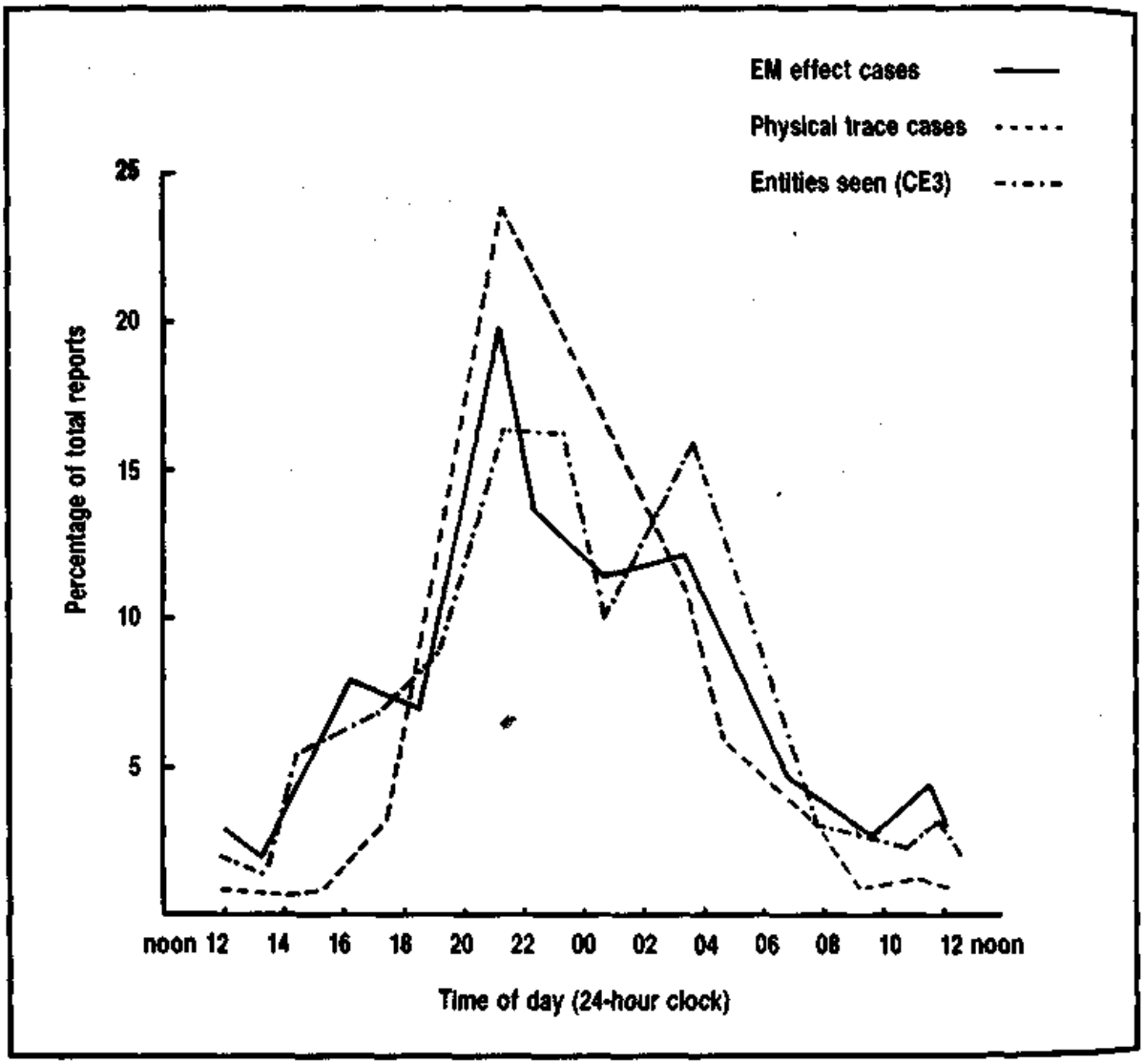

Figure 2. Frequency of close encounter and EM effect cases as a function of time of day (F. Merritt, based on UFOCAT)

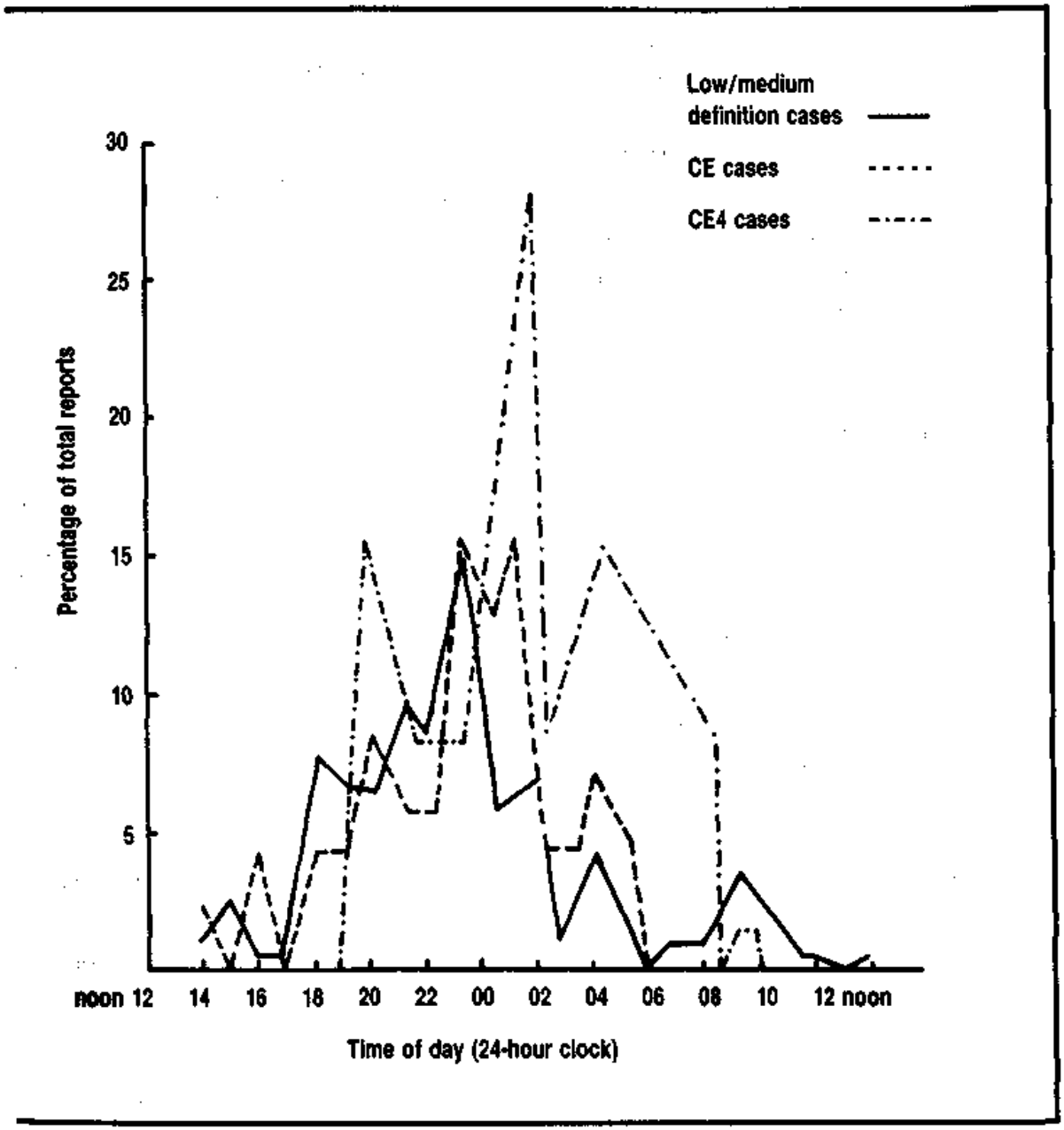

Figure 3. Frequency of close encounter cases, including abductions, as a function of time of day (J. Randles)

all aspects of our various cultures in the form of radio for most of this century and in the form of television for the last forty years, so that most of the parameters about our planet and our civilization can be readily acquired by unobtrusive, remote technical means. The collecting of physical samples would require landing, but it could also be accomplished unobtrusively with a few carefully-targeted missions of the type of our own Viking experiments on Mars. All these considerations appear to contradict the ETH.

PHYSIOLOGY

The vast majority of reported "aliens" have a humanoid shape that is characterized by two legs, two arms, and a head supporting the same organs of perception we have, in the same number and general appearance. Their speech uses the same frequency range as ours, and their eyes are adapted to the same general segment of the electromagnetic spectrum. This indicates a genetic formulation that does not appear to differ from the human genome by more than a few percent.

Such an observation, if the entities were in fact the product of independent evolution on another planetary body as stated by the ETH, would stretch our understanding of biology. Humans share the unique combination of gravity, solar radiation, atmospheric density, and chemical composition known on earth with an array of creatures closely related to us through evolution, yet deprived of legs and arms like the dolphins or endowed with multiple eyes like the spiders.

It should also be kept in mind that the human shape has evolved in response to an extremely narrow set of constraints. For example, it would not exist as it does today if the earth had started out with twice its present mass, giving a surface gravity of 1.38 times earth normal. Such an environment would have forced the development of a stronger skeleton and might have precluded bipeds altogether. Similarly, a planet with half its present mass and a surface gravity of 0.73 times what it is now would have radically affected our shape. As pointed out by Stephen Dole (8), if the inclination of the equator had been 60 degrees

instead of 23.5 degrees, seasonal weather changes would be intolerable to us: life would have had great difficulty in getting started, and humans would have evolved in very different ways. If the day was 100 hours long instead of 24 hours, mankind as we know it could not have evolved or survived at all.

How, then, can we expect that extraterrestrial visitors from a completely different planetary environment would not only resemble us, but breathe our air and walk normally on the earth?

Even if, by some unknown principle of exobiology, the aliens did evolve naturally into the humanoid shape, wouldn't they modify their bodies using genetic engineering techniques to enhance their ability to work and survive in space, as humans may have to do over the next century?

This last argument can be countered by assuming that our "visitors" have precisely been created through such genetic manipulation into a form with which we can interact. But if that is the case, why not produce human specimens biologically indistinguishable from the earth's population? The ETH fails to give a convincing answer on this point. Even more intriguing is the observation that the reported "aliens" display recognizable human emotions such as puzzlement, interest, or amusement (as in the Betty Hill case of 1961 or the Valensole case of 1965). This suggests not only biological similarity, but extensive social acculturation.

ABDUCTION REPORTS

The growing number of abduction reports is being used by a vocal segment of the UFO research community as further evidence that we are, in fact, being visited by extraterrestrial aliens, even if their origin has not yet been revealed. In the context of the present paper, a careful survey of the reported behavior of the alleged ufonauts argues exactly in the opposite direction.

According to current UFO magazines and books, the number of reported and documented abductions is now measured in multiples of

one thousand. Such incidents are characterized by what the witness reports as being transported into a hollow, spherical, or hemispherical space, and being subjected to a medical examination. This is often (but not always) followed by the taking of blood samples, various kinds of sexual interaction, and loss of time. The entire episode is frequently wiped out of conscious memory and is only retrievable under hypnosis.

At this writing over 600 abductees have been interrogated by UFO researchers, sometimes assisted by clinical psychologists. Although nothing concrete seems to have been learned from these case studies about the origin and purpose of the visitors, those doing the investigations are vocal in their claim that the abductions are further evidence of the ETH.

In order to examine this claim, let us assume that extraterrestrial intelligence has indeed developed the ability and the desire to visit the earth. It is a reasonable assumption to expect that such visitors would know at least as much as we do in the fundamental scientific disciplines such as physics and biology. Few ufologists, in fact, argue against this assumption.

In particular, the visitors would presumably know as much about medical techniques and procedures as our own practitioners. Today the average American doctor can draw blood, collect sperm and ova, or remove tissue samples from his or her patients without leaving permanent scars or inducing trauma. The current state of molecular biology—a science which is in its infancy on earth—would already permit that same doctor to obtain unique genetic "fingerprint" information from such samples. He could also fertilize the ova and obtain "test-tube" offspring, and it is conceivable that cloning could duplicate the beings thus produced ad infinitum.

A team of scientists equipped with the commonly reported UFO technology would be in an excellent position to take control of blood banks, sperm banks, or collections of embryos available at major research hospitals and research centers without creating the massive disturbances described by abduction researchers. They would be able to accomplish it while escaping detection. Equipped with the state-of-the-art techniques of current U.S. medicine, it would be conceivable that

the entire human race could, in time, be restarted from this pool of genetic material. Even gene therapy and the creation of hybrid species is well within our theoretical horizon, even if it has not completely been reduced to practice. None of these accomplishments require the procedural behavior of the "alien doctors" described by abduction researchers.

The means of permanently erasing the memory of the victims through the use of appropriate drugs are also available in the current pharmacopeia. Whatever the supposed aliens are doing if they actually perform what appear to be shockingly crude and cruel simulacra of biological experiments on the bodies of their abductees is unlikely to represent a scientific mission relevant to the goals of extraterrestrial visitors. The answers may have to be sought in other directions.

HISTORY

The ETH was initially formulated at a time when the earliest sightings known dated from World War II. It could be validly argued that this major conflict was detected from space and that the observation of nuclear explosions on earth precipitated the aliens' decision to survey our planet, perhaps in an effort to assess the human race as a potential threat to other intelligent life forms.

The mounting evidence for the proliferation of similar phenomena, not only before 1945, but during the nineteenth century and indeed in the remote past of our culture, has become convincing, although some ufologists, borrowing an argument from their skeptical opponents, are now pleading that such data should simply be disregarded.

If it can be established that the phenomenon has indeed existed throughout history, adapting only its superficial shape but not its underlying structure to the expectations of the host culture, then we are unlikely to be dealing with extraterrestrials doing a survey of the earth. Nor are we dealing with advanced prototypes. Again, a more sophisticated class of explanations than both the ETH and the advanced technology hypothesis must be sought.

APPENDIX

In previous works I have pointed out that aerial phenomena very similar to our UFOs had been reported in the ninth century in the form of vessels in the sky, as airships in the days of Jules Verne, as ghost rockets in 1946, and as spacecraft in more recent times, as if they mimicked human expectations. Everything works as if the UFO phenomenon remained consistently one step ahead of human technology. In the last ten years, as molecular biology has become more glamorous than electronics or even aerospace in our modern civilization, it should not be surprising to find the "aliens" performing simulacra of genetic engineering interventions. The supporters or the ETH may have fallen into the trap of a first-level reading of the phenomenon's message.

TABLE I

Summary of basic hypotheses

Advanced Technology Hypothesis
Natural Phenomena Hypothesis
Extraterrestrial Hypothesis
Psychosociological Hypothesis

Such historical considerations, combined with extensive research on mythology and folklore (9) have led European researchers like Bertrand Meheust and Hillary Evans to regard the entire UFO phenomenon as a projection of the consciousness of the witnesses. They point out that science-fiction and legends, too, stay one step ahead of human scientific realizations. This psychosociological hypothesis has aroused considerable opposition among U.S. ufologists and is now creating a deep chasm between European and American ufology, with the former advocating a second-degree, *symbolic* reading of the discourse presented by the witnesses.

The abduction claims are especially interesting to the proponents of the psychosociological theory: it is difficult to find a culture on earth that does not have an ancient tradition of little people that fly through the sky and abduct humans. It is standard for them to take their victims into spherical settings that are evenly illuminated and to subject them to various ordeals such as operations on internal organs and "astral

trips" to unknown landscapes. Sexual or genetic interaction is a common theme in this body of folklore.

PHYSICAL CONSIDERATIONS

As witnesses become less reluctant in the reporting of their experiences, the notion that UFOs are "somebody else's spacecraft" (in the words of Stanton Friedman) with the implication of a technology powered by advanced propulsion systems, becomes less tenable and possibly less appealing scientifically than other notions. But the alternative explanations, notably the psychosociological hypothesis, also find themselves severely challenged.

The phenomena to be explained include not only strange flying devices that are described as physical craft by the witnesses, but also objects and beings that exhibit the ability to appear and disappear very suddenly, to change their apparent shapes in continuous fashion and to merge with other physical objects. Such reports seem absurd in terms of ordinary physics because they suggest a mastery of time and space that our own physical research cannot duplicate today. If these sightings can be confirmed either by direct observation, by photographic evidence, or by the weight of statistics, they may, however, represent an opportunity to test new concepts of physical reality at a time when many theoreticians are grappling with the possible existence of N-dimensional universes, with N greater than four.

NEW HYPOTHESES

In conclusion it is useful to speculate about several hypotheses that go beyond the initial scenarios summarized in Table I above and that do take into consideration with various degrees of success the five objections we have reviewed. These new hypotheses should only be regarded as a means of stimulating discussion, not as formal proposals.

One such line of speculation has been advanced by Devereux (10),

who has spoken of UFOs as Earth Lights, an unrecognized physical, terrestrial phenomenon which impresses the consciousness of the witnesses to take the form of a mental image, possibly a mythological figure. John Derr and Michael Persinger have extended Devereux's proposals.

In the mid-Seventies I proposed to approach the UFO phenomenon as a control system, reserving judgment as to whether the control would turn out to be human, alien, or simply natural. Such control systems are all around us. They can be found in the terrestrial, ecological, and economic balancing mechanisms that rule nature, some of which are well understood by science. This theory admits two interesting variants: (i) An alien intelligence, possibly earth-based,' could be training us toward a new type of behavior. It could represent the Visitor Phenomenon of Whitley Strieber or some form of "super-nature," possibly along the lines of a Gaia hypothesis, (ii) Alternately, in a Jungian interpretation of the same theme, the human collective unconscious could be projecting ahead of itself the imagery which is necessary for our own long-term survival beyond the unprecedented crises of the twentieth century.

TABLE II

New Hypotheses

Earth-Light Hypothesis
Control System Hypothesis
Wormhole Travel Hypothesis

British researcher Jenny Randies, in her work with abductees, has stressed that the analysis of the discourse of abductees consistently reveals a breakpoint in time, after which the percipient leaves normal reality behind. On the "other side" of this boundary, ordinary space-time physics no longer seems to apply and the percipient moves as if within a lucid dream (or indeed a lucid nightmare) until returned to the normal world. Randies calls this phenomenon the Oz Factor. Building on this observation, one could theorize that there exists a remarkable state of psychic functioning that alters the percipient's vision of physical

reality and also generates actual traces and luminous phenomena visible to other witnesses in their normal state.

Finally, we could hypothesize extraterrestrial travelers using radical methods of space-time manipulation, notably the use of four-dimensional wormholes for space and possibly even time travel (11). Such travelers could perform many of the physical feats ascribed to ufonauts, and they could also manifest simultaneously throughout what appears to us as different periods in our history. This hypothesis represents an updating of the ETH where the "Extraterrestrials" can be from anywhere and any time, and could even originate from our own Earth (12).

CONCLUSION

Exciting as an extraterrestrial visitation to earth would be, this paper has pointed out that in the current state of our knowledge, UFO phenomena are not consistent with the common interpretation of this hypothesis. Neither do the observed patterns support the theory that all UFOs can be explained as combinations of natural effects, or as psychosociological processes. Therefore it is proposed that future research in this field could fruitfully explore alternative hypotheses, such as those involving either natural or artificial control systems.

The arguments raised here are not intended as a complete refutation of the ETH. Until the nature and origin of UFO phenomena can be firmly established, it will naturally be possible to hypothesize that extraterrestrial factors, including undiscovered forms of consciousness, are playing a role in its manifestations. But any future theory should constructively address the facts we have reviewed. At a minimum, the idea of extraterrestrial intervention should be updated to include current theoretical speculation about "wormholes" and other models of the physical universe.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

A former principal investigator on Department of Defense computer networking projects, Dr. Jacques Vallee was born in France, where he was trained in astrophysics. He moved to the United States in 1962 and received his Ph.D. in computer science in 1967 from Northwestern University, where he *was a* close associate of the late Dr. J. Allen Hynek. He now lives in California with his wife and two children.

The author of many articles and three books *about high* technology, Dr. Vallee first became interested in the subject of UFOs when he witnessed the destruction of tracking tapes of unknown objects at a major observatory. His research into the phenomenon has taken him *to many places* in the United States and to many countries around the world—from France to Scotland, and from Australia to Brazil. His unique approach to this phenomenon was crystallized when he served as the real-life model for the character of the French scientist played by Francois Truffaut in Steven Spielberg's film *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

In his books, which have been *translated into* all the major languages of the Western world, Jacques Vallee has clearly stated the personal conclusions he has reached: he believes the phenomenon represents a genuine, unknown technology that *is able to* manipulate the physical environment and the psychic reality of the witnesses. He argues that this technology is not necessarily extraterrestrial in nature and that the serious analysis of UFO reports could give *science* important new insights.

Revelations completes the three-volume Alien Contact trilogy that began with *Dimensions* and *Confrontations.* It is an ironic, skeptical, but thorough survey of the extreme beliefs the UFO phenomenon has created in its wake, from the alleged history of saucer "crashes" and the retrieval of aliens by the U.S. government, to the manipulation of the zealots and their cults by various groups engaged in psychological warfare experiments or simply in the fulfillment of their own private fantasies.